



# *Victoria Magazine*

Emily Faithfull









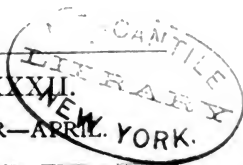
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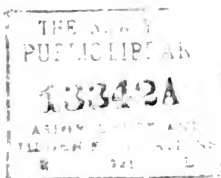


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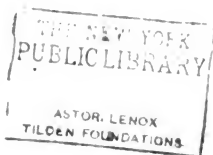


MR. B. L. FARJEON.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.)

See page 81.







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VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

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*A Song of the Twilight.*

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Methinks I could sing a song to-night  
As I sit on the daisied hill,  
While holy evening's tender light,  
Poured thro' the silence still,  
Sends a sweet sadness to the mind  
That cannot be defined.

Shall I sing of that loveliness of peace  
That beauty breathes around,  
Of the stream when it winds in dreamful ease  
Where'er pure love is found,  
While music pours from tree to tree  
Her wondrous harmony?

*A Song of the Twilight.*

No ! I shall sing of one whose voice  
    Makes melody in my mind ;  
Whose sweetness bids my soul rejoice,  
    While memory unconfin'd  
Brings all her beauty back to me,  
More fair than ought I see !

I shall sing of her mildly-glowing eyes,  
    Softer with dew's of love  
Than flowers when morning stars arise  
    To gem the heavens above ;  
Of her brow, whose snow is purer far  
    Than palest snowdrops are,  
Whose twilight glory shineth fair  
'Neath clouds of golden hair !

But hark ! what voice is that which springs  
    On music wings away,  
Then, soul-like, ever soars and sings  
    The death of dreamful day,  
While silence hears with glad surprise  
    The rapture of the skies ?  
Oh, gentle lark ! thy greater art  
Hath stilled the singing in my heart !

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.



## *My Only Love.*

BY EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE,

Author of "A Life Race," "A Crown for Love," &c.

---

He is no lover who loves not for ever.—*Euripides.*

But this was taught me by the dove,  
To die, and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn ;  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.—*Byron.*

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### CHAPTER I.

#### SWEET SIXTEEN.

"Oùt-re tous ces discours, toutes ces gentillesse,  
Ne vous faisait-il point aussi quelques caresses ?"  
"Oh, tant ! Il me prenait et les mains et les bras,  
Et de me les baiser il n'était jamais las."

*Molière. Ecole des Femmes.*

FAR away in old world Cornwall I was bred, though not born, under the wing of a loving, aged foster parent, my father's mother, a widow, who cared but for me in the world. No two companions ever were more opposite than we, in tastes and fashions of heart and mind, and yet I loved her well, having no other truly to love. Our home was a neat house of modest pretensions, in a marine town, which I shall call Stormouth, half fashionable in the "season" and occasionally galvanised into a show of life by garrison balls and theatricals : but we, my granny and I, cared for none of these things. From childhood to girlhood I had been acquainted with few even of other

children, but passed my [time in such solitary play as I could, until my granny got masters—the best the neighbourhood could afford—to teach me all I was inclined to learn; and then I devoted myself to study and hard work, being possessed with a precocious ambition to do and to be something under the sun which my poor father and unknown mother closed their eyes upon so early.

I was indeed an orphan, “deprived of light,” as the Greek origin of the word derives it; to live and die in the cold shadow of the world’s neglect, unless by some means I could lift myself above it, and this was early made known to me through my granny’s frequent lament, “What will become of my poor child? Bread and cheese I can give you,” she would say, “but what is that to a girl like you? Connection is everything, connection and position, and all our people are in their graves but you and I. How ever are you to marry?”

That never troubled me; but I took pleasure to read of the fair Gabrielle, how in a similar strait, a fortune-teller promised her higher destinies than those dues of her birth she was deprived of: upon me too, it was borne in by some prophetic instinct, that I should win a hero’s heart, some Henri Quatre, whom heaven should make for me to be his wife, perhaps; his love, assuredly; his mistress? no, never!

A cruel death fair Gabrielle died by poison. Ah, well! that I might have braved. Since wishes were my only possessions, why should I not wish, like the wisest of the three sisters in the Eastern tale, to be the Caliph’s wife, rather than his cook’s or baker’s; and she had her wish! Was I not, by my mother’s side, a daughter of that wondrous land of the sun, where miracles are common as the light of noon? My name, too, Leila? Memories also I had of a stately life in London, where my father, the tenant for life of an inheritance entailed in the male line, used to boast of his little Indian beauty, his only child, and say to other fathers, proud of their five, six, or seven, “I have eight in one.” He was recalled to serve in India, and slain in battle in the prime of manhood. He left me an infant, not able yet to realise the tremendous loss to be felt every hour of my future life more and more

keenly, but I wept as much as a little child could weep when they told me papa was gone away—dead, and I begged to die too, and go to him in heaven.

The crown without the cross ! To that I was not born. Happily the spirit of a child is elastic as its tread, and will not break under one blow. At thirteen I began to feel as a woman, and often and often would I walk alone by the sea, making companions of the melancholy waves, in mournful envy of other girls of my age, whom I saw caressed and praised by a fond father, while I had none to cling to under heaven but the poor old grandmother, who rather reproved than encouraged my too demonstrative affection. She had lived through too much to feel in common with the young passionate heart that chafed under her very kindness, and hungered for other love than hers.

About this time it happened that a name I had caught from my father's lips, to be ever remembered with honour and regard, rose very high in fame, and became common in every house throughout England. I do not repeat it here, for what cause will appear hereafter ; enough that its great possessor passed one day in our humble town, marking an epoch in the annals of the same as surely as he fixed the attention of every man, woman, child and quadruped in the place. I too was stirred by the hubbub and clatter of hoofs : I marked him rising in his saddle while an attendant orderly jogged, regulation-wise, with the brisk trot of his horse. I watched the great man alight, measuring him with my eyes—six feet of heroic manhood—my father's height, and a presence not unlike his. Something much more than a mortal, though I felt that it would be a sin to give way to my impulse—to fall down and worship him. Certainly, if no one could have seen me, I should have liked to kiss the particular spots on the ground where his foot had rested. In all time to come I could not choose but those worn out stone steps must be inexpressibly dear to me for his sake.

I partly forgot him, however, so far at least as to waste no time in dreams, but returned with a fresh impulse to the task which should fit me for that "broad stream of the world" whose course attracted me.

It was discovered I had a voice. What gentlemen value above all accomplishments in a woman is to sing well, according to my grandmother's lights, from which I nowise dissented, but improved my gift to the best of my power under the guidance of the parish church organist, no mean master, as my luck would have it, who made me his pet pupil. But with all this, I yet craved beauty, fearing much lest in that I should not keep the promise of my childhood. Was I plain or pretty? Alas! I could not resolve that question to my satisfaction, neither by the aid of my glass, nor yet by means of the booby-like conduct of my old master's nephew, an ingenuous youth three years older than myself, whom I had used as my slave from the respective ages of seven and ten, making him useful in stitching my doll's clothes, and, later on, as an errand boy between me and his uncle, until, having completed his sixteenth year, he adopted an odd fashion of blushing through all his pimples as red as a poppy at sight of me, and, if he happened to find me alone in our parlour, making his way out again, with a stammering apology, as fast as his long legs could carry him. Out of such demeanour on the part of my old playmate I could make no sense, but, convulsed with laughter, would describe the scene to his uncle, where—"I've heard tell of you, Miss Lily" was always provocative of a fresh peal of merriment from me. The old man was very fond of me, and took these vagaries as if they were hurts to something belonging to himself. The nephew was too young, the uncle at sixty too old to fall in love, I foolishly thought. I knew nothing yet of men and their ways.

And now I touched upon sixteen. Living shut up in the proverbial band-box, which, in due course, goes on to the shelf, but wherein, as unenterprising mammas assure their discontented daughters, their "luck will come" to them as soon as in any Belgravian drawing room; and there did fate very nearly find me out, sooth to say, in the unlovely, but substantial, shape of a new candidate for our Borough of Stormouth, a lacker of advancement, matrimonial as well as political. His lady mother and canvasser-in-chief waited, according to form, upon my grandmother, to make request for her small influence, she having



some property in and about the town. My grandmother was not too gracious, being an old-fashioned Tory of staunch principles, in contradistinction to the new candidate, who went in as a *dilettante* Radical, or "Moderate Liberal," as dame Mauleverer, his mother, put it euphonistically to granny. "I don't understand these distinctions," observed the latter, with much simplicity; "but is not Mr. Mauleverer a high Tory? I should think he must be, the name is so good."

"Well, not quite what you would call a Tory; in fact, there is no such thing in the world now; a gentleman must be liberal and make his way with all classes, high and low, or he'll soon be thrust out of his place. But my son's principles are the same as yours and mine, my dear friend, only he must act in opposition to the Government and make himself troublesome. That's the way to get into power now-a-days. He must compel them to take him into the Privy Council to keep him quiet."

"I'm sorry for it; that used not to be the way with honourable men. I'm afraid the whole of England is rotten to the core."

"That it is, my dear madam; all everyone of us has to do is to cut out our own slice outside the general corruption—to keep clear of it, in fact. I shall be happy to do anything within my power for you and your little grand-daughter. Of course you'll give all your interest to my son?"

"Well—yes; at least, I'll think about it," hesitated granny, and at this stage of the proceedings I made my entrance on the scene. I had just come in from bathing, with dripping hair, and toilette—such as it was—demolished by the wind. Mrs. Mauleverer looked down at my feet, and then at my head, from a height of contempt that conjured up from my hurt self-esteem a very demon of rebellion. There was a defiance in the courtesy I dropped down to the ground, to show I knew how to do it, as my grandmother introduced me. "Young girls ought to be taught how to dress," predicated my enemy of me; "or otherwise they know no better than to make frights of themselves, and no one can tell what they may lose by giving a bad impression. That child has a great look of her father. Ah! I

knew him very well. Yes, she has a look of him, but his complexion was nothing like so dark ; he was a fine handsome Englishman."

"I have heard I have my mother's complexion," I remonstrated.

"Oh no, oh no ! not at all ; she was a very beautiful woman. And now I must take myself off, I have so many to call upon. I make sure I can reckon upon you, dear Mrs. Fortescue, and as for that little minx, she may make a great match yet ; dress her, dress her !" My grandmother, neither pledging herself, nor yet demurring to any of Mrs. Mauleverer's conclusions, that lady, as it were, to clinch her argument, stepped back into the room to say—"My son shall call on you himself," and with that left us, my grandmother half-flattered, myself wholly indignant at her impertinence, meant for condescension. One thing she had made sensible to me in her praise of my parents, that I was 'by comparison to be despised in her eyes, and to that, I made up my mind, her son should be no party, good luck and bright wit favouring me ; so I followed the enemy's good counsel, and dressed myself for conquest, crowning the achievement by a most mischievous hat of my own device. Mr. George Augustus Mauleverer came, saw, and was overcome ; so true is it that the masculine disposition is to be subdued by a bit of straw and a tuft of feather.

I lay in wait for him in the garden in front of our house, pretending not to expect, or know him when he came ; and by this *ruse de guerre* quite threw him off his pedestal as a man of family and fashion. At first sight of me he gave a start of surprise, doubtless to find me so opposite to the dusky, dwarfish fright I had been described to him. Not content with this satisfaction, I drew him on, after he followed me into my grandmother's drawing-room, into something very like serious admiration ; ignorant as I was, yet all the more wise with the cunning in such matters, which, old Montaigne says, comes by nature as the gift of the author of all evil to every daughter of Eve, however young and simple she may be.

Next day, while unconscious of the amount of mischief I had achieved, and ruminating on its possible extent with some alarm, I was

aroused by the mother of my victim sweeping down like a provoked kite upon our dove-cot. With much ostentation of mystery, and the initiation of my grandmother into a mighty secret, she ordered "the little goose," meaning my too quick-witted self out of the room. What she there and then imparted in most solemn confidence to my grandmother I failed not to coax out, word for word, after she was gone, nor shall I by concealing the same run risk of crossing any reader's feminine curiosity, or masculine, rather, compared to which latter our weaker faculty is but "as water unto wine."

In one word I had made a conquest of George Augustus Mauleverer, so that his five thousand a year, prospective title of M.P., and somewhat stumpy person were metaphorically placed at my small feet, always provided that I, by fortune, birth, and connection, could make some decent show of equivalent. This was not to be calculated too rigidly, inasmuch as George had his fancy to please: he might easily marry a girl in his own class of life, she, little minx, for her part, might make a higher match, though that was most improbable; but those two young people would never be so happy as by uniting themselves for life. How old was the chit? Not sixteen. Why, they say she's seventeen all out—quite old enough to be married when a gentleman is willing to have her. Wait? No, George Augustus would not wait. It would be an impertinence to ask a gentleman to wait. Five thousand pounds! Not enough to pay election expenses. No matter: another five thousand on death of grandmother. Very well; five hundred a year should be settled on her, if she survived her husband. But the estate? Oh no! George Augustus would not settle the estate. She might die without a son, and he would have to marry again. Was she not consumptive?

All reflections made, I jumped to the conclusion that if anybody was to be constituted match-maker in my behoof, Mrs. Mauleverer was the very last person in the world whose interference I would suffer, while poor granny proved herself a mere feather to be twisted about the shrewd dowager's thick fingers.

"I won't have him," I blurted out, to dear old granny's consternation.

"Why, my dear Lily, how can you say so? And why? Tell me why."

"Why, because I won't, and I don't care for him, and I never can, and there's an end of it."

"Why, you seemed to like him so much yourself."

"Like to torment him, you mean."

"Oh, Lily."

"Well, like him in a way, but not to marry him."

"You'll never see such a match again if you miss him; you must marry some time."

"Well, perhaps not."

"My dear, but you must; I would have you marry a duke, if I could."

"And because you cannot, I'm to take the first that comes, whether I like him or not."

"You'll grow to like him if you marry him; you may as well like him as anyone else."

"I don't see that. He's a little tubby figure; and you know you brought me up to admire height in a man. My father was six feet high," I pouted in deprecation.

"As if I could foresee a man of such a position would propose, and you want to refuse him for that."

"Well, and his politics—a Whig and a Radical. When I was a child, you warned me against even dancing with any man who was not a Tory, and now you want me to marry in the teeth of your own principles."

"Women's principles, my love, must give way to paramount necessity; think of the danger of your being left an old maid."

At that I laughed a long and merry laugh, ringing with the bright scorn of sixteen summers.

"Ah, I can see no good to come of this," she feebly remonstrated, and on a renewal of confabulation, between both old ladies, it was decided that George Augustus should speak for himself, who, no doubt, all important preliminaries being once satisfactorily arranged,

would easily overcome the forgotten trifle of my opposition. Accordingly George Augustus came at his leisure, a few days afterwards, to do what he should have done at first—make love to me.

It was the first formal declaration I had ever received from a man, but after the first blush—(literally), which for a moment tinged my cheek—not apt to colour hitherto, the more he prayed and pressed the more indifferent I felt, the more ardent he<sup>2</sup> for my coldness. I could have looked him quietly in the face through it all, and only dropped my eyelids because I thought it was the proper thing to do. It had been enjoined upon me not to be rude to him, to let him kiss my hand; and so much did he abuse this permission that I doubt whether the Queen's hand, in all her life, received a like quantity of kisses to mine, in that one long summer's day.

The first taste of love was sweet to me, if not the lover. While his lips pressed my fingers, and crept up the tiny wrist to print themselves upon the soft smoothness of the rounded arm, I wandered away in imagination towards that other, once seen and now recalled to memory, and thought in envy of the happy woman who should win from him such delicate, tender caresses. He was not married! That flashed upon me; and should I marry now? I broke away from the profaning touch, resolved to suffer it no more.

This was no longer a matter of choice with me, having provoked my assailant too far.

"Lily, my darling, listen to me like a darling," he remonstrated; "say three little words—'I love you,' or, if you cannot, one kiss."

Before I could struggle he had done it. Angered and ashamed I began to cry. It was the first kiss I had ever had from a man, except once when I was four years old. A painter to whom I sat with my father for our portraits called me "little Chatterbox;" I, not understanding the epithet, asked for an explanation, and received a kiss which I, desiring to return with a decorous slap in the face, mounted upon a footstool with that intent, but found I could not by at least a couple of feet reach up to my purpose. Vexed at this, I burst into tears, and the like did I now.

"Oh, Lily, Lily, your beautiful eyes—don't spoil them like that. I'll kiss away those tears for you, naughty girl! I won't be put away. Why, have I pulled down your hair, and you want to put it up again with your little fingers? What a heap of lovely hair—all fallen down! oh, you poor little thing!"

He did not tell me I was beautiful, but his looks flattered me the more that his tongue was reticent. My eyes, I knew, were something remarkable; nurses and maids from my earliest years having worried me on the subject. My hair, dark with glints of red, was at least rare in tint and luxuriance. George Augustus looked and looked, as if he would devour and swallow me up—little hands, great eyes, hair and all.

Then I was fair! Sweet it was to be taught that lesson. To be assured I had so much to enrich the eyes, and captivate the heart which should satisfy the love-thirst that grew upon me: but this was not the man. The more he pleaded the more obstinately I put away the deep draught of passion thus thrust upon me in the ugly glass wherefrom I so coyly refused to sip. Why did I so? Woman seldom does reject love that is true. He should have persevered, and then he might have won me, and enjoyed his fancy; I might have lived to content the world—if not myself—a happy woman without a history, and not now be tracing these remorseful lines. Again and again he pleaded with me, "Lily, I am afraid I cannot make you love me," and got no answer but—"I cannot tell; I don't know—wait until I see you again," and, with that cold comfort, he started for London, on business, I was told.

I did not believe it, but gave way to a horrible suspicion, which rose upon me out of some scattered phrases of his. It so happened that some days before, a celebrated singer, Mrs. Forest, had made her appearance at Stormouth, and I, being myself an amateur musician of lofty aspirations, made a point of hearing the famous prima donna. As a woman she bore an evil name, having made a conquest on the stage of a poor lord who suffered her to remain in the path of temptation until she ran away with one of her professional coadjutors, and, being

divorced from her noble husband, married him. The story was noised that she was no more faithful to present than to her former vows, and certain it was that George Augustus was an enthusiastic admirer of her beauty, both of face and voice. The local Mrs. Grundy was careful to make me aware of the fact that his priases of Mrs. Forest were such as a gentleman should not bestow on one lady, while paying his addresses to another.

A council upon my perversity was held forthwith between Mrs. Mauleverer and my grandmother, and thereupon I was strenuously urged by the latter to give my reasons. Thus pushed, I gave conjectures instead, to the effect that I was convinced George Augustus had gone away on no business, but some love affair—some objectionable love affair—most likely Mrs. Forest had to do with it. This I charged granny not to repeat after me, but she did so at once to Mrs. Mauleverer, who, shocked beyond measure, repeated to her son, the next time he came down, every word I had said. He, to make the case worse, denied nothing, but laughed with right good glee, and said, “Is it too much gallantry I am accused of?” Horror of horrors! I had stumbled upon the truth, though how I did so is as great an enigma to myself as it was to the two lady mothers. At my guilty adorer I could scarcely look for very shame. Something else George Augustus had done in London besides make love where he should not; he had played and lost several thousand pounds, to be promptly discharged as a debt of honour, while legal difficulties hindered the raising of the sum by mortgage of his estates. The result was, George Augustus must have forthwith either my five thousand pounds, or another woman’s, in the honourable way of marriage, which could not, therefore, be postponed. His mother had found a girl answering all requirements for his wife with four times the sum. So it was put to me at once to say “Yea or nay;” and I still denied him during a nine hours’ siege, from three in the afternoon until two hours past midnight—but I was new to the world, and from such a manner of wooing I revolted. All was vain, and he went away sorrowful to seek a more compliant, wealthier bride.



That was over, but not the consequences ; my home had no longer the negative merit of quiet. I had offended against all family law, tradition, and precedent, and baulked poor granny of the eager desire of her life, to see me married early. I had had my chance, and thrown it away, and never could such another be looked for again, if I lived a hundred years. To this Mrs. Grundy failed not to chime in with a thousand "ay ayes," and added that I was dangerous moreover, a girl likely to do much mischief and no good.

My old music master's wife was among the first to propound this view of my adventure, provoked by her husband with symptoms of something very like jealousy on my account. One day at my grandmother's request I was preparing some election streamers with Mr. Mauleverer's colours—of course, when he was still a bachelor. The couple surprised me at my task, and while by the wife I was commended therefore, the husband gave vent to grumbles of disapprobation of my making too much of the Whig candidate.

"What has turned you politician all of a sudden ?" shrewdly threw in the lady. "I never thought you had found out the difference between Whig and Tory before." Then, turning to her husband, "Perhaps you think Miss Fortescue ought to choose her husband by the colour of his coat."

Thus challenged, the organist's temper broke into a discordant key. I too, much disconcerted, let fall the compromising, gaudy-coloured shreds and patches which he, snatching up, tore into smaller divisions, flung into the grate, and exclaimed : "What does she want to marry for ?—whims of women !" Two words comprised the wife's comment on this outburst—"Old fox," she cried, with the accompaniment of a box on the ear, such as sent the peccant organist spinning round on his chair (an easy one on castors), and knocked him against the chimney piece by the neat impetus of the blow, the lady's hand being small for the result she achieved. He bore it like a lamb, and, without one word of justification, lay quietly under the "soft impeachment."

Next time I had a singing lesson I was made acquainted with my

master's household tribulations in my behoof. His wife, much displeased at his too great partiality for me as his pet pupil, had put thereon the most objectionable construction, scolding him so perpetually as to give him no peace by day or night. "She's the same as a daughter to you, but with a difference, Mr. Nightingale, with a difference. Now don't you contradict me in that. If I were to die to-morrow, you'd make her an offer next day." This he repeated to me with the comment that women's eyes have most extraordinary powers of discernment; and at last, from being wrongfully suspected of making love to me, and constantly provoked by the false charge, he began to make it true, to my great discomfort, the more so that I was fond of the old man, and had long valued his harmless predilection as the most pleasant friendship I had yet known. I would have kept it thus had it been left to me; but this, jealousy crept in and forbade.

To aggravate the hardship, I had just begun with him the study of a new opera, on mastering which I had set my whole heart, and a hard task I had to achieve my object and keep my teacher in decorous order. "*Quis custodes custodit?*" was the problem I had to solve, and did so with tolerable harmony, considering the difficulties. When my last lesson was over I gave a loud sigh of relief, to which my master responded with a queer little moan, and told me, though I sang with such divine expression, he could tell I had got no heart.

"Why do you say that?" I asked; "is it because I don't care about George Mauleverer?"

"You don't care for any man on earth, but you're the most cruel little coquette alive," responded my censor.

"Coquette? Why am I a coquette?"

"You want to sing better than any girl in England."

"Well, and suppose I do?"

"Merely for the sake of entrapping more victims—all female vanity. Your face brightens up when you've produced a fine note, as another's would when her lover had kissed her."

"Oh, you malicious old thing!"

"You've got no heart for an old man anyhow; I know you don't care a pin about me, except for what I can teach you."

"Oh, but I do."

"No you don't. Why now, I've gone through the whole of this part with you, day after day, and after all my trouble I've never had a kiss of you yet."

"Well, you may kiss my hand, if you like." He did so, rather elaborately, and, saying "I'm an old man, Miss Lily," was fain not to stop at that.

"Oh, I can't allow you—indeed I can't, after what you told me Mrs. Nightingale said, although I don't believe a word of it of you."

"Mrs. Nightingale be blessed. What does she know about our business together?"

"Oh, but she thinks she does, and I must not allow you."

"Ah, well, you're a singular being—no feeling at all, no more than the keys of the piano," he murmured, dolefully; then added, "Somebody will play upon you some day; I'm an old fool to love you, but I do."

"Oh, but not in the way Mrs. Nightingale thinks."

"Oh, women have sharp eyes. She has; but you—you won't see it, that's all."

"Why, what can I possibly do? You've got a wife already, you know."

This was unanswerable, but he sulked all the rest of the afternoon.

Mrs. Nightingale was not blind to the state of affairs, although I kept honourably silent. I hold a lady bound to repel any vagaries of fancy towards herself on the part of another lady's husband, but not to tell of him; it being not to be expected that a girl can go fighting her way through the world, if she cannot take care of herself without becoming an apple of discord between man and wife, I take it she lacks either common sense or true womanly dignity. Safe I was, except from gossip, and this, whispering in my grandmother's ear, brought my singing lessons to an abrupt stop, in full *crescendo* of progress in the art, to my intense mortification.

I became sick and weary exceedingly of the good town of Stormouth, where I was not allowed to have a friend, where no pursuit could be tolerated in a young lady, but the "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" one of husband hunting, as many and many an overbold spinster of the evil-thinking locality had proved that chase to be before my time.

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## CHAPTER II.

## THE GOD OF MY IDOLATRY.

However marr'd, of more than twice her years,  
Seamed with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,  
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes  
And loved him with that love which was her doom.

*Tennyson. Elaine.*

SHORTLY after these annoyances, an incident befell to disturb the placidity of the Stormouth regions, like a great stone thrown into a mill-pond, troubling muddy waters that have been wont to stagnate in peace and quietness, no less an event than the arrival of my hero at the neighbouring seat of the noble Viscount who took his title from the town, heralded by magnificent preparations for balls, theatricals, fireworks, and hubbub of every kind, to welcome the great man whom "all England delighted to honour," as the worthy mayor stated in his address, delivered in new robes, made expressly for the occasion, as were those of the throng, in silk and muslin, who did their worst to make the man believe himself lord and master of all womankind, having but to stoop to any one of the many conquests thrust upon him. There was to be a county ball in the town, to which my grandmother and I, by right of birth, had access, although we had never as yet made the attempt to hold our own in that respect among the local society. It was to be my first appearance in the world, and, granny was confident, to result in a blaze of triumph. She said I must be the belle of the ball, and quash and put down by my

presence and attractions any malicious attempts to keep me out of my natural sphere by jealous women. Her own case, when a girl, had been identical. She was considered plain by her own sex, certainly never acknowledged as a beauty until the men cried her up as such ; and now it was my time to meet the same good fortune.

"I cannot take you out like girls who have young mothers," she said ; " my day is gone by for that, but I'll do all I can for you, my love. This is your best chance ; make the most of it. I shall make myself known to the great man. He was a firm friend of your father, and if he notices you it will make your position in the county ; so remember, between every dance you must come back to me."

There was little need for this last caution, for, to my bitter surprise and shame, I sat by the wall, dance after dance, by my grandmother's side, unsought for by any man. All the half-bred young men about the town, whom at one time or another I had snubbed, took their revenge now, looked at me, and passed me by, pretending not to see me, as I had done to them in the street. Even Mr. Nightingale's nephew, who would have liked to dance with me, lacked pluck to single himself out from the rest by offering the attention. In no place that I know of so much as at a ball is the situation so mastered by the very pettiest specimens of the lords of creation. I saw obscure squirelings and puny curates twirling about magnificent damsels of twice my proportions, jogging and butting out of all time for want of knowing better, not, as of late the fashion because it is "the thing" to dance in defiance of measure, a custom my tuneful ear and deft feet could never habituate themselves to.

One militia captain, whom I reckoned among my few friends, being, though a married man, a great dancer, contrived, with surpassing skill and agility, to spin round half a score of heavy matrons, one after the other, the average circumference of whose waists I calculated at four feet, the diameter of the same being at least sixteen inches, while their round, fat faces beamed with delight at the long-unaccustomed gallantry. On poor me the provoking captain never threw his eyes, and I had to rest content perforce with the cold comfort

of knowing myself the best dancer in the room, doomed to wall-flowerdom at seventeen !

Was it my dress that was in fault, or my rebellious hair, that knew no pomade, nor curling iron to curb its clustering heaps ? As to costume, I had done my best according to my lights ; I was attired in clouds of white gauze and blonde, draped with a scarf from my native land, of the " woven air " of Decca's looms—a stream of gold and crimson, while roses of the like colour formed a coronal round my head, and a few diamonds sparkled on my neck and bosom. I heard a whisper—"eccentric"—as I took my place in the room. It was plain the women were against me as a possible rival, the men quiescent through worldly respect for the female leaders of society.

I sat in silent though vile durance, until past one o'clock. I was sick to get away, but our carriage was ordered at two, and it would not do to make a noise and attract any more observation than we could avoid. For nearly three hours we had sat, no one offering to take us into the supper room, until we spontaneously made a move in that direction, when our deserted side of the room made us more conspicuous in remaining there than in a voyage of discovery through the crowd. Borne onward with the stream, my grandmother first, we were parted in mid-current through the obstacle of a doorway, where she stuck between two ponderous dowagers, whose equal rank forbade either to give way, while together they could not shoot the narrow passage without damaging each other as well as any unlucky lighter craft wedged in between ; while I, caught in the increasing block behind, could by no means render poor granny any assistance. Unaccustomed for many years to the crush of a high-class mob, she cried to me in alarm, and drew the general attention upon her distress. It so chanced that the hero of the night stood, surrounded by a bevy of fair worshippers, a few steps from the struggle, safe beyond, in the smooth water beneath the reserved dais in the supper room, sacred to the ladies patronesses. His quick eye took in the situation, and almost before they were aware, he slid cunningly from amidst the female coil that hemmed him in, and, in half a moment, extricated the

old lady from her trouble, without offence to her oppressors, such masterful good breeding and tact surrounded the man. As she got through I followed, making a dart after her through the opening, and his eye fell upon me, standing by her side.

"Your daughter?" he said, inquiringly.

"My grandchild. I may say, my daughter. The only child of my son, who is dead; you knew him—Colonel Fortescue."

"Colonel Fortescue! the most rising man in India when he died! Then you were his mother. How wonderful to meet you like this! Have I not seen you before?"

"Yes. I kept house with my son in London some years before his death. You dined with us several times before you were so great a hero as you are now"—she added, smiling, "I am not surprised that I should have gone quite out of your memory."

"I do remember you then, one of the finest women in London still: your fame as a beauty only beginning to give place to your son's as a soldier."

"We will not talk of my beauty now. Age and grief have made a change—all, all gone," and she shook her head mournfully.

"We cannot say that, who see you so accompanied, though mademoiselle is not in the least like you."

"She is like her father."

"Yes, I see the resemblance—a face to win upon one. She is pretty, very pretty; not a dazzling beauty though, like yours."

"Ah, I am an old woman, and a very sorrowful one. She is all my beauty now."

"Well, you are happy in her. Is not that so?" He appealed to me.

I looked in his face to read my destiny there before I made reply. Happy I had not been hitherto, since I felt a woman's heart throb into life beneath my scarce budding breast; but before me opened the possibilities of Paradise, set within those eyes of his, bent down upon me in their tender hazel light, with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, such as in man or woman I never saw before, so witching in its modest



sympathy. Though worn with war, and, like Othello's, "declined in the vale of years," the lordly beauty of his face and form was beyond comparison with any human being I had ever looked upon—or so it seemed to me. I trembled, utterly lost, and could not speak until I drew my gaze from beneath the light that fascinated me, not knowing what I did, but anyhow, I would not speak false to him.

"I have never been happy," I murmured, hopelessly, "since my father died ; he was very fond of me. I do not expect to be happy ever again."

"Not happy, you ? That would be folly. I wish I were as happy as you—as young, as bright, as gifted. Oh ! I am old and worn out in comparison."

"What matter, when you have saved your country ? saved us all ? I would give my life to do as much."

"Beautiful young enthusiast ! No ; keep your life ; it will be very dear to somebody some day."

His rich voice fell with these last words ; it was clear and true as a bell, but deeper than any metal could vibrate, softest in the lower tones. I did not hear, I felt it thrill through and through my veins, with an indescribable effect, such as the chords of a harp have upon me, but immeasurably stronger. There was no longer any resistance in me ; I had met my fate ; I gave one little cry, "Oh, shall I ever see you again ?"

"I am not going away to-night for ever ; I'll call to-morrow and pay my respects to Mrs. Fortescue. We must have her quite well after the shock to her nerves to-night. You will go home soon ? You do not care for dancing ?"

"Not any more now," I said, ashamed to own I had not danced at all. He did not dance, and that was enough. If he must quit me for those women of rank, he would not dance with them, therefore, he could pay me no more attention. I was content to go. It was a great and wonderful thing that I should see him in our own house to-morrow.

He did not keep his word so soon, but redeemed it three days afterwards, when I had given him up, as the only relief from hour upon

hour of suspense and anguish. I was sitting with my harp in my embrace, trying to sing away a little of my pain; my grandmother, too, after three days of mortifying disappointment, declared we were not of consequence enough for so great a man to keep his promise to us, and, growing bitter at the slight, forbade any more preparation to receive him, so that when he did come—no longer expected—she was out of the way, and he surprised me alone. It may well be imagined I lost all self-possession, a girl so utterly unused to the world thus taken at disadvantage. In a moment he relieved my embarrassment, saying—

“Forgive me, I should not have stolen in like a thief; I was listening to your voice outside your window. I never heard anything like it, in such a young creature too! What was it you sang?”

Here I blushed anew, more overcome than ever. The song was a love lament I had read in an old book. The melody had come to me in thinking of him; I could not tell him this: I dared not answer him.

“Can you show me the music?” he enquired. “These simple airs that go to the heart are a great weakness of mine. You sang it so feelingly! Perhaps you have not the music?”

“I have not. I do not know that it is written; I could not tell how it came to me; I have never learnt it.”

“You composed it yourself, perhaps?”

“I don’t know that I ever composed anything. Don’t you say so, pray?” I pleaded, with tingling cheeks, detected in my guilt.

“Nay, ’tis your own. What a young genius you are! What a gift to make happiness around you!”

“I wish I could, but that is a fairy’s privilege, not a mortal’s.”

“Well, you are a fairy; you are not like any girl I ever saw. I seem to see a wide space dividing your home from the whole world without. How can you be otherwise than happy?”

“I should be happy if I could see you—for half an hour once in every fortnight.”

Too artlessly I made reply; he smiled, tenderly, but with a little

wonder mingling with his content; he perceived, what I knew not yet, his conquest of me: I had betrayed that secret, which, unasked, unsought, no woman ever gave up to man, and repented not: I was a fool.

Not such a fool either, but that I had a shadow of reason to disguise my folly: my attraction for him was as strong as his admiration was genuine and sincere; had it been otherwise, had my imagination only been in fault, I had deserved no sympathy, no, not even pity, to have yielded my heart up for a few sweet words!

"You ought to come out in London," he went on, "I come so seldom to this part of the country; but if we meet seldom, we can correspond: I shall be so proud of your friendship! You will write to me?"

"If you wish. You must make my grandmother give me leave; she has such a horror of girls writing to gentlemen, but to you, it is not the same as to anyone else."

"My dear child, I am old enough to be your father. Leila—is not that your name? may I call you Leila? You don't want to be Miss Fortescue to me?"

"Anything you like—anything in the world. Is there any girl in England could refuse you anything?" I answered in extenuation, simple wax as I was in his hands.

"Then I shall call you Leila; 'tis a lovely name."

"I have often been tormented about it; they say it has a strange, barbarian sound."

"Do they? the idiots!"

"You have heard it before, being in India?"

"Heard it! who has not heard of Meignoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East? I must translate the poem to you some day; 'twas that made Hafiz famous—the oriental Byron."

"I am glad my name is Leila—'twas my mother's too."

"Leila—and what will you call me, between ourselves? I hate titles and surnames among intimate friends."

"How do you wish me to call you?"

He had all but said, "My love;" he checked himself, and thought before he replied, "I have three christian names: choose which you like best, and call me that, when we are by ourselves together, and when you write to me."

He gave me three to choose from, "Arthur" was one; being that he never used in public, I seemed to like it best, as it should be peculiar to me, sacred to our affection: 'twas a name familiar to me from a child, being bred in the West Country, the native soil of the hero-king, the antetype of him I had now the great happiness to love. I said, "As you wish it—you shall be King Arthur to me."

He took [the gentle flattery as it came, warm from my heart; his name be henceforth Arthur to you, my reader, as to me: I would not reveal to you who he was to the world, telling you this "ow'er" true story; his identity you shall never know, never guess, while calling him by that other name, emblazoned in the world's history, among the few in our days who shall be added to the short roll-call of England's greatest. Let not the faintest shadow of a taint be cast on that, for any poor sorrows of mine. My part is to bear these in silence, for the sake of that whereon I had set my pride.

All this being concluded between us before my grandmother entered on the scene, upon her so doing, Arthur's manner took an entire change to mere frank kindness, such as a man of fine feeling, gentle to all, will specially show to a woman advanced in years, and an old friend. Her very dog, a spoiled pet, who hated strangers, made advances to him, wcn caresses from him, and from me deep envy. Truly he was kind and tender to every living thing; never could he be otherwise to me, a young girl so fond of him.

He gave good reasons for his delay in calling, being not altogether master of his time with his host Lord Stormouth, and inquired if we knew him? A mortifying question, as we did not, though all the world did in our county. It was best tell the truth in the mildest form; I had never been "out" at all, and grandmother, after twenty years' absence, returned to her own county, almost a stranger; it was nobody's business to set a girl like me in the place to which by old

descent I was entitled, and less than this I would not accept from society. I dared not quite say so much before my grandmother, but I said enough for him to divine what I wished to convey. Taking in the whole situation, he addressed himself to her, and said—

“Your granddaughter would be an ornament to any court, if she were known; London is the place where she would be admired; you intend to bring her out there, do you not?”

“I am not rich enough to live in London according to our station, as we did in my son’s time; poor Leila is but a country girl, I fear, for the rest of her life; unless she will marry a husband who will show her off in town, which it is her own fault she has not done already.”

He smiled delight, and said—

“Hard to please, eh? You must not blame her for that; who should be if she were not? The man will come!” and he added, so low that I alone could hear, “the happiest man in the whole world.”

“Well, I hope so,” granny said, “in a year or two, when she knows her own mind a little better. I hear you have very gay doings at Stormouth Park; balls, and what not; private theatricals with lady actresses, a new fashion come in since my day; it must be very curious to see them.”

“Not at all curious, as they do things there; they’ve got all the best men from the officers’ set at Plymouth, and a lady cleverer than any common-place professional, Lady Di Hope-Trevor, General Hope-Trevor’s wife; a beautiful woman, too.”

My curiosity was piqued; perhaps a different feeling stirred, to hear him praise another woman’s beauty. “Indeed,” I cried, “I would give anything in the world to see them act.”

“You have never been to any of the Stormouth theatricals?”

“No, never; but I should so like to!”

“Well, you shall, then, I’ll ask Lady Stormouth. I can promise you an invitation for Mrs. Fortescue and yourself. Next Thursday evening you shall be there,” and with this comfort he left me, bidding us adieu.

## CHAPTER III.

## MY DEAREST FOE.

AND that was my first happy day ! I loved not without some return, and that love was enough for me ! I was more than happy, I was satisfied. The hope to win him, to be his wife, was far above my humble passion ; those who lived about him, his intimates, the men under his command, his servants, might be blest as the angels in heaven ; his very dog I envied, ay, even the inanimate things that formed part of his daily life—as I might never do—but he would cast into my bosom now and again the sweet drops of comfort that should make the taste of my young life delicious for evermore !

To none but my own heart would I confide the treasure of my secret joy, although that my grandmother indulged in was only second to it, and her hopes went far beyond mine in outspoken exultation at the prospect of so wonderful a conquest ; she made sure that Arthur was struck with me, that he would follow it up, like a man of honour as he was, and that I should be married to him. “Of course,” she added, by way of precaution, after bringing before my eyes a picture of such ecstasy as no sprinkling of cool caution could allay ; “of course, my child, you will not think of caring seriously for the man until he makes you an offer, as I have no doubt he will ; but there’s no way for a woman to lose a man like falling in love with him. I know you’ve been too sensibly brought up to be capable of such mawkish folly ; but it makes me sick to see what fools girls are that way. You are very happy to have me to warn you ; there is only one man in the world a woman should love—her husband. Now there is such a person in the world, you know, as the man who is to be your husband, and you do him wrong in caring for anyone else ; and until you are actually married, you never can tell what may happen, so you must not fall in love until after you are married, and then you may do so as much as ever you like.”

Very prudent, truly, only on these terms, I should have preferred never to marry, but to love only, without hope or aspiration beyond love itself.

In due course arrived the promised invitation from Lady Stormouth, but it was not as we expected it, nor what my grandmother quite liked ; at first, indeed, she refused to go on such terms. The list, it stated, was full ; every place would be occupied in the room where the performance was arranged to take place ; the only seats remaining at Lady Stormouth's disposal were in the gallery above at the end of the room, and two of these were placed at Mrs. Fortescue's choice. It was a charity performance : guinea tickets to the room ; half guinea to the gallery.

"Well," said granny, taking her stand upon her ruffled dignity, "that's one way of inviting people to your house, and a new device for doing charity ; I suppose Lady Stormouth thinks I care to pay a guinea for the honour of getting inside her doors ; and to the gallery, too ! I have been received as an equal at the houses of earls, older in creation than her husband, whose father got his title from that Whig king, William IV. ; the idea of making a first and second class for your guests ! I'll go in the first, or not at all."

"But it is merely a case of overcrowding," I pleaded. "I have set my heart so on going ! I would not miss it for all the world. Do, granny, darling, let me have my way for only this once, and I'll promise never, never to ask anything you do not wish again."

"I was a beauty in my time," urged the old lady, "a far greater beauty than any you saw that night at the ball, or than you will ever be ; there's no vanity in saying so now ; it's all gone by ; I was admired, followed by men, hated and envied by women, almost worshipped by the world ; and now in my old age, to humour a little chit, I'm to sit in the back kitchen to my lady's parlour ; oh, no, oh, no, at half a guinea a seat !" and she burst into a peal of scornful laughter. "I'll write to Lady Stormouth that I disdain the privilege."

"Don't make an enemy of her for my sake ; consider, they are *his*

intimate friends, both Lord and Lady Stormouth. Arthur is staying at their house ; if you insult them, he can hardly visit us any more."

"Well, there's something in that, certainly, but he ought to take our side ; he ought to protect you from such a slight ; it is an affront to himself."

"Let us wait ; he may not know. Why not send two guineas to Lady Stormouth and say, if she can give any extra seats, you will take them at that price, but not otherwise, for the benefit of the charity. Would not this be the most dignified way, not to see the affront at all, but show her we do not care about her ?"

"Well, I don't approve of it ; and I won't write it. Do you, if you like, but remember, unless Lady Stormouth sends tickets for the room, not the upper gallery, I don't go, nor you either."

And so the matter was made up. I sent the two guineas and note on my grandmother's behalf, with our urgent request that such tickets might be sent as she could make use of, not in the gallery ; but in any case, her subscription should remain to the charity. Tickets for the room were sent in answer to this appeal.

We arrived early on the appointed evening, and passing into the great room, were duly saluted by Lady Stormouth, standing as hostess, in the vestibule, where every name was announced ; beyond this, no recognition was vouchsafed, except to private friends, and to these, we found, all the front rows of chairs were previously assigned ; the general company of subscribers being handed into seats at the back. Arthur was nowhere to be seen when we came in. Later on, he entered by a side door with Lord Stormouth and other gentlemen staying at the house, and who rose from the dinner table to attend the play.

This was the first amateur performance in a private mansion that I had ever witnessed, although not altogether inexperienced as a playgoer, having been several times to the theatre at Plymouth and Bristol ; once, at the former, I had seen an officers' performance, with regular actresses as the ladies. Now, I expected to see ladies act, and my impressions being yet new, I prefer to supplement them by



the comments I overheard of a trio seated in front of us ; they were a captain and his wife, rather a young couple, sharp and incisive, a thorough man and woman of the world, lately established in the neighbourhood, and admitted, like ourselves, as spectators ; the third was a lady on a visit to the house, in middle life, with a kindly manner that attracted me. I took it into my head she was a literary celebrity from London. Of course, I caught none of their names.

The captain and his wife were first seated. On the lady afterwards joining them, he said, " We came at eight o'clock, as we were bid, punctually ; I see you know better ; of course we shall have to wait an unconscionable time."

" I hope not ; I heard everything was ready to begin."

" Everything but the actors ; amateurs never are, never can be up to time, except officers. We did it in style at the Plymouth theatre last time, but then we had regular actresses from London. I wish we were having them to-night."

" My dear, you could not have actresses in a private house !" remonstrated his spouse.

" Then you shouldn't have acting in a private house, that's all ; amateur ladies think about nothing but their dress, and keeping people waiting two hours while they are enjoying themselves in their dressing rooms ; and when they come on, they can't speak up to be heard ; it doesn't pay a fellow."

" But the gentlemen have not left the dining-room," put in the London lady.

" Oh, it's good fun for them, is it ? Awfully jolly, no doubt, I didn't dine here, I had my dinner two hours earlier, and drove over, because Lady Stormouth sent me a circular, and my wife thought we ought to take tickets ; I can't see it at all."

" My dear, we came to see the great hero, who is a guest in the house ; perhaps you can get introduced to him. And Lady Diana Hope-Trevor is to act. I don't care how badly she does it, I would not miss the sight on any account, not for anything in the world."

" She won't do it badly for an amateur ; I hear she has been three

months learning the part with Mrs. Cibber, a professional, to coach her; she repeats it all day long, and keeps it up till two in the morning, till the general puts out the lights and goes to bed, because he won't have the servants stop up so late as she does."

"What a house he must have kept for him, poor man!"

"You may say that, Nellie; never you take it into your head to act. If she were my wife, I'd walk off and leave her spouting—that's all."

"Her husband is very proud of her acting," interposed the London lady, "and most particular as to those she acts with, and where she may appear."

"She played at the Haymarket last season for a benefit," said the captain.

"Yes, the general gave his consent; she persuaded him, but he did not quite like it; he is very proud of her talent."

"Prouder of her altogether than he has good cause. I should see that plain enough if I were Sir John, and put a stop to her doings. Why, she's got herself invited here on purpose to throw herself in *his* way—you know whom I mean."

"Hush, not a word about that here," said the captain's lady. "Look! the hero!"

A stir in the room and general commotion, as, the band playing the usual tune on such occasion, the hero of the night made his entrance, like a monarch in a play, with his attendant lords and gentlemen, and, with much ado on the part of everybody interested, was set in his appointed place, a high vantage ground, raised on steps, and canopied with Indian spoils and military trophies.

"Now they will begin, and I hope get it over in time to give us some supper before we set out on our long drive home," reasoned the captain's lady; but an awful delay ensued—twenty minutes at least—before the prompter's loud whisper confided the signal "ready" to the listening orchestra, an interval not unfilled by the captain's critical remarks.

"'The Green Bushes,'" he read out from the pink satin programme.

"What a notion ! Madame Celeste's best part, the only woman who ever could or should play Miami."

"Mrs. Cibber says Lady Diana is the best ever tried it, after Madame Celeste, who is now too old to look the part," said the London lady.

"Mrs. Cibber says so, very likely, and so she will say as long as my lady keeps her purse strings open ; if Di Hope-Trevor were a poor woman who wanted to make her living on the stage, Mrs. Cibber wouldn't teach her on credit for the sake of her chance."

At last, as all things mortal get done with some time, the curtain went up for the first act, which was suffered with decent equanimity by the patient audience, all expectation for the sight of Lady Diana, who did not appear till the second act. They were rewarded by a good deal of fun at the expense of the performers, the stage being crammed with what the captain called " gentlemen supers, or super-fine gentlemen," made up as Irish peasants, whom all the art of May and Clarkson could not transform from their proper selves ; but sundry wonderful effects of the ludicrous were produced, which interfered in a most comical manner with the efforts of the principal characters. These last seemed to me quite as good as I had seen on the stage, but the captain (himself, I discovered, an amateur actor) would see no good thing in them.

Another long wait between the acts, filled in, however, with music, and ices handed round ; then a preliminary scene of moderate dimensions at last ushered in the chief attraction. A shot was heard, and Lady Diana, in the habit of an Indian huntress, fowling piece on shoulder, in shell-embroidered tunic, and buskins, with mocassins bound on her feet, an *aigrette* surmounting her loose hair, and strange bead ornaments, stood before the assembly, a thing of beauty, whatever else she might be. I thought I had never seen so magnificent a piece of womanhood, out of canvas or marble : a tall and beautiful form, of which every outline was displayed, while decency could scarce complain that not enough was hid. She was draped from neck to knee ; except the Juno-like arms, bare to the shoulder, her face and throat

alone were uncovered ; her colour only was unlike the daughters of the wilds she personated ; a skin of milk, with the tint upon her cheek such as the damask rose changes to before it dies, or the cloud reflects as a memory of the sun's last kisses when his face has gone down. No mortal limner ever caught that heavenly hue ! Her grey eyes and dark-blonde tawny hair were of true English breed, so were her nose and upper lip, the perfection of aristocratic race ; rarest of all, her hands and feet were but a little less small than my own, which I inherited from my high caste Indian mother, and had never yet seen matched by a European.

How old was she ? Involuntarily I caught myself weighing that capital question, as to the value of a woman's charms. As I had once heard a lady say, beauty was useless without youth, and youth without beauty. Surely she was much older than I myself ; twenty-eight, I should think, perhaps thirty. Certainly she could not be much more than that. I was fated to enlightenment by the captain—"What a splendid make up ! She looks quite a young woman."

His wife put up her opera glass—"Wonderful ! lots of white paint, of course ; but that colour's natural, and that hair is all her own. Well, I call that wearing splendidly for a woman going on for fifty."

"I don't believe she can be forty," said the London lady, taking a look through the glass.

"My dear ! she was nearly forty when I was a child."

"A very fine woman of a little over forty," the captain settled it. "Well, she could wear anything, or nothing, and look 'fetching ;' and that's about what she can do on the stage."

"She is a born actress," said the London lady.

"Yes, but not a bred one ; can't move on the stage—that's the test ; no idea of an exit to music, can't play a part that depends so much on pantomimic action. I grant she speaks her words."

"She is not like a trained actress, but a woman in the same situation, with the same passion, would do the same things she does acting ; it may not be art, but it is true to nature."

"Art is not mere nature, nor ever can be."

"I know it ; but this woman carries away my feelings—I am moved whether I approve or not."

And so was I, and so were the most part of those five or six hundred spectators, too many to form a clique, and, therefore, more honest than critics or friends. The emotion crept through that cold, fashionable gathering, and stirred the very herd of the less sophisticated middle-class, who packed the gallery. The quasi public, like a real public, were just, and the second act brought loud and long applause.

"And now," said the captain, "Lady Di is content to have the whole weight of the last act resting on her shoulders ; she has killed off the hero, at all events."

"I can imagine a woman doing that in the situation," said the London lady, taking the play *au sérieux*. "The Indian girl is deceived and betrayed ; he had a wife in Ireland when he married her. Certainly he deserves her revenge. It is very natural in an Indian ; an Englishwoman could not shoot a man dead if she ever loved him."

"I don't know that ; shouldn't like to be the happy man in Lady Di's case. She's the woman to do it ; she played that scene right well. Next act she has to repent, and follow her lover to the grave ; she won't be quite so good."

She was though. I felt the hot tears roll down my cheeks, and grew sick and faint, as she portrayed, too life like, the agonies of lingering death. Then my eyes wandered in another direction, away from the stage and its occupants, to Arthur, where he sat. Ophelia like, I was watching the effect of the play on him. Most wonderful ! I saw his lofty brow bend down, as it were, beneath the influence of mighty magic ; the charm worked upon his countenance, eyebrow and lip were contracted with strong pain, and struggled for mastery with some emotion, which the proud man scorned to show. Here was a revelation to me ! a power was in that fair woman to compel man's admiration by her acting, inartistic as it was ; a power that grew upon one in that last scene, where she had but to die, and this she did

with harrowing truth and reality. No want of familiarity with the stage could mar her effect in that, where she had but to sink in her chair and slowly, miserably, yet bravely die ! It was too much for me to look upon—no wonder it affected him to pain—but, oh ! how I envied her the power to touch his heart so near.

Not that I suspected him of any wrong. I knew she was married, and doubted not that I was safe from an actual rival in her, but the glory of her beauty and fame might overpower the poor shadow in the dark that crept around his feet in worship, not daring to lift up eyes in hope upon one so far above my sphere ! Oh, how I envied her !

Did my gaze attract that of others upon him ? So it seemed, for the spell of my meditation was broken by a hushed laugh, and the half whispered undertones of the captain's lady. "Look at him now ! I declare that's better than her acting ! I think he is caught in the toils. We shall have some scenes enacted in a certain court that will beat the excitement of this evening. Ah, Lady Di, you're very pretty, but you're very naughty, I'm afraid !"

"Don't believe it ; the fellow is too clever to be caught, or too lucky to be found out," said the captain. "A man can draw out of these things, if he knows how."

"Oh, captain, speak for your own experience, if you must, but don't throw mud upon the greatest name in England : 'tis too unpatriotic—and besides—nobody will believe you ; most certainly, if you scandalise him I shall never pay the least attention to anything you say of anyone again."

So said the London lady, and put the captain down. Happy she that could ! There was nothing left for me to do here, but shrink into myself, and hurry home. I was not known, not wanted !

Disappointed and utterly unheartened, I begged of my grandmother to come away quickly. The crowd rose, and pressed into the supper room. At least, I would not be thrust beneath his eye, unfriended and neglected by his world that knew me not ; but we had not the choice, being obliged to move with the throng, and were drawn into the

supper room, where a sumptuous spread did honour to the hospitality of the house, and was accepted as a boon by the audience, after their four hours' sitting, even though, not being over much "given with welcome," "the feast was sold" in Lady Macbeth's sense.

My grandmother was faint, and wanted wine. I struggled to the table, and tried to obtain it for her. Oh, crown of humiliation! Arthur was looking at me! In a moment I had shrunk into nothingness; in another, he had found me out, and stood at my side; he laid his hand upon my arm so kindly! he helped me in my strait with my grandmother, got us through to our carriage, and handed us both in, but kept my fingers in his clasp as he bade good night with the wish of my heart granted in a few words—"I shall see you soon," and then he hurried back to the splendid scene; but I knew that she was nothing to him, and that I—oh, Paradise on earth! what might not be?

*(To be continued.)*



## *Spare Minutes with Moliere.*

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### L'AVARE.

"Sweet to the miser are his glitt'ring heaps."—*Don Juan.*

THIS comedy takes the first place amongst the great dramatist's prose compositions, both as regards seniority, and, as we venture to think, literary merit. As it was Molière who elevated and refined the farce, and drew wit and humour from the realities, not the exaggerations, of life, it is in such inimitable productions as *L'Avare* that we may safely seek for rational amusement, without experiencing any more violent shock to our sense of congruity than the strictest dramatic critic will readily allow. In *Le Tartuffe* and *Le Misanthrope* we have the philosophy of life as the groundwork, with a sufficiency of humour to relieve its shades. In *L'Avare*, and the series of comedies in which it shines, we have certain unattractive realities so artistically and, withal, so whimsically drawn as to excite unlimited mirth, even whilst they convey a pregnant moral. Like the modern farce, fun gleams in every page of this comedy, but it is fun as superior to that which commonly passes current as the drama of Shakespeare transcends that of Cibber, Wycherley, and Congreve.

As we have already had occasion to notice, the fame of Molière owes little to the construction of his plays, which was frequently borrowed from the inventive skill of others. It is the exquisite delineation of character, and the faithful portraiture with which, like the Bard of Avon, he has adorned his plunderings that immortalise his name. Here is a miser, who, like most of his species, has no solicitude that has not money for its object, and no interest that can



rise above sordid considerations. He has a daughter whom he is willing to sacrifice to the first suitor who will take her without a dowry, regardless of her private inclinations, and a son whom his niggardliness alienates. The former plights herself to a man without a cent; the latter falls in love with a girl, equally poor, of whom his father is enamoured, but whose poverty perpetually restrains the miserly parent from pushing his unwelcome advances. The loss of some money, abstracted by a servant, with the knowledge of his son, supersedes all amorous considerations, and, in the height of his despair, he consents to the latter's proposition to restore it conditionally upon his consent to the marriage he has so resolutely opposed. As his money is his primary care, and, as the parent of his son-in-law and daughter-in-law *in posse* offers to defray all expense consequent on the nuptials, the sordid hero acquiesces in a proposition that will reunite him to his most valued treasure. This is a naked outline of the comedy which Molière has filled with incidents suggested to his fecund fancy, and which is eminently humorous in almost every line.

There are misers, like poor Beck, in Lucretia, whose love of hoarding is not so paramount as to benumb their susceptibilities and deaden them to every natural impulse. With such individuals hoarding is a prominent characteristic, not an absorbing and withering passion. They are misers only in degree; and, though they cling with wild tenacity to their treasure, they are not incapable of a generous or noble action. But Harpagon is, as Macaulay would say, the miser absolute. He has no attributes which redeem him from the charge of being from first to last a self-seeking money worshipper. The delineation is felicitous throughout, and the skill with which the dramatist excites mirth without straining probabilities is remarkable. The conscious shame of the miser, and his nervous apprehension for the object of his greed in the opening of the third and fifth scenes of the first act bring us, so to speak, in presence of the man as our imagination might portray him—so alarmed for the safety of his possessions that his very eagerness betrays what he wishes to conceal. His suspicions of his son's valet, La Flèche, whom he subjects to

personal search in order to discover if he has abstracted aught of his property, and his impatience at the man's knowledge of what he was clumsily striving to hide, are well-known and faithfully-depicted traits of his class ; but the rich vein of humour displayed in the scene between the two is quite *unique*, and is so dexterously contrived as to involve no departure from the realities of life. In Scene II., Act II., we have the miser in his business aspect, where his avarice is displayed, not in the preservation of what he has, but in the acquisition of more ; and in the preceding scene we have the terms upon which he is willing to advance money at interest to some wealthy youth, who turns out to be his own son. The miser in his passive mood, keeping jealous watch and word over his "glitt'ring heaps," is just a degree less contemptible than when he is in his covetous or acquisitive mood. In the perusal of Harpagon's terms there is no lack of food for merriment, so cleverly are the cruel exactions of the usurer framed to divert the fancy. The grasping, mercenary spirit of the miser in this transaction is well portrayed. He will lend money at a fair and philanthropic rate himself, but, as he has (he pretends) to borrow it first elsewhere, he must charge the usurious interest which he himself has to pay, in addition to his own modest profits. He offers, altogether, two thirds of the sum solicited, and makes up the balance with a list of chattels, which he values at an inordinate amount. The preposterous terms which Harpagon offers to La Flèche, through the agency of a third party, who is ignorant of the connection, reveals without exaggeration, the cupidity of the miser, whilst they cannot fail to divert the most sullen fancy. The scene between father and son, when the identity of the contracting parties comes to light, is humorous. Cléante's interrogation might with advantage be posted over the doors of opulent usurers who vindicate their brutal exactions by citing the prodigality of their clients : "Qui est plus criminel, à votre avis, ou celui qui achète un argent dont il a besoin, ou bien celui qui vole un argent dont il n'a que faire ?"

When Harpagon loses his box of money, his wild rage and irrational denunciation furnish a scene which depicts with terrible accuracy the

miser's savage and unreasoning humour when his cherished possession is taken from him. The monologue which constitutes the seventh scene of the fourth act is a gem of character painting, and admits us into the dark arcanum of the miser's mind. It is here that we see how completely his money is identified with himself, how the loss of it dements him, how his thorough confidence in his own jealous care leads him to accuse himself of being the thief, and how, finally, he becomes voracious for a victim to his injured avarice, even if the whole world and himself be included in the proscription. Such is the tenacity of the miser as illustrated by Harpagon that, as Molière happily puts into the mouth of La Flèche, "Il ne dit jamais, ' Je vous *donne*,' mais, ' Je vous *prête* le bonjour.'"

Perhaps the most amusing part of the whole comedy, and that which assists to illustrate Harpagon's character with considerable force, is where the witty and ingenious Frosine, who plays the part of medium, endeavours to reconcile the poverty of Mariane (the *inamorata* of both father and son) with the imperative requirement that she must possess a dowry. The gist of the argument is that her frugal habits must so far diminish the expense incidental to her new position as to make a pecuniary saving equal to a gain. The whole incident is charming, and bristles with wit. The cupidity of the miser is proof, nevertheless, against the seductive special pleading of the crafty Frosine: "C'est une raillerie que de vouloir me constituer son dot de toutes les dépenses qu'elle ne fera point; je n'irai point donner quittance de ce que je ne reçois pas; et il faut bien que je *touche* quelque chose." He is flattered and open eared when he is craftily told that Mariane adores senility, and that the aged heroes of antiquity receive her regard; but he is deaf and obdurate when the energetic agent solicits succour for her personal needs. Gratitude is not a miser's virtue, for it involves giving, and Harpagon, like all other misers, only takes. Anybody who can peruse this memorable conversation without being much diverted must be of a temperament which nothing can amuse, and upon whom the best of comedies would be entirely thrown away. The same remark applies to the inimitable interview in the third act between

Harpagon and his domestics, when his instructions are issued for the parsimonious supper with which he proposes to entertain his guests. The touches of humour which reveal the meanness of the money grubber are exquisite.

*L'Avare*, like *Le Misanthrope*, met at first with a cold reception from the French public. In the case of the former, its early unpopularity is mainly ascribable to the fact of its being written in prose. The works of men of reputation, as Voltaire has truly observed, are always less enthusiastically received than those of lesser lights. The explanation which he offers is at once obvious and satisfactory. Men's judgment is regulated by the expectations they have formed, and the greater the author the greater the amount of criticism levelled at his productions. In this comedy there is but one character which arrests attention, and it is Harpagon himself. Frosine is witty and full of resource, though embarrassed by having more than one lover to befriend. Herein she resembles Mistress Quickly: "I would my master had Mistress Anne," says the latter: "or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three." Frosine, revolted by the miser's selfishness, stands by him still: "Le ladre a été ferme à toutes mes attaques; mais il ne me faut pas pourtant quitter la négociation; et j'ai l'autre côté, en tous cas, d'où je suis assurée de tirer bonne récompense." Valère, who eventually becomes the miser's son-in-law, is a good, uninteresting youth; Cléante, a justifiably rebellious son; Elise, a dutiful daughter. But, with the exception of Frosine in the interview already alluded to, there is nothing striking about any of them. They constitute the machinery which brings the central figure—which is a host in itself—into play. Harpagon is alone in the foreground, and the rest are in dim perspective. It seems to have been Molière's aim to paint avarice in such striking colours as to impress its unattractiveness forcibly upon the public mind. Thus, whilst he concentrates all his efforts upon the development of the character, he does nothing to weaken its effect by giving prominence to its surroundings. Everybody in the comedy serves his or her purpose of drawing forth the

miser's compound vices, thereby accentuating his individuality. Mariane and Elise serve to evoke his selfish egotism, Frosine his meanness, Cléante his lack of parental instincts and his insatiable avarice, Valère, with all the rest, his suspiciousness. If *L'Avare* does not present such a varied illustration of human character as other comedies which will come under our notice, it has, in our view, the superior merit of portraying with more exhaustive skill the one character to which it is devoted ; and it is because we shall find in no other comedy of the class so thorough and masterly a delineation, that we have ranked it as the third of Molière's creations.

FRANK RHYS THOMAS.



## *Chrysoprase.*

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It is the green of ice-caves and the walls  
Of deep crevasses, pale, translucent, bright,  
Down whose steep sides the trickling water falls  
To murmurous caverns never reached by light :

The green of glacier-streams that from the feet  
Of icy cliffs, rush forth to sunny air,  
And dance with song, and sparkle through the sweet  
Wild crocus-blossomed fields and meadows fair :

The green of lakes whose tranquil bosoms bear  
Reflections grand of mountain heights, snow-crowned,  
Dreams of supernal purity, most fair,  
Mirrored in depths of crystal green profound :

The green of sea-waves, lifting high their crest,  
While sunny rays strike through them, filling them  
With inner light, till fall on ocean's breast  
The jewels of their shattered diadem :

A hint of earth-born tumult partly stilled,  
A heavenly-glory mixed with earthly strife,  
A soul that waits, with longings unfulfilled,  
The crystal clearness of a perfect life.

MARY E. ATKINSON.

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## *"It Might Have Been."*

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DEBUTANTE.

It was a dull rainy evening in the spring of 1861. A few determined lovers of music were assembled in the New York Academy of Music, to listen to the closing performance of a brief and unsuccessful season of Italian opera. The small isolated groups that formed the audience looked lost amid the massive white and gold pillars of the auditorium, the proscenium boxes yawned, empty, dimly lighted, and cavernous, and the scattered occupants of the parquet had each a row or two of chairs from which to select their seats. The season—thanks to the charms of a young prima donna, a *débutante* with a fair face and a lovely voice, and to the engagement of a veteran tenor possessed of two notes and a half and a great deal of science, remains of the qualities which had gained him his European reputation—had at first promised to be a brilliant success; but the fall of Sumter had crushed the manager's hopes into the dust. The curtain had risen on the first act of the mighty tragedy of the Rebellion, and the people were watching the first movements of the actors on that terrible stage with interest too great and too deeply absorbed to be turned aside for the dulcet strains of an opera or the commonplace excitements of a play.

Yet, under any other circumstances, the performance that evening would have been deemed worthy of admiration. The opera was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and, as it was one in which all the singers were well versed, it was going off with considerable smoothness, and

no lack of spirit. The antiquated tenor, with that perversity which is usually displayed by singers with worn and uncertain voices, had been seized with a fit of enthusiasm, or of inspiration, and was singing in a manner worthy of the golden days of his prime. And the prima donna, despite her heavy black tresses and dark flashing eyes, in her youth, her beauty, and her immature and almost childish grace, was as winning a representative of the hapless heroine as one could easily find. Her voice and acting, though both were as yet undeveloped and still much in need of cultivation, bore traces of those qualities which are essential to the formation of a great singer. The first, a clear, pure soprano, lacking it is true, both force and finish in the lower notes, was of singularly fine quality and marvellously expressive; and her acting, uneven like her singing, was, like it, passionate, spontaneous, and, at times, of thrilling power, while the unmistakable aroma of genius pervaded her rendition both of the vocal and dramatic portions of her *rôle*. Everything, it is true, was immature, unfinished; it was a promise rather than a performance, but it was a promise of surpassing excellence in the future. All the elements of success were there, chaotic, crude, unpolished, unserviceable as yet, but most real.

Louise Delmar was a New England girl, with just enough French blood in her veins to kindle the natural coldness of her ancestral temperament into a genial glow, and to lend her glances and movements an unstudied and bewitching vivacity. She was the daughter of a merchant who had failed in 1857, and had died broken-hearted in consequence of that failure. She lost her mother a few years later, but kind and sympathising friends had come forward to aid the little orphan, and to further the efforts which, even at that early age, she was called upon to make to support herself, and later, as her musical gifts asserted themselves, to assist her in procuring the tuition necessary to develop those gifts. Her one sole relative, a maiden aunt who was very deaf and rather stupid, acted as a duenna for her lovely niece, and cast over her professional wanderings the shadow of respectability. Only the shadow was needed, for Louise possessed the reality. Nature had not only bestowed upon her the perilous gift of genius, in addition to her



voice and beauty, but had also blessed her with gifts which but seldom accompany artistic graces, namely, a high sense of rectitude, perfect purity of soul, and a wonderful fund of strong common sense; and thus armed, this seventeen-year-old girl was prepared to go forth to fight the battle of life, and to conquer fate in despite of adverse and discouraging circumstances. Destiny was even then beckoning her onward to foreign shores, and commanding her to leave behind her her early friends and protectors; but her best and truest friend would cleave to her still, that friend of which Bulwer's "*Richelieu*" speaks exultingly in the dark hour of his fortunes, the indomitable soul, not of Armand Duplessis, but of Louise Delmar.

Destiny had indeed decreed that Louise should quit her native land. An engagement of an unusually tempting character, and terms far more lucrative than are usually offered to young singers during their first season, had been proffered for her acceptance. The unsettled state of social affairs, as well as political ones, caused by the war, was a death-blow to art in any shape in the United States for a season or two at least; and by the terms of her contract she was to sing a certain number of nights in each of the principal cities in Italy, wind-up with a series of performances in St. Petersburg. It was a speculation on the part of an enterprising manager, an Italian by birth, who saw in the personal and vocal charms of Louise Delmar, a mine of purest gold to whoever should be so fortunate as first to obtain possession.

And yet, notwithstanding her devotion to her profession and the tempting nature of Signor Morulli's offers, the young girl still hesitated. Might it not be that the voice and the beauty that so charmed the public would be reserved to gladden and brighten the smaller, yet diviner, sphere of a husband's heart and a happy home? Was there not one for whom Louise Delmar was ready to sacrifice hopes of future wealth and renown, the profession that she already loved with all the ardour of a true artist, the glow and excitement of her stage life, and to accept instead the quiet existence and homely duties of a wife? It was for this that she paused and procrastinated,

and roused the irascible Morulli to a pitch of frenzied excitement. But the moment for decisive action had come; the opera company of which she was a member was about to be dissolved, and the fiery Italian had announced to her his determination to have a decisive answer from her that very night. And her resolution had also been taken. That night she would learn the truth; she would ascertain at once and definitely whether the smiles and soft whispers and *petits soins* of which she had been the object, meant anything more serious than the caressing admiration of a confirmed old bachelor for a pretty girl some twenty years his junior.

New York society, at least the musical portion of it, had been vastly exercised to give a proper answer to that very question. Horace Fielding was a member of one of the oldest families of New York. He was well-looking, and possessed a small fortune, which enabled him to sport the most fashionable of dress-coats, the freshest of *boutonnieres*, and the most immaculate of gloves on all occasions. His taste for music amounted to a passion; he performed well on two or three instruments, composed small canzonets and easy gallops with some taste and skill, and would have taken singing lessons had not Providence denied him the gift of a voice. During a society career of about twenty-five years he had never missed an operatic performance of any importance in New York, and might have been said to have never truly lived till the Academy of Music on Fourteenth-street was erected. He was a perfect oracle in musical circles, and no rising singer, whether professional or amateur, was voted a decided success till Horace Fielding had pronounced favourably respecting his or her pretensions. Although over forty, he was still a very fine-looking man, with jet-black hair, fine teeth (all of which were his own), good features, and peculiarly pleasing manners, which varied towards ladies as best suited his purposes, from loverlike devotion to paternal tenderness. He was a practical flirt, and no man better than he knew the right moment for discarding the first manner and assuming the second; for casting aside the ardent admirer to become the elderly and confidential friend. His dark eyes, expressive features, white teeth, and graceful

bearing were all useful in getting up the first character, while his thirty-seven years and long social experience came neatly into play for the second. The truth was, he had no inclination for matrimony ; he was too much of an old bachelor, too confirmed in his luxurious habits and *dilettante* tastes, to feel willing to relinquish any of his cherished luxuries and enjoyments for the sake of securing a wife, who, after all, might turn out anything but an agreeable addition to his possessions. Yet from the time that Louise Delmar had made her first appearance in the musical circles of New York, and been hailed as a rising star of unusual lustre in the artistic firmament, his attentions to her had been so constant, his manner so *empressé*, and his devotion so real, that society in amazement felt itself forced to contemplate the possibility of Horace Fielding's actually committing the unpardonable folly of matrimony. That he should feel willing to give up his pet elegancies, his faultless attire, dainty rooms, delicate fare, and unlimited gloves, to take in exchange a wife, and that wife a girl of no social position, and who would bring him as a dower only youth and beauty, a loving heart, and a clear, strong, practical brain—such an idea was agonising, and society refused to entertain it for a moment.

And society was right, as she usually is respecting such actions on the part of her votaries. Horace Fielding was really, for him, very much in love. There was a freshness and sweetness about this young, unsophisticated, unconventional nature, which charmed his soul, satiated as it was with the artificial atmosphere of *boudoirs* and drawing-rooms, and with the more powerful perfumes of hothouse-bred exotics, Keenly alive as his nature was to the enchantments of the art to which he was so devoted, he had not failed to recognise in Louise Delmar one of those exceptionally gifted beings in whom both the mental and physical qualities necessary for the formation of a great artist were united. Her vocal and dramatic gifts, her tireless energy, her undaunted perseverance, all gave promise of a future of artistic excellence. And, moreover, both blushing cheek and radiant eyes had revealed to him the secret of that innocent, yet ardent soul, and he knew that Louise Delmar loved him.

And yet he had not the slightest idea of marrying her. He was not rich enough to be able to support a wife in the luxurious style which had become to him a second nature, and, to do Mr. Fielding justice, he had too much real refinement to permit of his ever for a moment contemplating the possibility of achieving a fortune by means of his wife's voice. No; if he married Miss Delmar he would, of course, take her at once from the stage, and then (he shuddered inwardly as, fresh from the fascinations of Louise's beauty and sprightliness, he once took the matter into serious consideration) would commence a routine of cheap boarding houses, shabby clothes, squalling infants, economy, and wretchedness. So he dismissed the idea with a sigh, dined at his club with rather less appetite than usual, and refrained from going to see Miss Delmar that evening in *Linda di Chamounix*.

And the lady herself—how fared it with the young girl whose heart was thus being weighed in the balance against ease, luxury, and self-indulgence, and which was slowly but surely rising in the scale? She was not ignorant of the struggle which was taking place in Horace Fielding's breast; she saw that he was deeply, truly interested in her; and while she was too clear-sighted, too sensible, not to be conscious of the weakness and imperfections of his nature, like a true woman she loved him in spite of all. But the days of alternate hopes and fears, of indecision, of waiting, were all past. That night, nay, that very hour, she was resolved to know the truth.

Her part in the opera was over, and she stood in her dressing-room, still arrayed in the flowing white muslin robes and satin sash which custom has prescribed as the proper attire for the poor, maddened Lucy Ashton. Her dark, rich tresses, the most striking of her many personal charms, flowed as yet in unbound masses over her shoulders; her cheek was flushed with a feverish scarlet that glowed through the simulated pallor of her complexion; and her large, dark eyes shone with an unnatural lustre. On the dressing-table before her lay a folded paper; it was the contract with Morulli.

“To-night or never!” had the manager said as he laid the

document before her. "To-night or never!" had the inward voice of Louise Delmar's soul replied.

She caught up the pen which lay in readiness beside the paper, and hastily wrote a few lines upon a card. Her aunt, Mrs. Cramer, who sat quietly knitting in a corner of the dressing-room, looked up in amazement at the hurry and excitement apparent in her movements; but Louise did not heed her. She summoned one of the call boys, placed the card in his hands, and told him to give it to Mr. Fielding. Then she began to twist up her redundant tresses, but suddenly desisting, she let them fall again over her shoulders, and sat down to wait in eager and impatient expectation.

She was not forced to wait long. There was a tap at the door, the handle was turned, and Horace Fielding stood before her. Handsome in person, faultless in attire, fascinating in manner, with smiling countenance and *déagé* air, he was the very ideal of the man of society, the butterfly born to grace a *parterre* and to hover around the fairest flowers of a garden. Such men have their place in the world, as have also the butterflies. They adorn, they charm, they please, they amuse; they are of no earthly use, but then neither are the butterflies. Yet both are pleasing in their way, both set off the lovely blossoms around which they delight to linger. The world would be incomplete without such creatures; they have their niche in the vast temple of creation, though a very small one; and if they are neither useful nor great nor noble, they are at least agreeable and very nice.

Louise arose to greet her visitor. He took her hand and pressed it warmly.

"I should have come to you even had you not sent for me," he said, enthusiastically. "How divinely you sang that last aria! But there is one passage that I think should be rendered a little more *piano*, *pianissimo* in fact," and he hummed a bar or two. "But I am hyper-critical. Go on only as you have commenced, Louise, and the world will see that musical stars, unlike other luminaries, can rise in the West."

"I hope I did not disturb you, Mr. Fielding, or encroach too much upon your time. I wished to ask your advice respecting a matter of great importance."

"I shall be only too happy to give it, my dear little friend, if only it be of any value to so sensible and intelligent a girl as yourself." The paternal manner was in full force now, and he bent over the hand which he still held with an assumption of courtly grace that would have done honour to Sir Charles Grandison himself. Calmly drawing her hand away, Louise continued:

"I wished to ask your opinion relative to this engagement which Morulli offers me. He has given me his ultimatum, and expects an answer to night. Will you not oblige me by looking over this contract, and telling me what you think of the terms he offers, and what you would advise me to do?"

So then the decisive moment had come at last. Either he must part with Louise Delmar, and probably forever, or he must take her to his heart as his wife. He took the paper and unfolded it, but his eyes wandered from the written lines to the fair form before him, the bright embodiment of youth and beauty and genius. Notwithstanding her apparent calm, it was easy to see that Louise was labouring under strong, though repressed, excitement, and the flush and glow of restrained emotion lent an added splendour to her beauty. Wonderfully lovely she looked as she stood there in her snowy robes, with the dark veil of her unbound hair sweeping around her, and with that unnatural and feverish lustre shining in her eyes and painted in richest rose hues on her cheek. As he looked, his resolution faltered. Wild dreams of domestic bliss and simple pleasures, and homely joys chased each other through his brain, and, for a moment, he cherished an idea of clasping that fair form to his heart, and of bidding her spurn the allurements of art and fame to live only for him. The delusion, however, was but momentary. Calm good sense, reason, reflection, self-interest resumed their sway; and he laid the paper down, and his eyes met the steadfast gaze of Louise Delmar's burning orbs with a glance of kindly interest and friendly feeling.

"Accept, by all means," he said. "We shall be sorry to lose our nightingale, but America is no place for art at present. You will return to us in a few years from now with added charms and a matured and developed talent. A few years of European training and experience is all that you now need to perfect your genius and to give it its fullest development."

"But pause—reflect a moment, Mr. Fielding," she said, in that calm, cold tone which belied so strangely her glowing cheeks and glittering eyes. "Do you indeed believe that the career of an *artiste* is a happy one? If I go now from my native land, I leave behind me all ties of friendship and of kindred; I sacrifice my life to my art. The woman will become merged in the prima donna, the public life will destroy the domestic one, for I am not one who will enter half-hearted upon any career. To-night decides my future life."

"And I counsel you to decide *thus*," cried Horace Fielding, pointing to the paper that lay folded upon the table. "Go and fulfil your destiny! The world has need of your genius, and you yourself are no silly household dove to brood away your days in the soft warmth of some domestic nest; no, you are one of the song birds that must sing and soar in the wide sunshine and the open air."

"And that set their breasts against a thorn, that they may sing with due pathos. Thanks for your counsel, Mr. Fielding. The pen, if you please; now hand me the inkstand. Thanks." And, with a firm hand, Louise Delmar signed the contract that was also a deed of separation between herself and the man that she loved, and that she knew also loved her.

"It is done!" she said, as the pen fell from her hand.

"It is done!" echoed Horace Fielding, with a touch of feeling in his tone. "And when do you sail? when shall I come to say good-bye?"

"We go next week. I say we, because my aunt, of course, accompanies me. Say farewell to me now, Mr. Fielding, for I shall be too much occupied to receive visitors before I depart."

"And must it indeed be—must I say good-bye now? Dear child,

no friend will watch your onward progress with more intense interest than will I, your first, and, I may add, most appreciative admirer."

"Good-bye," repeated Louise, extending her hand. He took it and raised it with a tender, yet respectful gallantry, to his lips.

"Good-bye. When next we meet, you will be a great prima donna, the Leonora, the Lucrezia, the Norma of the day."

He took from his buttonhole a tiny bouquet, formed of early spring flowers.

"All faded—what a pity! Ah, here is one—a daisy—that is quite fresh. Let this little flower be the first of the many that await your future career, the first drop of the floral deluge that is to rain around you."

She took the little flower from his hand. Mute, motionless, yet with an unutterable sorrow in her eyes, she saw him depart. Then, as the door closed, she turned to Mrs. Cramer:

"Aunt!" she cried, bending down so as to bring her lips near the deaf woman's ear, "we sail for Italy next week."

"I knew it!" nodded the old lady. "I knew it!"

The young girl sank upon her knees on the floor, and, burying her face on Mrs. Cramer's lap, burst into a passion of tears. And from the stage where Edgar's sorrows were nearing their close, ran a strain of mournful, dying sweetness:

Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali  
O bell' alma innamorata!

It sounded like the death-knell of a slain love.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LAUREL CROWN.

WACHTEL was singing in *Il Trovatore*!

To those who have never heard the great German tenor in this the most inspiring of his rôles, these words will convey no special meaning; but to those who have been so fortunate as to hearken to the upward



leap of that glorious voice in the spirit-stirring strains of "Di quella pira!" or have listened to the exquisite pathos and tenderness of the murmured song wherewith the Troubadour soothes his gipsy mother to rest, that one phrase will recall an hour of intense delight and unalloyed enjoyment.

The Academy of Music, an edifice which replaces for New York the gorgeous structure which has vanished in smoke and flame, was crowded on that evening to suffocation. The one purpose for which it was evidently built, namely, that of showing off the dresses of the ladies, and enabling them to indulge in unrestricted conversation while the opera was still in progress, had been called into play to the fullest extent. Everybody was there, and everybody was in full dress. For once, New York society condescended to listen to the dulcet strains of a German voice; but then the words were Italian, so fashion was satisfied and society was consoled. For is it not *infra dig.* for the gay set to listen to anything save Italian opera? Let the singers be English, Swedish, German, or French, as you will, let them sing the music of German or French composers, but in Heaven's name let the words be Italian, or fashion will stop her dainty ears and refuse to listen. Real Italian opera, *messieurs*, if you please—Meyerbeer, Mozart, Thomas, Gounod, interpreted by Nilsson, Duval, Santley, Capoul, Parepa, Wachtel, or Jamet; but Italian, we implore—that is to say, the *words*. A small concession, truly, to the prejudices of "our best society."

And for once society failed to mistake the opera for a conversazione, and those who came to talk remained to listen. The voice of the great singer proved a spell too potent to be resisted, and flirtations ceased, beaux and belles refrained from noisy chat and uproarious laughter, and the proverbial pinfall might have been distinctly audible did pins ever fall from the well-adjusted toilets of the New York ladies. The curtain descended on the second act, and the long pent-up torrent of talk burst forth with renewed and resistless vigour.

In one of the boxes on the grand tier sat a lady who was the

observed of all observers. Opera glasses were levelled at her, and whispered comments were exchanged respecting her dress, her *coiffure*, her jewels, her beauty, and her general bearing. Yet criticism itself could find nothing to cavil at. She was in the prime of womanhood, and superbly handsome. A low, broad brow, from which the masses of silken raven-dark hair were gathered back in artistic, yet seemingly careless fashion; a small, finely-moulded head poised gracefully on shoulders of statuesque beauty and marble whiteness; a complexion of the smooth, creamy texture of a camellia leaf, just warmed on the cheek with a faint glow of rose colour; great, dark, velvet-soft eyes, with heavy silken fringes; a small, coral-hued, mobile mouth, with teeth of pearly purity and evenness; such were the charms that were combined to make up an *ensemble* of almost faultless loveliness. Her dress was composed of two shades of tea-rose silk, and a trailing spray of tea-roses, with drooping foliage and pendent clusters of buds, was fastened amid the heavy, dark braids that fell low upon her beautiful neck. Beside her sat an old lady in black satin, with a ponderous cap of antiquated fashion, though trimmed with costly lace; a quiet, solemn-looking old lady, who said nothing and seemed interested in nothing, and who took little naps at odd moments, in the most straightforward way possible, and without the slightest attempt at concealment. But there were few who cared to notice the venerable dame's attacks of somnolence, for it had been whispered through the house that the fair woman at her side was the celebrated Viennese prima donna, Louise Delmar, the gifted American, whose splendid voice, dramatic genius, and great personal beauty had acquired for her a world-wide renown; and people were too much occupied in gazing at the beautiful singer to notice the eccentricities of her *chaperon*. It was, besides, a well-known fact that Miss Delmar (for with rare good sense she refused to Italianise her name, or even to style herself mademoiselle) would not appear in public during her stay in the United States. Some trifling but obstinate throat affection had caused her physicians to prescribe for her a season of perfect rest; and, an equally obstinate attack of home-sickness having seized upon her, she had returned for the first

time in eleven years to visit her native land, that land from which she had gone forth a saddened, lonely girl, and to which she now returned a radiant woman, rich in all that fortune has to bestow, beautiful, famous, wealthy, and one of the world's acknowledged queens of song.

A little cluster of privileged acquaintances and adorers hastened, on the fall of the curtain, to pay their respects to Miss Delmar, and to chat for a few moments about the opera. Among them, graceful, *débonnaire* and *empressé* as of old, might be seen Horace Fielding, still exquisitely attired and faultlessly gloved, but rather more wrinkled and a little less agile than he had been in days when the great singer was but a girlish *débutante*. There was a purplish shine, too, among his carefully-arranged locks, that looked decidedly suspicious; and all the art of a Parisian coiffeur had evidently been expended in the task of dissimulating an increasing thinness among the wavy hair that covered the summit of his well-shaped head. People were also rude enough to say that he was indebted to art, not nature, for the undimmed lustre of his dazzling white teeth: but then his moustache was long and thick, and the truth of that report had never been fully ascertained. But he was still handsome, still agreeable, still as much of a "society man" as ever, and yet his status in society was changed. Anxious mammas no longer looked upon him as a dangerous person, a practised flirt whose arts might prove inimical to the peace of their young daughters; on the contrary, he was now regarded as an eligible escort for a party of blooming damsels, or as a very good object for a young belle in her first season to practise her arts upon before essaying them in real earnest elsewhere. He was still considered a great acquisition to a dinner-party or a *soirée musicale*, but balls and germans were adorned less frequently by his presence than they had been in bygone years. In fact, Horace Fielding was slowly but surely sinking into the position of an old beau, and the paternal manner which he had been accustomed to assume with such success had now become second nature with him, and he only appeared as the ardent admirer on rare occasions, and by particular request.

"One wearies of *Il Trovatore*," remarked young Winstanley to Louise Delmar. "The 'Anvil Chorus,' the gipsy, the feuds, and the murders that make up the plot, the hackneyed melodies that form the chief portion of the music—how tiresome it all is—except, indeed, when Wachtel is singing."

"And yet," observed Horace Fielding, "the enthusiasm which it created at first was unbounded. I was at Les Italiens, in Paris, the night it was first produced in that city. Frezzolini was Leonora, Baucarde the Manrico, Borghi Mamo the Azucena, and Graziani was Count di Luna. The applause was tremendous, and after the *Miserere* the course of the opera was stayed by the frenzied plaudits of the audience and their cries for 'Verdi! Verdi!' He came forward to bow his acknowledgments—a dark-browed, handsome Italian, in the very prime of life. Ah, that was seventeen—no, eighteen years ago, at the very least."

"And we are tired of this so praised music already," said Louise Delmar. "When will *Fidelio* become wearisome? when will *Don Giovanni* or the *Marriage of Figaro* lose their freshness?"

"Your taste is entirely Germanised, I perceive, Miss Delmar," said Mr. Winstanley, with a smile.

"Not entirely. I find much that is charming in the best works of Donizetti and Bellini, and my admiration of the genius of Rossini, particularly in that work wherein it seems to have attained its highest development—*William Tell*—is unbounded. But I grow very weary of the prettiness or the uproar that go far to make up the stock-in-trade of most modern composers."

"And you find nothing to admire in Verdi?"

"Pardon me, I did not say so. There is a dramatic force, a grandioseness, a power about some of his best works that are worthy of all praise. His dramatic powers, particularly, are marvellous. Listen to the contrasted passions that unite in the closing quartette in *Rigoletto*, for instance; the despair and woe of Gilda, the revengeful mutterings of Rigoletto, the gay badinage and light-hearted love-making of the Duke and Magdalena, all interwoven into one grand *ensemble*; or the

Miserere in this very opera, with the tolling bell and the funeral chant, blended with the wail of Leonora and the Troubadour's sighed-forth farewell. Yet how unutterably frivolous and trivial some of his music is—parts of *Rigoletto* for instance, and many of the numbers of *La Traviata*."

"Heresy—heresy, Louise!" cried Colonel Wandsworth, an old and valued friend of Miss Delmar's, who at that moment joined the group. "How *can* you find a word in dispraise of *La Traviata* when Nilsson has been singing in it so divinely?"

"So divinely! Ah, Colonel, you have touched on the one defect of the angelic Christine's impersonation. Her Violetta is like no Traviata that ever lived, unless indeed it were La Vallière. Cold, celestial, pure—such is the maiden she represents, a creature as unlike to La Dame aux Camellias as frost is to flame. The character does not suit her, so she created a Violetta to suit herself. It is la Sainte Vierge trying to represent Magdalen."

"There never was a Violetta like Gazzaniga," remarked Colonel Wandsworth. "I was in Philadelphia when she made her great success in that character sixteen years ago. Never shall I forget her singing of the *Gran Dio!* the wild haggard face, the dilated eyes, the very ecstasy of despair and anguish that sounded in that frenzied cry, '*Gran Dio! morir sì giovane!*' It did not seem like a song, something written, set to music, and deliberately studied, but rather like the spontaneous outburst of all the pent-up agony of a breaking heart. She was a great actress—scarcely, however, a great singer, though there was a potent charm, a singularly sympathetic quality about her voice."

"Did it ever occur to you, Colonel," said Louise, mischievously, "that this thrilling song, the *Gran Dio*, is nothing more or less than a polka very slightly altered in the rhythm?"

"Nonsense, Louise. How can you say such things? Your prejudice against Verdi quite carries you away."

"There is no prejudice in the matter, only simple truth. And did it never strike you that the Baritone aria '*Di Provenza*,' in the same

opera, is Von Weber's last waltz very slightly changed? But come—I will shock your Verdiesque tastes no more.”

“And which composer of modern times do you most admire, Miss Delmar?” asked Horace Fielding.

“My favourite among them all is Meyerbeer. How original, how powerful, how glorious is his music! How marvellously he combines his grand effects, massing together such rich harmonies, such volumes of sound, yet never degenerating into noise. His operas always remind me of the great pictures by Paul Veronese, such as the Marriage of Cana in the Louvre—the crowded scene, the rich colouring, the glow and splendour and grandiose effect of a magnificent festival.”

“How would you compare him with Verdi—with Verdi in his best moments, I mean?”

“As I might compare Rembrandt with Gustave Doré, or Shakespeare with Victorien Sardou. One is tragedy—the other melodrama.”

“And do you admire him as a listener merely, or as a prima donna—that is, as an interpreter of his music.

“My favourites, among all the characters I have yet essayed, have been Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, and Catherine, in *L'Etoile du Nord*. But the cherished ambition of my heart is to appear as the Leonora of Beethoven's *Fidelio*.”

“It is magnificent music, but ruinous, I am told, to the voice,” remarked Colonel Wandsworth. “Have a care, Louise, lest your ambition lose you your voice.”

“I think I would be willing to sacrifice five or six years of my artistic career to make a success in the rôle of *Fidelio*.”

“And I agree with you, Miss Delmar,” cried Horace Fielding, kindling into enthusiasm. “It is the greatest work that has ever yet been given to the lyric stage! How glorious is the quartette in the first act, how weird and awful is the orchestral accompaniment to that scene in the second act, where the disgusted Leonora aids to dig her husband's grave! And then the duet that concludes that act—what

a change—a burst of sunlight after a thunderstorm! What a very ecstasy of joy and love and rapture! To me, *Fidelio* is as dramatic as *Macbeth*."

"Well, some day I hope to see you in the hose and doublet of this operatic Imogen, Louise," said Colonel Wandsworth. "But see—there goes the curtain. We meet to-morrow night at Mrs. Beresford's, I believe." And, with bows and smiles and gestures of farewell, the group dispersed, leaving only Horace Fielding, who had taken his seat beside Louise, and seemed determined to remain there.

"I see you have honoured my bouquet," he whispered, looking down at the cluster of Boston rosebuds which she held. "I bribed your maid to tell me what dress you meant to wear this evening, and really those tea-roses match its shade as though they had been grown for that express purpose."

She smiled and raised the beautiful blossoms to her face; but the business of the scene had fairly commenced, and both by precept and example she was careful to discourage the odious practice of talking during the progress of a performance; so she made no audible reply to his remark.

Mrs. Beresford's spacious rooms were crowded on the following evening, for the entertainment was given in honour of Miss Delmar, and it had been generally whispered about in the fashionable, as well as the musical circles of New York, that on the evening in question society would enjoy its first, and, probably, its only opportunity of listening to the voice of the celebrated singer, she having pledged herself not to sing in public during the period of her *congé*, so anxious was the manager of the Vienna Opera House to ensure the perfect restoration of her powers. Nor was she herself willing to acquiesce in the exhausting demands made upon her by some of her newly-made acquaintance, who were all anxious to invite her to their entertainments, if only she would condescend to amuse their guests by way of paying for her invitation. But she had gladly, nay eagerly, offered to make an exception in favour of Mrs. Beresford, who was an elderly lady of large fortune, and of corresponding benevolence, and to

whose generosity and appreciation Louise had owed, not only the first recognition of her gifts, but also the means to cultivate and develop them.

And with gratitude and affection as the motive of her song, how superbly her magnificent voice poured forth its floods of sweetness. There was an enthusiasm, an inspiration about her singing which rendered it really marvellous; and those (and there were many) among that crowded and brilliant assemblage who had heard her on the boards of the Grand Opera House in Vienna declared that she surpassed herself. Some there were, too, and among these last was Horace Fielding, who remembered her *début* in the first stormy days of the war years; and they could realise that before them, in the brilliant, beautiful woman, whose splendid voice and faultless method left nothing to be desired, they beheld the fragile, immature girl whose passionate, uneven singing and acting had charmed them so long ago.

“The rosebud still shut within its green calyx, and showing only a few streaks of the pink loveliness within, is a very different thing from the half-opened rose, in all the pride of its beauty and fragrance,” remarked Colonel Wandworth, who took an almost paternal interest in the fortunes of Louise Delmar. “Happy are those who can detect the promise of the flower in the unopened bud. I believe you, like myself, Fielding, appreciated Louise from the very first. Did we not, old fellow?” And the jovial Colonel, in the joy of his heart, went on to expatiate on this theme to the infinite pain of his hearer.

Appreciate her! Had he not done so fully? had he not parted from her with a pang, stifling as he did so the wild impulse that had bidden him fold her to his heart, and claim her as his own? As he looked upon her—the only woman he had ever really loved—memory exaggerated at once the temptation and the pain. As he marked the splendour of her beauty, and hearkened to the rich, fully-developed notes of her song, and saw her surrounded by admirers, and courted by the brilliant and fashionable among her own sex, he marvelled at his own blindness, and felt like reviling fortune for what he had lost.



Yet had he lost it? Was it even yet too late? Had not Louise Delmar loved him in those early days? and might not that first romance of her girlish life be susceptible of resuscitation?

He approached her, where she stood by the piano, the centre and attraction of an animated group. Young men were pleading for a dance, and inscribing their names on her ball tablets; old friends were pressing forward to claim her notice; new acquaintances were doing their best to make themselves agreeable. In the midst of all the gay chat and laughter, Mrs. Beresford approached.

"I come to beg for one more song—only one, Louise; and then we will adjourn to the ball-room. I do not wish to tax your kindness and willingness to oblige too far; but I must plead for one more song."

"And what shall it be?" asked the prima donna, seating herself at once at the instrument, and running her fingers lightly over the keys. "Oh, I will accompany myself this once, Mrs. Beresford; pray do not disturb poor Castrucci again, for he is far more fatigued than I am. Now, what shall I sing?"

"Something Italian. You have done full justice to French and German composers to-night."

"'Ah fors é lui,' from *La Traviata*," whispered young Winstanley.

"'Tocca la notte,'" suggested Colonel Wandsworth, mischievously.

"'Casta Diva,'" meekly hinted a blonde youth at the other end of the piano. Horace Fielding did not speak; but, looking up, Louise Delmar caught his eye, and, without further prelude, she struck the keys with a firm, free hand, and began to sing.

Was it accident, or was it design that led her to choose the mad scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the last song she had sung before a New York audience in the days of her girlhood and inexperience? There were those among her listeners to whom the strain brought back the memory of that stormy April evening, when a handful of devoted lovers of music had listened to that melancholy song, and heard in it not only Lucy Ashton's death-wail, but Louise Delmar's farewell. And among these, the most deeply impressed was

Horace Fielding. As the full impassioned notes rose with their burden of sadness upon the air, he saw again the dreary, dim-lighted, almost deserted house, the white robed, childish form, the falling tresses, the dark dilated eyes, the pale face of the Lucia; and again he heard that calm, steadfast utterance, "It is done!"

The song closed amid universal applause. Miss Delmar rose, gathered up gloves, fan, handkerchief and bouquet, and shook off laughingly the *empresé* attentions of the little crowd which had gathered around her as she sang.

"A moment's breathing space, I implore," she cried, gaily. "I cannot dance just yet; grant me a few minutes for rest and refreshment, please. Mr. Fielding, your arm. I am pining for some lemonade, and a few moments of perfect quiet."

"Come this way, Louise," said Mrs. Baresford. Miss Delmar and her escort followed at their hostess's sign up a flight of stairs. Opening a door on the upper landing, she ushered them into a small, but elegantly fitted-up library.

"There!" she said, depositing Louise in a large soft armchair; "sit there and rest, and chat with Mr. Fielding till you feel quite like coming down to the ball-room. I will send you up some lemonade." She left the room, and in a moment after a waiter appeared with a tray of refreshments, which he deposited on the table, and, at a sign from Mr. Fielding, withdrew.

An interval of silence succeeded. Louise pushed aside her emptied glass, and commenced to turn over the photographs and prints where-with the table was strewn, while Horace Fielding sat gazing at her in mute admiration of the fair picture thus presented to his eyes. Against the dark ruby velvet of the massive chair, the graceful, queenly head, swanlike throat, and marble-white shoulders, showed with exquisite and picturesque effect. Her dress, of that faint, delicate pink which seems to have been caught up by skilful hands from the outer petal of summer's palest rose, flowed in rich, graceful folds to the floor, revealing only one tiny satin-slipped foot, which rested on an embroidered cushion. One gloved hand held a cluster of pale pink rosebuds, which matched

her dress as perfectly as had the tea-roses of the night before, and at which Horace glanced with secret pride, for they had been supplied from the same source: the other toyed indolently with the pictures upon the table. One shaded lamp alone shed its rays upon her, and revealed the dark richness of her braided hair, the faultless outline of her beautiful features, the velvet-soft darkness of her splendid eyes. As he gazed, a pang shot through his heart, for he reflected that but for his own selfish folly this fair creature might have been his wife. Might have been? Might she not even yet be won? And he glanced at his image in a large mirror opposite. The softened light was merciful to him, and, without revealing any of the secrets of his toilet, showed him a man still handsome and fascinating, who might still sue for a lady's hand, and hope that his suit would not be a vain one.

"When do you return to Europe, Miss Delmar?" he asked, after a brief interval of silence.

"Not before July. My leave of absence does not expire till August, but I wish to spend part of the summer at Ems."

A careless movement on Miss Delmar's part at this moment unfastened one of her bracelets, which rolled to the floor. Horace Fielding picked it up. It was a broad band of dull yellow gold, set with one very pure and perfect emerald of large size.

"Thanks," said Louise, nonchalantly extending her white arm to have the ornament replaced. "I must have the clasp examined, for I would not like to lose that bracelet."

"May I ask if it possesses any special value beyond that of the gem?"

"Certainly it does; it was the gift of the Empress of Austria. And this," she continued, unclasping its fellow from the other arm, and holding it out for her companion's inspection, "was given me by the Emperor William."

It was a bracelet composed of a series of delicate gold chains which were fastened by a clasp formed of a finely engraved cameo of black and white onyx set in a wreath of diamond laurel leaves. Mr. Fielding contemplated it a moment in silence.

"Do you remember," he said, returning the ornament to its owner, "my words when I gave you the daisy so long ago? Do you recollect my gift, or have the imperial diamonds crushed my poor little flower out of all place in your memory?"

"The first floral tribute bestowed upon me in my new career as a European prima donna?" she answered, smiling. "No, I have not forgotten either the gift or the moment at which it was given."

"Nor yet the giver—I hope—Louise——"

She raised her large dark eyes to his with a startled glance, but he went hurriedly on.

"It is another gift that I would lay at your feet to-day—my heart, my hand, my life! Louise, I love you."

"You love me—you, Hyrace Fielding! Are you dreaming, or am I?"

"No; I love you; I——"

"Nay, Mr. Fielding, I must not listen to this. I am grieved—distressed to think that anything in my language or manners could have led you to imagine for one moment that I would be willing to accept your hand. Besides, our acquaintance has been so brief since its renewal, that I cannot imagine——"

"So brief! And who has told you that the love that now fills my soul is of recent birth? Who has told you that I did not wring my own heart when I bade you, young and lovely child as you then were, go forth to win fame and wealth and applause, while I——"

"Ah, hush!" she interrupted him in her turn, raising her hand with a gesture of pain and deprecation. "Do not, I implore you, destroy one pleasant cherished memory of those dreary days. I have always recollected you as a kind, sympathising, devoted friend; as such I have honoured and respected you. But what honour or respect could I grant to the experienced man of the world, who could love a helpless seventeen-year-old child, and yet send her forth—her the love of his heart—to do battle, friendless and alone, with the pitiless world? No, Mr. Fielding, I do not love you; suffer me at least to esteem you."

"Louise—Miss Delmar—can you not realise my position in those days? Your success in the career you had chosen was beyond a doubt, and I had nothing to offer you in exchange for the brilliant prospect you would have been forced to relinquish."

"My prospects—yes; they were brilliant; but a cold on the lungs or a sore throat would have clouded their brilliancy forever. And what more have you to offer me *now*—now that the promises of fate have been performed—now that the struggle is over and the battle won?"

"My love—my devotion—the peace and calm of a happy home. I speak not to the prima donna, but to the woman, whose heart must, I know, crave something beyond the hollow splendours, the tinselled joys that surround her path. Only hearken to my suit, Louise, give me but time to woo you, some faint hope of winning you, and I will strive patiently to gain your heart, and I will not murmur if, at last, I find that I have striven in vain."

"Too late—too late," she answered, fixing on him those beautiful eyes whose dark lustre was shaded by an ineffable sadness. "The time has been when such words as these from your lips would have caused my heart to throb with a rapture beyond the power of words to express. Yes, Horace Fielding, I will confess to you, nor do I blush in making the confession—I loved you once with all the intensity and fervour of which such a nature as mine is alone capable. Had you, on that April night, when we parted eleven years ago, but said to me, 'Louise, I love you; give up the stage and become my wife,' how gladly would I not have exchanged the feverish delights, the hard-won triumphs of the *artiste*, for the quiet domestic joys that surround a beloved and loving wife. But the word was unspoken and you let me go. The love that lived omnipotent in my heart was unfed by a single tender word, a single hope; and my woman's pride aided to stifle it ere it perished wholly of starvation. It died at last, and no words of yours can call it from its grave."

"Louise—forgive me—I did not know——"

"Forgive you? Yes, I forgive you if there be anything to forgive.

But why should you seek my pardon for merely having loved yourself better than you did me ; if indeed you loved me then at all ? I think, however, that you are mistaken. You did not love me, Horace Fielding.”

“But I love you now ; and you confess that once you would have hearkened to my suit. Let but the memory of that vanished love plead for me, and permit me to strive to call it from its grave.”

“No, no ; your words are vain. Let the dead rest in peace, for it will never awaken. When love died in my heart he perished there forever. You pain me by your persistency, and I can but pain you by my answers to your prayers. Take this, my final answer : I have done with love forever. I cannot rekindle the dead passion which lies—cold ashes of a spent-out flame—upon the altar of my heart. My path in life is fixed ; the stage, so long as health and voice remain my own, and then retirement to some pleasant spot, where artistic and social pleasures may combine to brighten the autumn days of my life. I shall not lack a companion while my old aunt lives, and when I lose her I can easily replace her in my home, though not in my heart ; *la mère d'artiste* is a fabricable article. There are, I know, possibilities in my nature which must remain forever undeveloped in such an existence ; but fate has so willed it, and I could not strive against my destiny even if I would. I have given my whole soul up to art—a jealous lover, and one that will not brook a divided heart. And now let us blot the past fifteen minutes out of our lives, and let us only remember that we are old friends.”

She rose as she uttered these last words, and extended her hand to him. He clasped it in both of his own, and raised it to his lips. The man of society had discovered that he had a heart, but, like most such discoveries, the knowledge had come too late.

“Ah, Horace Fielding !” she said in a tone half sorrowful, half playful, “I loved you too early, and you have loved me too late, and we have both of us learned the bitter lesson that what once might have been can now never be. But come—I am forgetting my own advice. My partners will grow impatient ; let us descend to the ball-room.”

He looked in the fair face that was turned towards him, and in the calm and kindly gaze of those lustrous eyes he read the confirmation of her decisive words.

"Friends still—friends always, I trust, Miss Delmar?" he said, offering her his arm to leave the room. The tact and worldly wisdom which had failed him in the first moments of genuine emotion reasserted its sway, and he was once more the gallant and graceful cavalier, Miss Delmar's escort—nothing more.

She accepted the proffered support, and they passed from the quiet, dim-lighted library to the glitter and crowd, the merry music and gay confusion of the ball-room below. But the shaded lamp shone still on traces of their presence in the deserted room—a broken rosebud, a crushed dancing card, a tiny rosette of pale rose-tinted ribbon, which lay open upon the floor. And from among the photographs looked up the beautiful face of Ehninger's Maud Müller, that lovely artistic realisation of a poet's dream; and beneath the picture some one had written in pencil those saddest of words, whether of tongue or pen, "It might have been."

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## *English Crime and English Law.*

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### I.

AMONG remarkable books recently published, is a History of crime in England, compiled from the public records and contemporary sources, by Mr. Luke Owen Pike, whose position as a barrister admirably qualified him to undertake such a work, and whose industry in research has enabled him to render in these volumes a public service. To trace the development of crime in England, and to mark its stages of progression so clearly that its characteristics, at any given period, can be easily contrasted with its modified or opposite characteristics at any other period, to show at each stage of its history its influence in qualifying the genius of the people and the spirit of the laws, to exhibit its remote but powerful effects on modern idea, custom, and administration, made up a great undertaking in an entirely new sphere, and one requiring a boldness, ability, and industry seldom united in one writer. The author of such a history could not avail himself of materials amassed by previous toilers in the same path, nor if such had existed, could he honestly have taken the veracity of their records for granted. He must personally search in the public archives for authentic information. Statute books, Indictments, Charters, Reports, Memorials, Statistical documents, Letters Patent, County Registers, and every description of official record must be consulted with an apathetic patience unknown to any but those who have experienced it. The researcher must also often find the difficulty of discovering the right document only equalled by



the difficulty of perusing it when found—a source of perplexity increased by the circumstance that the most ancient information demands the greatest amount of verification. To have merely attempted a work so laborious was creditable, but to have accomplished it—not only to the extent of amassing the great quantity and variety of facts and references with which Mr. Pike presents us, but to the extent of making the history as complete as, in the presence of its many obstacles and disadvantages, human industry could be supposed to make it—is in the highest degree honourable, and entitles Mr. Pike to the warmest congratulations.

That the history is not perfect, Mr. Pike would probably be the readiest to admit; that its imperfections are inseparable from its being the first serious and connected history of crime, no man is in a better position than himself to know. His divisions of the subject into periods is not that which we ourselves should have chosen, but there may be reasons for it which we cannot know without examination of the sources of his information. His epochs are mostly dated from one great political event to another, from this invasion to that conquest, from the accession of this monarch to the death of the other; and so on. Now, the various kinds of criminality, according to the evidence of his own work, display an origin, development, and terminability, more or less distinct. Species of crime prevalent in one age are shown to be comparatively unknown in another. The general characteristics of crime change according to the influences of religion, civilisation, conquest, and penal enactment. To adopt, therefore, periods which naturally arise out of the procession, and what might be termed the advancement of criminal history, seems to us by no means impossible, and far more appropriate to the general plan. If not more easy, at least it would have been more correct. There was a time when brigandage flourished, and when it became extinct; when highway robbery was respectable, and when it became disreputable; when piracy repaid courageous enterprise, and when it became practically impossible; when one particular species of forgery, fraud, or robbery, is first recorded as general, and when it ceased to

be popular. The use of the knife in brawls was once as common in England as in continental countries ; it gradually sank into disfavour even among brawlers, until its adoption became an indication of cowardice. Duelling rose, was refined, and studied as an art ; it flourished, declined, and disappeared. There was a time when human life was valueless, when human mutilation and agony were an amusement, when lust was the occupation of life, and women were items of property. These were followed by periods sufficiently marked, when life and person and womanhood became sanctified and sacred. We are fully mindful that no crime has, in any one age, or perhaps any one year, been wholly extinct. We have no faith in originality of crime. We refer to changes in the prevalence of its species, and in public opinion regarding them. To indicate these, and to explain the probable causes of their popularity in one age and of their final decline in another, would have come properly into the scope of the work. While such a division is not encumbered by insuperable difficulties, it would have been an honest attempt after a natural, in preference to an adventitious, arrangement.

Before proceeding to examine the contents of these volumes one other tribute of admiration is due to their author. It was to be anticipated that two portly volumes on any subject relating to criminality must contain many records disgusting, humiliating, and shocking to feelings of humanity. It is mere justice to Mr. Pike to acknowledge the extreme delicacy and good taste with which, in a thousand pages of villainy, necessarily embracing corruption and cruelty of the most atrocious and horribly revolting kind, he has handled many a subject and narrated many a crime which a less polished and expert writer would have made sensational and obscene. He has treated a most exciting and morbidly attractive subject with a truly philosophical moderation. But while it is easy to observe that half the tale of hideous and degrading crime, and of extravagantly cruel punishment has not been told, we honestly confess to knowing no volumes which generate such feelings of disgust and horror at the enormous wickedness of which human nature is capable, such de-

spair of its ennoblement, such loathing for the shocking cruelty alike of ancient crime and of ancient penalty, as these volumes excite. Language fails us, and will again fail us, in attempting to express what we feel on this point.

The broad lines and characteristics of crime have never changed. Crimes against the person, and crimes against property are the two general and natural divisions. To these, ecclesiasticism added a third class—offences against supernatural existences, against creeds, against ideals, and against their human representatives. It is highly significant of the cruel temper in which Error propagates what it wishes to be generally believed that the dogmas of the Middle Ages were enforced by the rack, the stake, and the anathema, often by them all in succession, and that the penalty for infidelity and transgression appears to have increased in severity in exact ratio as the doubted doctrine decreased in tangibility and substantiability. No crime of past ages was so unpardonable as to be unable to believe what one's neighbours believed. Hence the most intolerant and oppressive laws, and the most horrible and revolting punishments were originated by the priesthood. If a man accepted a doctrine contrary to that held by his spiritual father, his mind must be tortured into a better, or, at least, a more pliable mood by the mechanical action of the rack. Common sense would say that what the man believed or disbelieved was really not the business of anybody else but himself. The Church thought differently, having formulated the creed which he was to believe. If he could not see the infallibility of the Church, and accept her dogmas on trust, the tendons and nerves of his body must stretch or scorch for it. Not that the man's tendons or nerves, or anything affecting his sensorium could be at all to blame, or in any way concerned in the heresy. Not either that these tortures, while they might extort an agonised recantation, could in the least affect the man's real belief. But such were the methods adopted by the ignorant and intolerant for coercing the dissentient and helpless. Such were the iniquities wrought upon the body by those who had no power to affect the soul.

It would be a curious inquiry, but one we fear which could not be even approximately successful, to find out the extent to which the Church and her ministry, the very agents of sanctity and social virtue, have been instrumental in originating and developing crime. We do not refer to any individual Church or ecclesiastical system. Still less do we refer to religion in the true sense of the term. But the priestcraft of every religious faith has, in all past ages, and in every country, produced influences as corrupt and cruel as it is known to have produced in England in the Middle Ages. Scattering abroad on society, ecclesiastical orders ostensibly of the most sacred and ascetic discipline, and yet known to practise the most abhorred wickedness with a pertinacity and refinement of villainy unknown to the untaught laity, the various Churches seem to us to have been largely responsible for the infidelity and wickedness of which they loudly complain. The inconsistency of life among the clergy was accompanied by a remarkable intensity in faith on the part of the laity, probably because their destitution of logic was fully supplied by a morbid energy of the imagination. While the priesthood were most flagitious in profligacy, rapacity, and oppression, the greatest credulousness prevailed regarding sacred orders, holy men, sanctified maids, and beatified saints. This ignorant, and no doubt remunerative, faith reacted and invited crimes in the priesthood. The Abbey of Bodmin rejoiced in possessing the bones of St. Petroc. Martin, a canon of Bodmin, was induced to steal the sanctified relics, and convey them to an abbey in Britanny. The monks of Breton received the blessed spoil with holy joy, which was apparently undisturbed by the least compunction. Nor would they yield up the relics when detected until a justice, duly provided with warrant, threatened to take the precious bones by force. Even after the restoration of the sanctified remains, the Prior of Bodmin could not feel satisfied that his thievish brethren had not defrauded him by substituting less holy relics for Saint Petroc's, until they had sworn a solemn oath to the contrary on the relics of their own house. These peccadilloes, and a trifling forgery of a charter or title to land, apparently common enough to ancient monks,

varied by an occasional embezzlement of the precious metals about an abbey or monastery, were insignificant compared with the graver crimes of which history holds them guilty. The flagrant robbery of the Treasury at Westminster is not the worst crime of which the monks stand charged. "Bloodshed," says Mr. Pike, "was as familiar to the clergy as to any other class—not only to those who were vaguely described as clerks, but to chaplains and parsons of churches." A few examples of clerical homicide, which our author extracts from the Public Records of one year, tell, as he says, "a tale of which it is impossible to miss the meaning."

We have already said that criminal instinct never progresses in originality. There is probably no crime now extant, which was unknown thousands of years ago; there probably existed no crimes in ancient times of which we have not some modern representatives. And we have already shown that they increase and decline in comparative popularity. Little more could be said of interest without filling our pages with revolting narrations of crime without subjective value, or swelling our article to a treatise as ponderous as the one before us.

But the laws which governments, or, to speak more accurately, ascendant parties have at various times enacted in order to repress crime, or to enforce their own wishes and power, give us ample occasion for instruction and reflection. We know nothing so deplorable in all history as the penal enactments of our ancestors. The frightful cruelty, the utter malappropriateness and disproportion to offence, the flagrant injustice, and wild inconsistency which characterise the attempts of early races at punitive legislation, closely approach the grotesque. The most merciless and fantastically curious tortures were provided for petty thefts, and even for natural tempers and indulgences. To speak a hot word of contempt or reproach against a powerful lord or official, such as would in our day be held beneath notice, might cost a man his tongue, an eye, an ear, his nose, or even his life. The cucking-stool for a bad-tempered wife is one illustration of the spirit of the legislation. The punishment of adultery by burning is another.

"The gallows for hanging men, and the pit for drowning, or half-drowning women, were among the most cherished appurtenances of the manor, or of its prototype as it existed in the year 1066. The lord set great value upon his privilege of holding his own court, and not less upon his privilege of hanging his own thieves ; " nor is it difficult to see what crimes might be committed with impunity by a lord holding such a terrible power in an age when accusations were not at all necessary, when false accusations were cheap, and when lords were not remarkable for righteousness. " The noble could murder, and be quit for a fine to the Church, and another to be divided between the kinsfolk of the slain and the king," a composition at once exceedingly convenient and exquisitely unjust. The offence which was venial in the noble was heinous in the bondsman. " The slave not only incurred the penalty of death or of mutilation for the most trifling offence, but was not even entitled to the privilege of observing the 'mass days' in that manner which was supposed to bring man nearer unto God." "Men branded on the forehead, without hands, without feet, without tongues, lived as an example of the danger which attended the commission of petty crimes, and as a warning to all who had the misfortune of holding no higher position than that of a churl. . . . New ingenuity was brought to bear upon the art of mutilation, which was practised in every form. The eyes were plucked out ; the nose, the ears, and the upper lip were cut off ; the scalp was torn away ; and sometimes even, there is reason to believe, the whole body was flayed alive. . . . Among the punishments for theft are the very punishments forbidden as barbarous in the Roman code. If the thief was a free woman she was to be thrown down a precipice or drowned. If the thief was a man and a slave he was to be stoned to death by eighty slaves, and if one of the eighty missed the mark three times that one was to be whipped three times. If the thief was a female slave, and had stolen from any but her own lord, eighty female slaves were to attend, bearing each a log of wood to pile the fire and burn the offender to death." Mr. Pike's remarks upon this horrible system are so just and forcible that we cannot

forbear adopting them. "It is only wonderful that any tenderness or any mercy survived, and that the callousness of those terrible days was not transmitted to all the descendants of the men and women who were compelled to take part in such horrors. Fire, as an instrument of punishment, was not unknown to the Romans, nor, perhaps, even to those whom they vanquished in Britain. But to make women the special objects of this torture, and, worse still, to teach them hardness of heart in the office of executioner, were refinements of atrocity reserved for barbarians." The penal extravagancies, the spirit of which, it may be generally said, can be detected through centuries of subsequent legislation and punishment down to the last recorded burning of a woman, as recent as 1784, teach us abundantly that in most times no crimes have been so great, and visited with such terrible vengeance, as the crimes of being base-born, of being poor, of being weak, or of belonging to the subjugated sex. There are disabilities and penalties still pertaining to the latter enormity which amply illustrate a doctrine which our author repeatedly enforces, that the influence of the spirit of those organised atrocities far down the bygone centuries qualifies the moral tone of our own enlightened times.

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## *Hints for Sick-Nurses.*

BY MRS. LEITH-ADAMS.

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### PAPER 2.—ON EARLY TRAINING.

DISEASE and death are visitants that enter every home sooner or later, and it is to try and teach those who wish to learn how best to face such stern realities, that these papers are written.

True, it may be said that in these days of nursing sisterhoods, and trained nurses, medical and surgical, a professional attendant may always be obtained, but where is the woman, wife, mother, sister, or friend, worthy to bear any one of those dear titles, who would willingly yield to a stranger her share in the duties of the sick-room, where one dear to her lay in suffering? Would a womanly woman consent to be banished from the bed-side, because the sight and sounds of pain tried severely the sensitiveness of her own feelings? Would she not rather so discipline those feelings, that their expression would be no longer a source of annoyance to the real sufferer? And might it not be the wiser plan to try and gain such knowledge, and such power of endurance before the day of trial comes *home* as may stand us in good stead when that time comes in all its bitter reality? Yet there are hundreds of women to be met with who glory in their own inability to be of the slightest use in time of emergency!

"I was carried from the room in hysterics," a woman of this calibre will say to you, with calm pride in her achievement; and forthwith she expects you to fall into an ecstasy of admiration at the sensitiveness of her nervous system.

In like fashion, you may hear women speak of hospital work as a



thing repugnant to their sense of modesty and womanliness, thus clothing their own want of single minded simplicity of thought and motive in the mask of a spurious modesty.

Wherever suffering, mental or bodily, can be soothed by the tender strength of a woman's hand and voice, there is a woman's place, and there may she shew the truest modesty, the highest refinement, the most perfect womanliness, by fearlessly facing all that is necessary for the comfort and benefit of the sufferer. Those in whom no thought of self is allowed to mar the purity of devotion needful for such a task as nursing the sick, will shrink from nothing, however trying it may be. But, in speaking thus, I should be sorry to seem to advocate the over-zealousness of some who will rush into scenes for which they have had no training, and for which they are totally unfitted. Fitness, in all things important, in sick nursing is essential, but there is such a thing as a woman striving to make herself fit, not glorying in being unfit. Perfect self-discipline is only to be acquired by gradually accustoming the mind to realise suffering, as one of the stubborn facts life brings before us all in some form or other; and to face suffering calmly we must conquer self, and lay it aside completely. Granted then that these papers will be read by some who are thus anxious to fit themselves for the higher and sterner duties of life, I shall try to put as many really practical suggestions before the reader as can be touched upon in a limited space.

But before going further into the subject of sick-nursing, I would remind those who feel a reluctance to enter upon such topics, or try to work them out in practice, that, when thrust upon us by God's hand, these duties can only be neglected at the cost of years of unavailing remorse, for the bitter price of cowardice must be paid in tears that cannot retrieve the past.

I would now say a word on early training, and how much depends upon it. I am certain that in innumerable cases the unhappy, hysterical, nervous temperament that shrinks from the sight of all suffering, save the complacent contemplation of its own, is the result of false impressions given in childhood. Ignorant or superstitious servants often

frighten young children by tales of "ghosts," "dead men," etc., and this turn of mind grows with the child's growth, and strengthens with its strength, until, if not eradicated by wise and gentle means, it results in the useless selfish man, or still oftener, woman, who under the simulation of refinement, clothes selfish dislike to anything that is unpleasant. Thus, while children are on the one hand terrified by silly people, they are on the other sheltered by unwise ones from all knowledge of, or contact with, whatever may be unpleasant and unsightly, and when time and fate bring them face to face with sickness and death, these things meet them as mysterious terrors, and, naturally enough, they shrink from them with almost unconquerable loathing and fear. Certain foolish people admire and encourage this sickly sentimental sensitiveness in girls, who are thus led to affect even more than they feel, and to imagine they feel more than they do. "I *always* faint at the sight of blood;" such an individual will say, evidently priding herself immensely on the fact. She would run away and leave a fainting person under the plea that she could not bear to see any one "look as if they were dead," and afterwards appeal to your sympathy, thus, "I am *so* sensitive, you know!"

A moral douche of cold water in the form of a question, such as "Why don't you try and get over such nonsense then?" is good treatment for such cases as these.

But to return to our—not sheep, but lambs—the little ones who are to be trained with wisdom.

Even very young children may be taught to be quiet, and even useful, when sickness invades their home; they may be taught to wish to be of comfort in their own little way.

It has often been said to me in times past, "I really do *wonder* that you can let your children go into a hospital—I wouldn't let mine go into such places for the world!"

But I cannot see any bad results of my own training yet, and, as long as children are kept studiously out of the way of infection, I think it is better for them to see something of the sufferings of others. My

children have never known what fear is in the face of death, and I am quite sure they never will do, for "the child is father to the man," and superstition and unreal terrors are seldom acquired in after life, when not planted in early years, any more than a tree can come into existence without having been first a mere shoot.

A strong proof of how strongly children are affected by the atmosphere in which they are brought up was afforded me some years ago, under the following circumstances :

A soldier having died in a foreign station, his young wife being at the time in England, it was thought well that a lock of his hair should be cut off and sent to her.

Feeling that it would be a satisfaction to her that I should personally see to this matter, and also place in her husband's coffin a letter sent under cover in one to me, and sent alas ! too late, I went to the dead-house, where the body lay awaiting burial. An orderly accompanied me, and neither of us noticed that my youngest child, a little fellow of extremely delicate and nervous temperament, had followed us into that not very cheerful abode, the dead-house of a military hospital.

The first intimation I had of the child's presence, was a small voice saying, close beside me, "Lif' me up—wants to see the poor dead soldier."

Now had I caught the boy up, and run off with him out of the place, or had I hurriedly refused his request, death would have been to his little mind ever after a ghastly presence, hidden from him as something terrible and mysterious.

All this darted through my mind in a moment, as I silenced the troubled orderly by a look, and, gently lifting my boy in my arms, sat him down on the table by the head of the coffin.

I watched anxiously yet furtively for the slightest sign of nervous fear, as his eyes fell on the quiet face of the dead man, but I might have spared myself the trouble. He had been over and over again with me to see the poor fellow when sick in hospital, and only the day before he died, had gone with the Colonel of our regiment to carry

him some grapes. The sick man had always been pleased to see the little fellow, who was a great pet with our men, and always welcomed him with a smile. Now the child saw little difference, but that he lay quite still as if he were fast asleep.

The boy watched me sever the lock of hair, and looked grave, as if he knew there was something sad about it all, but no trace of *fear* was to be seen on his face, because no one had ever suggested to him to be afraid.

"We must go now," I said at last, as I heard the measured tramp of feet outside, "the soldiers are coming to say good-bye to him."

"Don't want to go ; want to see them say good-bye."

So I let him stay ; one by one the bandsmen passed round the coffin, and took a farewell look at their dead comrade's face, the child sitting there quietly all the while, smiling when any man passed who chanced to be a particular friend of his.

Fortunately soldiers are too sternly trained to show surprise at anything their superiors may do, therefore no comment was made at the time, and I took good care none was made in the child's presence afterwards. Consequently he took the whole thing as a matter of course, and I am sure that if anyone were to suggest to him now, the possibility of feeling afraid of the sight of a dead person, he would be puzzled to understand what they meant.

I believe, then, that children trained up as hardy healthy trees, will bravely meet the winds of heaven, blow they chill, or soft and warm, but if sheltered and screened like some hot-house plant, they will droop and fail in the day when, childhood past, nothing can any more avail to keep them in an artificial and unreal atmosphere.

And with the realisation of suffering in others there comes to all of us the inevitable longing to help, the wish to be of use.

It is then to help those gentlewomen who wish to train themselves to be capable of practical use in time of sickness, that I write these papers, and if one individual only finds in them a helpful hint or two, I shall not feel that my trouble has been in vain.

## *Mr. B. L. Farjeon.*

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MR. B. L. FARJEON, whose portrait we present this month to our readers, made his first appearance as an author in the year 1870, and may therefore be accounted one of the youngest in the ranks of living writers of English fiction. His initial novel, "Grif," was modestly and unostentatiously launched by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, and was instantly recognised as the work of a man of unusual power and singular earnestness. It was cordially received by the Press and Public. The *Spectator* spoke of it as "a triumph," saying that an author who could write such a story was "no mere bookmaker," and in a review of Mr. Farjeon's second novel, "Joshua Marvel," the paper endorsed its first judgment in terms of unqualified praise. It was not alone in its opinion; the Press throughout the country rang the praises of one of the sweetest and purest stories to be found in the entire range of English fiction.

"Joshua Marvel" was still in the height of its popularity when Mr. Farjeon's first Christmas story, "Blade-o'-Grass," was announced. This idyll of poor and common life, the title of which has become a household word, was published in the Christmas of 1871, and it marked a new era in Christmas literature. Perhaps no story was ever more enthusiastically reviewed, and it may be doubted whether any story was ever written which appealed so directly to the heart of humanity. It stirred into action that sympathy and pity for the poor which are too often merely sentimental exercises of feeling, and there are numerous records, both in this country and America, of the practical good "Blade-o'-Grass" accomplished. From that Christmas until this, Mr. Farjeon's Christmas stories have been looked for and eagerly welcomed, and he holds rank to-day as the foremost

Christmas writer of the time. "Blade-o'-Grass," and its sequel, "Golden Grain," "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," "The King of No-Land," and "Shadows on the Snow," are the most famous of this series, and it may be confidently expected that his forthcoming Christmas story, the strange title of which—"The Mystery of Roaring Meg"—has just been announced, will worthily sustain his reputation.

About eighteen months ago, Mr. Farjeon married the daughter of the celebrated comedian, Mr. Joseph Jefferson. The two gentlemen, now so closely connected, made each other's acquaintance in New Zealand, where Mr. Farjeon managed, and was part proprietor of the first daily newspaper started in the Colony. In that remote part of the world he obtained his literary and journalistic experience. He wrote his first short story there, which, falling into the hands of the late Charles Dickens, elicited from the great author a letter of cordial praise and encouragement. Mr. Farjeon speaks of this circumstance as one of the most agreeable reminiscences of his career.

Last Christmas, Mr. Farjeon, accompanied by his wife, paid a visit to his father-in-law in America. His presence in the States was made the subject of the pleasantest reception and demonstration. Great anxiety was evinced to see and hear him on the public platform, and he accepted an invitation to read in Brooklyn on behalf of an institution for the succour of poor children. He selected his story, "Blade-o'-Grass," as the most fitting for the occasion, and we cannot better conclude this brief notice than by the following extract from the principal paper in Brooklyn, *The Eagle*, in its article on Mr. Farjeon's appearance :

"The reading presented that which was most characteristic in the varied powers of Mr. Farjeon as a story-teller—his descriptive genius, his rare skill in the photography of human souls, his art in dialogue making, his dramatic instinct in scene painting and in swift contrasts, and also his eminence in preaching and painting, in inspiring and revealing through events. Of about 1,400 persons, not one relaxed attention during the whole ninety minutes. They listened as if they were one person, and as if that one were simply absorbed in the fine statement of the life of love and help and of the life of hunger and ignorance, the one in the light, the other in the darkness. As a reading, as a narrative, as a revelation of a fire-hearted, fine-fibred apostle of the oneness of the race, and of the necessity of civilisation to have a soul in it, the whole occasion was a memorable, ennobling one."

## *The Fashions.*

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WALKING dresses are *de rigueur* in Paris, but have not yet been adopted largely in England, the English ladies showing their usual tardiness in adopting the "last thing" in the *mode*. These are made only a little below the top of the boot, so that they really are *bona fide* walking dresses, and do not require to be raised, except in very muddy weather.

Jackets this winter will be short, and fur will be as fashionable as ever. The long fur lined cloaks so much in vogue the last two years, will be as much worn as ever. For *grande tenue*, white is very popular among the Parisian *élégantes*. They are mostly satin, adorned with lace, and sometimes worn with coloured scarves. The ornaments are extremely costly, jewels cut in the shape of various flowers finding great favour. The embroidery is most elaborate, gold being prominent in many toilettes, and the fringes are rich. Gems are also the fashion for buttons. These, among the most wealthy, are of course real; but there are some marvellous imitations. Serpent bracelets and necklets are the rage for *demi toilette*.

The Princesse, for almost all occasions, still retains its ascendancy; ball dresses are made with under and over skirts, the trains being very long.

"Myra" gives, as most of my readers know, excellent working directions for ladies who make their own attire, and pictures from which an accurate idea of the appearance of the dress when made can be gathered. "Myra" says:—

"Two very charming short costumes for young ladies of sixteen or

seventeen are made as follows: the first is of mastic mousseline de laine and blue faille. The skirt is edged with mastic pleatings lined with narrow blue pleatings: the Princess polonaise is edged with lace to match and draped across the front in deep folds; the plain breadth forming the back is puffed and draped much higher on one side than on the other; the end and shorter side only is edged with a blue faille pleating, on the other side the plaits in front of the polonaise end under a series of loops of blue ribbon. The front is ornamented with two rows of lace carried over the shoulder and forming a deep point at the back; the sleeves are trimmed with a pleating and lace; blue bows ornament these and the front of the dress. The second model is less dressy, but forms a very servicable toilette. The dress is of light brown woollen material, trimmed with silk of a much darker shade of the same colour. The short skirt is bordered with a very deep pleating, ornamented near the edge with a band of faille. The Princess polonaise is draped at the sides, and the back, the lower part of which is separate from the sides, is puffed and draped, and the sides lined with brown faille and folded in coquillés. Loops of wide brown ribbon are placed at the sides to conceal the drapings. There is no other trimming on the polonaise except the deep collar and parements of the brown faille."

To those of my readers who do more than amble up and down Regent Street, or Westbourne Grove, let me recommend Marshall and Burt's Hygeia Boots. They are not "splay," as people instantly imagine when a boot is spoken of that does not pinch the foot unmercifully; but fit excellently, the heels are only slightly raised, and of proper size; thus placing the foot in a natural position, and enabling the wearer to walk with comfort. It is not easy for the young ladies even to amble along on the tiny ridiculously high heels usually worn; but a "long stretch," or even moderately extended walk is out of the question.

MARGUERITE ANDRE.

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## *Miscellanea.*

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REFORMATION OF THE DRAMA.—The instinct of dramatic representation, and the love of it, are inherent in every human being. Children in their play imitate the actions of those who are only “children of a larger growth.” Savages have their dances in representation of the chief events of their lives. However much we may try to repress the instinct, it exists, and, like all great impulses of our nature, it may be used for good or for evil. That it should be used for good is, of course, the desire of all who wish well to the progress of mankind; that it is very frequently used as a minister of evil is, unfortunately, only too patent to all who are acquainted with the state of our theatres, and who take cognisance of the nature of the plays presented in them. It may be true, and undoubtedly is so, that the grossness of speech and action which in former times disfigured the stage would not now be permitted; even Shakespeare has to be expurgated. But that is only a part of the generally more decent external tone of society. Ordinary talk is, at least outwardly and in general company, more respectful of “propriety” than it used to be. But, although we are not so much in the habit of “calling a spade a spade” as our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were, it is to be doubted whether there are not now to be seen on the stage representations as offensive to real delicacy as ever had place on the boards. The need of dramatic reform is evident to many persons, to whom dramatic representation affords relaxation of the highest and completest character. Nothing gives a more thorough rest to the mind overwearièd with strain in one direction, nothing so completely helps it to set pressing care on one side, as a good play. For a moment the actor who “struts and frets his hour upon the stage,” holds us spell-bound. We feel with him and in him; our own griefs and cares are superseded by those which he expresses; our minds are turned from our worries

by his mirth and laughter. It is, then, infinitely to be regretted, for the sake of those who seek mental relaxation in the theatre, that, as things in too many cases are at present, there may come something in the play—a phrase, a word, a look, a gesture, a scene—which may jar on the whole nature of the spectator: which may be, indeed, like the dead fly in the sweet ointment of the apothecary. Still more is it to be regretted that whole plays are of such a character that they cannot be seen without consciousness on the part of the spectator of distinct moral reprobation of the tone and spirit of what is set before him. No perfection of acting; no completeness of stage-setting, can condone such offences as these; they only increase their greatness. From time to time great efforts have been made to purify the stage and the theatres; and that the results of the latest of these have not entirely passed away is evidenced in what there is of good and unobjectionable on our stage at the present time. One strong influence for good—that of the presence of the highest personage in the land—has, unfortunately, been long withdrawn. There has been a revival of theatre-going in our day. People want amusement, and they will have it, many of them without being very careful or fastidious as to its character. The number of play-houses has increased, and they have spread into regions far removed from what is, by long custom, the theatrical quarter of the town. But that the popular theatrical representations are all that they should be—even all that they easily might be, without losing one particle of their use as a means of relaxation—it would be impossible to assert. Nay, rather it comes home with much force to persons who consider the matter at all, that the time now presses for the rise of some person or persons strong, persevering, and influential enough to attempt a new crusade in the cause of dramatic reform. That the subject is causing some thought, and even giving rise to some action, is evident from the existence of the Dramatic Reform Association. This association, whose head quarters are in Manchester, numbers many influential persons among its vice-presidents. Of Church dignitaries there are the Bishop of Manchester and Monsignor Capel, besides three clergymen not so well known to

fame. Professors Ruskin and Blackie and Dr. Westland Marston are among the literary men; and of actors there are Mr. Phelps, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. Charles Calvert, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Stirling, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. The objects of the association include the encouraging of good plays, the discouraging of bad ones, and the purification of the theatres, both morally and physically. A small monthly paper advocates the objects which the association has at heart. Farther, as an outcome of the spirit which prompts the association, a boarding house (called the Casa Vocalizia) was set on foot in Milan, where English and American girls, studying to become public singers, could reside under careful and motherly supervision at a not very extravagant rate. We learn that, since the Royal Academy of Music in London has opened a class for the study of opera, the Casa Vocalizia, which has ceased to exist in Milan, is about to be transferred to London. When it is settled here, we hope to refer at some future time to its work. In the meantime, that the Dramatic Reform Association sets good objects before its members is certain. That it has power enough to produce any real and permanent effects remains to be seen. We think that, if it is to do good work, its head quarters must not be provincial. The association, however, has our good wishes for its success, in which we are sure all true lovers of the drama will join.—*The Queen*.

TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCES.—One of the chief delights of the Holiday Season is, with many people, the opportunity it affords them of making new acquaintances. There is a popular belief that English people are exclusive, morose, and unwilling to enter into conversation with strangers. The opinion has arisen from those who first set it afloat forming too wide an induction. The English aristocracy, or those who fancy themselves the English aristocracy, are silent and non-gregarious on their travels, as on other occasions, because they are afraid of their artificial importance being destroyed, and their imaginary superiority levelled with the ground; and what they do, a certain number of imitators will do. Again, many English people are silent, and seem to be exclusive, from mere stupidity. They have

nothing to say, and they have no particular desire to hear what others have got to say. As a rule, however, we fancy that our countrymen are as "conversible" as any set of people in the world, and they are never more willing to talk than when they are on their travels. The trammels of ordinary life are supposed to be discarded; the cares of business, or farm, or shop are left behind; and new faces and new tongues, no less than new cities, new valleys, and new railway-stations, are part of the holiday programme. Many an intimacy—indeed, many a friendship—has been struck up in a railway-carriage, and the current of a life has frequently been modified by a chance conversation on a Rhine or Swiss steamboat. But the most favourable moments for making travelling acquaintances are the intervals of rest between recent and fresh locomotion. The gardens of a pretty hotel, or the "Salon de Lecture," which, translated, practically means the room for talking, are peculiarly favourable to the foundation of intimacy. Sometimes it is the children of the party who first foregather; sometimes it is the grown-up daughters; occasionally, though more rarely, it is the parents themselves. As a matter of course, nine times out of ten, acquaintance does not ripen into anything like friendship; but it is pleasant while it lasts, and diversifies travel as much as the islands that are seen but once, or as the snow-peaks that show themselves in the sky a moment, then fade away. A new acquaintance is like a new mine. There *may* be gold in it. You cannot possibly tell what a man or a woman is like till you have conversed with them. At the other side of the boat sits a girl with dark brown hair, limpid eyes, unconsciously artistic in her attitude, smiling sweetly on the child that plagues her with questions, attentive to the middle-aged invalid, probably her father, who comes to her side once now and then. Her face suggests infinite possibilities of discourse, speculation, friendship, possible love. You wish you could have a talk with her. Presently the child sits down on your hat, and the young lady walks across and apologises, or the invalid borrows your Bædeker, and offers you a newspaper in exchange. Before long, you are looking into the eyes with the infinite possibilities and suggestiveness,

and talking to her about the mountains, and the tender twilight which is overtaking you all, and of the venturing stars. Perhaps she is a doll of dolls, made up of "Oh, yes," and "Oh, dear, no!" "You don't say so?" and "Oh, immensely!" But perhaps she has a voice even deeper than her eyes, and a heart deeper than either; and she herself becomes tender twilight with the twilight, and a star among stars. She is wiser than all books, more virtuous than all homilies, a poem amid the prose of life. Perhaps she is your future wife. Perhaps she is somebody else's wife already, and for you a romantic regret, better than all things possessed and forgotten. But travelling companions can rarely be of this exalted and transcendental sort. Most of them are like oneself—commonplace enough, and therefore "get-at-able," and interesting. They have seen the same places, stayed at the same hotels, been cheated by the same *vetturini*, had the same sort of fever, and are going in the same direction. What more can you want? They say nothing you have not heard before, but it is a new voice that says it, a figure clad in other garments from those you consorted with yesterday. In any case, the name is new; but it is odd if you cannot make out that you are cousins at least fifty times removed. You, for your part, seem to grow somebody else while in contact with this new acquaintance. At worst, you become your old self, and can say all your good things over again, which your old acquaintances have got tired of hearing. How soon we exhaust each other! After that we are to each other more or less of bores. A new acquaintance may not be attractive, but at any rate he is not a bore. Boredom implies knowledge and satiety. You know what is coming, and fly from it; you know what is going to be said, and you close your ears. You cannot tell what the new acquaintance may say. He may like the Tyrol, or he may not like it; he may be a pedestrian, or move about on a mule. There is always a possible alternative. By degrees, you hit in conversation upon some common acquaintance, about whom you know something. He knows more, or knows something else. You have known the man since youth upwards; he knew him as a boy. He wants to

know what the boy has become ; you are interested to hear what the man once was like. Sometimes travelling acquaintances are a nuisance instead of a relief, and you regret heartily that your good-nature entrapped you into making them. They take a great fancy to you, but for your life you cannot return it. They follow you, pursue you, run you in, till you begin to think you must quit the country you have come expressly to explore. You go up to the top of a high mountain—they are there, provokingly friendly. You descend to the shores of a lake—there they are again, afflictively genial, delighted to see you, hoping you are going to dine at the same table d'hôte, and then go off straightway to secure a seat next to you. At last you get up in the middle of the night, and invent some ridiculous expedition that necessitates your being leagues away before the sun rises. They have traversed your plans, and you are sulky towards strangers for the rest of your trip, thereby cutting yourself off from the chance of compensation for past disappointment. On your return journey homewards your persecutors are at the railway-station at Lausanne, or Turin, or Geneva, all curiosity to know where you have been, and why you made so sudden and unannounced an exodus from the most delightful of spots. You try to dodge them on the platform, but they are too much for you, and shortly they are congratulating themselves on having the same compartment with you all the way to Paris. "Is it not nice?" They have wrappers without end, which they press upon you ; they have grapes, which they compel you to eat. They talk the whole way ; and when at last you get rid of them, it is only after an assurance you have been compelled to give that you will always be glad to see them. A good travelling companion is a pearl beyond price ; a bad one a nuisance beyond expression. Wise men travel alone, and give every one they meet a trial, discarding them ruthlessly if they do not come up to the standard of companionship, and exchanging them for others when their only merit, their newness, has worn off. There is nothing selfish or cynical in these tactics. You try new acquaintances. Let them do the same. If they are not tired of you, they ought to be, and assuredly will be to-morrow if you give them the chance.—*Truth.*

## *Women and Work*

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Mrs. Ada North, of Des Moines, Iowa, has filled the position of State Librarian for the past seven years, and has proved a very capable and efficient officer.

Miss Annie Holland and Miss Jennie Brown, graduates of the Iowa College of Law, have been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of that State. Mrs. Angle Dorsett, now of Minnesota, was the first lady-graduate of this college, and was the first woman-lawyer admitted to the bar of that State after the passage of the new law, which she was largely instrumental in effecting.

Miss Anna B. Irish is the secretary of Secretary Schurz, and answers his letters in French, German, Italian, etc. She is a graceful and pretty young Nebraskan of twenty-two years, who is an experienced linguist, a good short-hand writer, and possessor of numerous other accomplishments.

Miss Fannie E. Kellogg has been appointed postmistress at Sitka, Alaska Territory, where she is engaged by the Presbytery of Oregon as missionary teacher to the resident Indians.

Miss Mary Lee, daughter of the late heroic Southern General Lee, accidentally set fire to the curtains of the apartment which she occupied in the *Hotel Royal des Etrangers*, at Naples. Although little damage was done, Miss Lee offered to pay for the injury, and the landlord made such an extortionate charge, that a friend of Miss Lee's advised her to dispute it. Upon this the landlord became insolent, and made some remarks disparaging to Miss Lee's character. Mr. Clark, an American gentleman, struck the landlord, when several

of the latter's myrmidons rushed to the spot. The cool front shown, however, by several American gentlemen who were staying at the hotel, frightened the cowards, and they dispersed. We certainly advise ladies to avoid this hotel in future.

Rosa Bonheur, while going the round of the Paris Exhibition, noticed a fine specimen of the shaggy and picturesque Highland-breed of cattle, and enquired if it was for sale. She received answer that the animal was to be sold on no account. On obtaining the address of the owner, she telegraphed to London to ask if it could be hired for a certain period, so that she might have an opportunity of painting it. The owner immediately replied, and gave instructions that Rosa Bonheur was to have the animal for that purpose free of all charge.

The Bristol University College counts among its professors this term the wife of the principal, who has undertaken to teach political economy to the students in that department.

"The London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework" has been opened at 194, Westminster-bridge-road. Mrs. Mair is the manager, from whom all information can be obtained.

We beg to call our readers' attention to the Queen Square College for Men and Women, which is one of the best educational establishments in existence. The mixed system is here carried out with the most satisfactory results, and the teaching is excellent.

Signorina Maria Velleda Furne, of Bologna, practices in Italy as a doctor. She studied under Professor Malinverni of Turin.

A party of forty-eight American medical students have been visiting the hospitals of Rome.

Mdlle. Maria Deraismes gave an eloquent lecture on "Universal Suffrage" before the Ligue de la Paix et de la Liberté in Paris. If women, she contended, were only feeble duplicates of men, as had been asserted, why make them pay taxes?

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BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

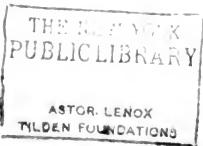
## EMILY FAITHFULL

*(Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty),*

EDITOR OF THE "VICTORIA MAGAZINE,"

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# CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

## VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

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*FIRESIDE FANCIES.*

BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

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*Stir the First.*

**H**ARK! The wind moans dull and drear,  
Misty vapours cloud the plain,  
While December's leaflets sere,

Throb against the window pane.  
What though now we can no more  
On the skies of summer gaze?  
Let the poker's aid restore  
June's bright substitute—a blaze.

Ply the scuttle, heaping high  
Glittering pyramids of coal,  
Till the sparks upracing fly  
Towards the chimney's darker goal.



Doubtless on that knob, just hurl'd  
Ruthless o'er the centre bar,  
In the pre-diluvian world  
Glanced the Pleiades' lost star ;  
Once an oak whose branches bent  
Witnessed many a tryst of love,  
Whose gnarled and mossy stems have sent  
A sigh responsive through the grove.  
When this old world was fresh and young,  
The Patriarchs watched thine acorns drop.  
While birds, that chased the summer, sung,  
First mated on thy leafy top.  
Pride of the forest, that hath been  
For ages of thy leaves bereft,  
Since none can tell what thou hast seen,  
Let most be made of what is left.  
Ply the poker ! Touch it lightly,  
See the fire is blazing brightly.

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### *Stir the Second.*

Now's the time to work the spell,  
Heart-linked spirits know so well.  
Crack the joke and coin the jest,  
Which in firelight shineth best ;  
Puns, to draw, like corkscrews after,  
From portly words the gurgling laughter.  
Let the cheerful bottle pass  
Liquid rubies into glass,  
Though the beaded bubbles shown  
Temperance, herself, might own.  
Let the wreaths of Raleigh's weed  
Float around unfurrowed brow ;  
Choice Havannah, we have need  
Of thy fragrant incense now !

Friendship's halo gleams around us,  
Bringing back the rainbow hue  
Youth beheld when fortune found us,  
Poor enough, yet fond and true.  
Schoolboy pranks, and recollections  
Of our boyhood, long since gone ;  
Mingling with some grave reflections,  
Moistening eyes, and saddening tone.  
Yet we war unequal wage,  
When we try to vanquish sorrow ;  
Turn to-night life's brightest page !  
Leave the rest to read to-morrow.  
Roasted chestnuts ! They are coming,  
Pleasant in the firelight gloaming.

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### **Stir the Third.**

If the fairer sex be willing,  
Now's the time for some quadrilling,  
Dark eyes fostering furtive glances,  
Beams in which the partner dances.  
Short flirtations while poussetting,  
Ladies' chain, with wrists coquetting,  
Kid-gloved hands, whose pressure lingers,  
Woody by soft and yielding fingers ;  
Beauty in the firelight glancing,  
Flushing cheeks with hue entrancing ;  
While on air soft music floats,  
A melody of many notes,  
Pilfer'd from those ivory keys,  
By fingers white and smooth as these.  
Or else the harp its mistress thanks,  
With fairy voice its tones bestowing,  
Like those of streams o'er pebbled banks,  
That glisten onward, cold, yet glowing.

Quicker yet the dance proceeds,  
 Till the warmed and sinking maid  
 Whispers faintly, that she needs  
 Support of arm, and lemonade.  
 Beauty, prone to negus ever,  
 Takes the glass, but coyly sips,  
 Pearly cliffs in rosebuds sever,  
 Then meet dewy, laughing lips.

Thus the fire congenial dances,  
 Darting flame—enamoured glances,  
 Curling, licking, brawling, flickering,  
 Gassy quarrels, crackling, bickering,  
 Up the wreaths of smoke ascending,  
 Ball-room thoughts and visions ending.  
 Heap more coals on, ply the poker,  
 Send the shovel forth as stoker.

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### *Stir the Fourth.*

Ah, me ! what pen may paint the gloom  
 Of student in his lonely room ?  
 Every spark in latent ember,  
 Watching in this drear December ;  
 Crouching o'er the unswept grate,  
 On which no household angels wait ;  
 Wrinkled chin on palm reposing,  
 Dreamy eyes o'er cinders dozing,  
 Bygone hopes of youth recounting,  
 To a total sad amounting ;  
 Thoughts of love that once were spoken,  
 Vows of faith that time has broken,  
 Youth lured on by proud ambition,  
 Manhood hastening towards perdition,

Fevered nights and wasted hours,  
 Scattered dreams and fading powers,  
 Towering resolutions stunted,  
 High resolves and purpose blunted;  
 Visions of the past returning,  
 Clothed in colours like to mourning,  
 These the glimmering fire evoking,  
 Make us deem it wanted poking.

### *Stir the Fifth.*

There! Behold a blaze has risen,

Mirrored in the human frame,  
 Starting from its shiny prison  
 Into free and joyous flame.

Hark! No more in durance cruel,  
 There's music in that crackling fuel!  
 Sunny pictures rise unbidden,  
 Once in crumbling ashes hidden,  
 Pictures, which, though cinders stencil,  
 Might be fresh from Callcott's pencil.  
 Gaze beneath that centre bar,  
 See, where mountains rise afar,  
 Beetling o'er a fiery lake,  
 Which for Tartarus we take.  
 Blackened forests, castled turrets,  
 Fit abode for knights, or spirits,  
 Groves of stranger firs assist a  
 Line of rocks to form a vista,  
 Down which worlds of coal are blazing,  
 Till the eyeball aches with gazing.

Taking now a wider range,  
 Be the flickering landscape scanned,  
 Presto! There's another change,  
 Such might be Italia's land.



Plains and vineyards, bays and ocean,  
Ever glowing in the light  
Of deepening sunset, still in motion,  
Tides of fire which dim the sight.  
There's Vesuvius ! Ætna yonder,  
Pouring forth their floods of flame,  
Lava burying, as we ponder,  
Towns that all from ashes came.  
Crash ! A continent hath vanished,  
Fate all human pride thus humbles,  
A coal is from its fellows banished,  
And into dust Italia tumbles !  
Still round our hearth, at Fancy's will,  
These Fireside Visions cluster still.

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## ST. ANN'S CROSS.

BY F. W. LEITH-ADAMS;

Author of "My Indian Hero," "Your Cousin Frank," etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### A STRANGE DIARY.



WHEN a person is about to relate anything extraordinary, he is bound in this unbelieving generation, to give proof of all his statements. He must be a respectable character, he must be thoroughly *au fait* with his dates and ages; he must lay down as truth no word that cannot endure the most powerful microscope that his judges bring to bear on it. Now I, in my humble sphere of life, consider that I can fulfil all these requirements; but yet, impartial reader, I have a duty that presses and compels a necessary silence on some points. Therefore you must, perforce, agree with me, that though I myself am willing, and *do* give every particular that can possibly further our object in arriving at an explanation of what I am about to tell you, yet I am compelled to conceal the names of those worthy people who are the *dramatis personæ* of my tale.

Let us commence at once, and I will strive by my candour to gain your confidence. I am a gentleman; I mean, that as far up as my great-grandfather on both sides, I am irreproachable; but further than that I cannot vouch for, not knowing. Of my character I can only say that I am intensely fond of science and literature in any form and shape; yet, I hope, one who values religion as our highest good, and

best guide. Of the amount of brains appertaining to me, my intellectual career must speak. I have been Third in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge; First Class in the Mathematical; was educated at Shrewsbury and St. John's, and ordained a priest of the Church of England in 1870.

Continuing my confessions, I must admit to being a man of some private means, and in the matter of "views," more intent upon being loyal to the simple teaching of my Church, than wishful to range myself under the party-name of High, Broad, or Low. It was my wish, as a young man, to have entered some crowded London par'sh, but my health forbade this; hence it come about that I accepted the office of curate in a small out-of-the-way village among the Cumberland hills.

Having now laid down the prologue of my play, I will proceed to put before you the scenes thereof. One word more.

I do not enter into a discussion as to the theories my story involves; I take up no high-flown pen to garnish or to hide; but simply narrate facts. I thought it necessary before I began to tell you my achievements as a scholar, so that you might not think that you were listening to a prejudiced or superstitious "parson," who abhorred intellectual progress in any form, and was narrow enough to consider science as a natural foe to religion.

But let me not wander from my subject into arguments which have nothing to do with it; rather let me take you in spirit with me, as I travel in the atrociously slow train that drags its Parliamentary steps towards W——, whilst I ruefully look from the window out into the rain beyond.

I do not believe I am by nature a discontented individual, but the prospect of driving twelve miles in the storm of rain and sleet of a November night was far from pleasant. Then, too, there was such a charming haziness as to my getting any conveyance at all, for the Reverend Charles Drake, my Rector, is as poor as a church mouse, and in all probability owns no other conveyance than the family perambulator. Altogether I was not badly pleased when I discovered that a vehicle, half gig, half cart, had been sent for me, and that it

was covered with a huge hood that would have kept out a second Deluge.

It is true that the driver was old, and his corduroy-clad legs showed signs of "goneness;"—it is true that the creature in the shafts had evidently never been able to claim cousins with the "untameable steed of the desert;" but what were these small disadvantages compared to the unutterable bliss of finding myself in the cart dry and warm, with a further idea of safe baggage, and the prospect of a roaring fire?

I had, as in duty bound, helped the porter who represented the Railway Company at W—— (he kept hens in a shunting, and did odd jobs in the gardening line) to lift my heavy boxes; I had tipped the poor man with a half-crown, in consideration of the numerous family he declared he possessed; I had despised the young Niagara that streamed down my back between the collar of my coat and my neck with fiendish accuracy, losing not a drop by the way; I had patted the trusty steed, and inwardly admired the hollows of his weather-beaten hide; I had offered to drive the conveyance to W——, if the aged Nestor would shout directions; I had been commanded to retire to rest behind (for he would "not suffer a minister to wet himself on sitch a heathenish night as this—not he!") and now I was happy, and rewarded for my toils!

But if I calculated on enjoying my drive in uninterrupted peace, I was much mistaken, for before we had gone a mile (W—— had not a station of its own in those days; it has since developed one, I may add), I had learnt much of the characters, sayings, and doings, of all the "quality" in and around the future seat of my work.

Among other information given me by my Jehu, I learned—firstly, that he was the only man in W—— who had any redeeming virtues by way of set-off to his besetting vices; secondly, that he was the carrier, and that *this* was the only hireable "carriage" in the whole "City," as he called it; thirdly, that there was only one lodging to be had, viz., that of Mrs. Potter, and *it* bore no good character, *he* knew; fourthly, that the rooms possessed by my predecessor had been engaged by a

"furring" gentleman, who however, had the "kinsumshum," and was expected to die soon; so that if I desired to have the apartments, why, I could bespeak them, and reckon on them in a few weeks' time, as it wasn't likely the gentleman would hold out much longer. All this information had a highly religious tone, and was of a nature much calculated to delight the curate, or, so thought the narrator. Naturally enough I took some interest in the part relating to my lodgings; and asked what was the matter with the respective characters of Mrs. Potter and her house? Well, he didn't know exactly; and Mrs. Potter herself was a good enough "ooman," but as for the house itself, why he didn't mean to say as there was anything the matter with the drains; its religious "holdins'" wasn't good—that was where it was amiss. What was the matter with it? Had it been a Dissenting Chapel, or anything of that kind? No. *That* wasn't what he meant. People *did* say, "as how" the devil had "summit" to say to that particular dwelling, and didn't like the intrusion of Christian folk, as was of course his nature, continual habit, custom and way. Would Mr. Silas explain more fully? Was there a ghost in the house? Yes, that was it, "th' parson" had hit it exactly. All Mrs. Potter's guests had left her lodgings; that is to say, as many as were there on the day of the year, November 26th; to-night was the 25th, as the gentleman knew. Here Silas sniffed significantly.

Was that all? Yes, that was all, and a good deal too, in *his* humble opinion; but as for the lady herself, why, bless his soul! never was such a good creature, "exceptin'," of course, that people *did* say, &c., &c.

It was, it appeared, the rector who had engaged these rooms for my accommodation, his youngest son being afflicted with measles; a fact that would have made the Rectory an undesirable location.

"Maybe *you* don't mind the ghostis, sir?" said Silas, with a keen glance into the interior of the gig. Was I not a "parson" and from "Lunnon?" and might not great things in the matter of evil spirits be looked for, from such an one?

At this moment we topped a hill, and for a time, as I sat up, I was

enabled to see the scene before me. It was a long, narrow road, almost an avenue, shaded by dark trees that sighed and moaned in the wind. At the end appeared a cluster of lights, of which the nearest one to the right was that placed in the window of the "lady's" house of whom we had just been speaking. All this information Silas gave me, and furthermore explained that above the village were the wild, bleak hills.

In about a quarter of an hour we drew up opposite the house that had shady religious "holdins'," and I leaped out to knock a lively tattoo upon the door.

It was opened in a minute by a short, stout, motherly looking woman, who stood curtsying, and shading a candle from the wind with her hand.

"Mrs. Potter, I believe?" Another curtsey, and a "Yes, sir."

"I hear that your rooms have been taken for me," I said, standing at the door. "It is rather late to arrive, but I missed the fast train. I am very wet, and hope you have got a good fire burning in my bed-room."

"That I have, sir," said my new landlady, heartily, and I felt from that moment that Mrs. Potter and the Reverend Frank Leigh would get on well together.

With alacrity I now assisted Silas, and a small female yclept 'Tilda, to pull out my boxes, then dismissed the only really deserving man in W—— with a crown-piece, and telling Mrs. Potter not to mind my luggage until the morning, seized a portmanteau and darted up-stairs.

As the glories of a fire and tea all ready, broke upon my delighted gaze, I could have embraced my portly landlady upon the spot. She soon came up, radiant and smiling.

"I took the liberty, sir," she said, with another curtsey, "to make all things as comfortable as possible, and I hope, sir, as you'll be comfortable and sleep well. I daresay as Silas's been tellin, you as all my lodgers think a ghost comes here every twenty-fifth of

November? It's not as I can say so myself, never havin' seen the gentleman, sir, but—"

"All right," I broke in, "I have not much fear. I'll take the rooms for a month, at all events—so good-night, Mrs. Potter, and thank you very much for your thoughtfulness to a stranger."

With a cheery "Not at all, sir," the good lady departed, and I hastily unpacked my portmanteau, threw off my coat, substituted a dressing gown, filled my favourite pipe with fragrant bird's-eye, and in a moment was in a delicious dream of bliss.

Aroused from this by the growlings of a clock striking eleven, I rose, and thought it was high season to go to roost, and then for the first time I observed my room particularly.

Standing on the hearth-rug, with your back to the fire, you saw straight in front of you a large, old-fashioned bed, with curtains and posts. To the left of it, a dark mahogany chest of drawers; to the right, the door. That accounted for the opposite side.

A window, necessarily small, for the roof sloped downwards, commencing from the centre of the ceiling, took up the entire of the low two-feet wall on my left hand; and the right hand one was merely a mass of paper, ornamented with atrocious prints of Wellington's career. A huge clock occupied the corner, and it was this that had aroused me from my dose before the fire.

I am afraid that I am a far from immaculate priest, for besides having that glaring vice of loving my bed in the morning, I also read to unearthly hours at night, propped up with pillows, when I ought to be sleeping the sleep of the just.

Even now, though weary, I ruefully thought of the store of books below, and sadly carried my unpacked clothes to consign them to the chest of drawers.

Now, this chest of drawers contained five compartments, two small ones in the top row, and two large ones underneath, each taking up a complete length.

Thrusting my collars and handkerchiefs into the top right hand drawer, I was about to place my socks, etc., in its companion, when I

found that it would not open. A second wrench at it being as unsuccessful as the first, I got the candle and, holding it down to the chink, applied my eye thereto. The cut was perfectly clear and unbroken. The drawer was plainly, therefore, not locked.

Most people would have been content with simply casting their clothes into the other drawers, and would then have retired to bed, thinking that the wood had swollen from the damp, and that it wasn't worth the trouble of opening.

I am, however, of a naturally obstinate and curious nature (pig-headed I have heard my friends say), and I at once determined on seeing the inside of this refractory drawer, *coule que coule*.

Putting down the light, I seized the handle, and gave such a tug, that though it did not succeed in its object, it yet managed to tilt the whole affair forward to the no small pain and exasperation of myself and members.

This naturally only increased my determination to see the mysteries that it contained ; so, raging in spirit, and regardless of the chance of smashing the whole concern, I caught up the poker—fixed it through the handle—placed my foot firmly against the lower parts, and wrenched at it with all my strength.

It gave utterance to a dismal crack, and then, creaking horribly, slowly opened, whilst wiping my perspiring forehead, I triumphantly peered in.

I am naturally short-sighted and chanced to be without my spectacles ; consequently at the first look I did not notice that a small packet of discoloured paper was hiding in the shade of one of the far corners. But as I passed my hand in, I suddenly grasped this mass of manuscript (as it proved to be) and dragged it forth to light.

I was a little surprised to see it, but my surprise soon increased when I read the heading.

It was as follows :—

DIARY  
kept by PAUL MONTI :  
Commenced August 21st, 1860 ;  
Completed————

Turning over the next page I found in a different hand (evidently that of a woman) these words :

PAUL MONTI,  
25th Nov., 1860.  
*Requiescat in pace.*

While looking at the words it suddenly struck me that to-day was the 25th of November ; but, I may add, that it struck me as nothing more than a coincidence ; for all thoughts of Silas's declarations that the religious " holdings " of the house were not quite right, had completely left my memory.

Now as what I am about to tell you is exactly and strictly true, I must first of all solemnly declare that, at the time when it took place, I no more believed in the supernatural interference of the dead than does the President of the Ghost Club ! I was as free from all nervous feelings, excitement, or fear, as I ever was in my life.

Not the phantom of an *idea* of a ghost was present with me, I was simply thinking of the most prosaic matters in the world—a cold in the head being one.

I threw the MS. on to my bed, and then dragged a chair to the side of it, on which I placed my candle, delighted in spirit that I had anything to read that would beguile an hour of the night, and bring me to my usual sleeping time.

After my prayers were ended, I sprang on to the couch, and forthwith propping myself up with pillows, commenced a perusal of the document in my hand. It was written in Italian, and I blessed the chance that had made me familiar with that tongue. When I read anything I don't like, I am much addicted to skipping, and in this case, at least at first, the diary was of the most ordinary character, and so I skipped. As it is still in my possession, I will give an exact translation of the facts I perused on the night of November 25th, 1870.

" August 21st, 1860. I left W—— by the earliest train this morning, leaving the dearest mother and my darling behind. I ought to feel hopeful, considering that the results of this journey will make me



rich enough to marry, but even as I set out I chill foreboding came over me that it was not *good-night* I ought to have said to my darling, but *good-bye*! To God's hand I entrust her, and may He watch over and protect her. Arrived at Liverpool safely, and learnt that the *Firefly* was to start to-morrow. I stopped at the *Ship and Anchor* for the night. Very comfortable."

"*August 22nd.* Hired a boat and went to the *Firefly*. Found Captain Shaw just the same as my mother had described him. Would be delighted to have as a passenger the son of his old friend Monti. Accordingly brought luggage on board, and put it in the cabin, a dear little place with a hammock at the end. Came on board, and we dropped down with the tide. Like Captain Shaw very much."

Here I commenced the operation of skipping, and the purport of the next month's diary was that the ship had arrived safely at Palermo, and was now on the return. His errand had also been successful, for on October 16th, he wrote thus :

"Received the money in a strong chest, together with the jewels. No one suspected anything, and it is all right. Ah, what a trouble are all these directions and counter directions! My father was a strange man; but it is all safe now, at any rate. Discharging old cargo all day and receiving new in its place. Ned Jones, one of the English sailors, has deserted, and a countryman of my own has taken his place. His name is Bernardo, and I suppose I ought to like him, but I don't. He is always scowling."

A little further on I came across the following :

"*November 15th.* Nothing particular. Sailing on nearer home. Learnt from the captain that we should be in port by the 25th or 26th of this month. Came down into the cabin here to-day, and found Bernardo, the new sailor, rummaging about my books. He dropped my diary as I entered. Said Captain Shaw wanted to see me. Couldn't make out what he was doing, but felt suspicious."

"*November 16th.* Jack Hawkins came home to-day, and startled me very much by telling me that he was lying half asleep last night,

when he thought he saw something moving. He kept still, and swears that he saw Bernardo get out of his hammock, turn on a dark lantern, take out a bottle of some red liquid, bare his shoulder, anoint it with this stuff, and rub vigorously. I said he must have been dreaming, but he swore again, most emphatically, that he saw all this, and that if there wasn't a *fleur-de-lys* on the Italian's skin, he was a liar."

"*November 20th.* Jack has again come to me with his old story, and avouches this time that poor Bernardo got out in his night-shirt, and sharpened a dagger on a stone. The man is mad; it can mean nothing." . . .

"*November 25th.* (The last entry.) Land in sight! Home at last! Hurrah! Shall be in Liverpool to-morrow at mid-day. And so I am safe back at last. Ah, Marie! how the time lags—and now it is all right and you are mine. My God, I thank thee for thy goodness to me! And yet—yet I feel frightened at I know not what. I can't help thinking I shall never see my dear love again! And yet that cannot be. It is rough outside, and the waves are tossing, but surely we shall not go down within sight of home. Heaven watch over us! Mother of God, protect us! Holy Mary, pray for us! As I write here to-night, I feel the tears gather in my eyes. Oh, my God! what is it ails me? I feel—I feel—Marie! Marie! my darling, I'm coming—I'm com—"

The word was cut in two—and that was all. Underneath was written, in the round, uncertain hand of some poor scribe, the following words in English:

"*Found on your son's sea-chest the night he was drowned, Nov. 25, 1860.*

*William Shaw,*

*Captain, 'Firefly.'"*

I had scarcely finished reading, when the clock began striking twelve. Impelled by some mysterious conviction that there was *something* in the room besides me, I looked up, and what I saw sent the blood bounding to my heart, and seemed for a moment to stop its beatings.

At the bottom of the bed stood a man. I saw him as distinctly and

plainly in the mingled candle and firelight, as if he were by me now. His face was handsome in the extreme ; the hair, clogged with water, had fallen across his forehead in a thick black mass ; his right hand, crossed over his breast, was clutching the horn handle of a knife, plunged up to the hilt just above his heart ; his eyes—oh, Heavens ! his eyes ! I never shall forget them as long as I live !—They looked into mine with a melancholy, pleading gaze such as I have never seen before or since ; and then as the last stroke of twelve rang out, the figure faded away, and I sat up in my bed gazing fixedly at the space that it had left vacant. . . .

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## CHAPTER II.

## PEACE AT LAST.

It is a comparatively easy thing to narrate facts, but the thoughts that fly through a man's mind defy description. What mine were, as I sat gazing into space after I had seen that figure with the dagger in its breast, it is impossible to say.

Incredulity, perplexity, astonishment, but, with truth let me declare, neither fear nor terror. I seized my watch and counted the time of my pulse. It was regular, for though startled exceedingly at first by what I had beheld, yet I soon felt the same as before, only with an amazement on me that was great and exceeding.

It was the work of a moment to leap out of bed and commence a most vigorous search through the room. I found at once the only way of entrance was by the door, but this, though unlocked, was safely guarded by my portmanteau, which was leaning against it, and could not have been removed without some noise. The window was small in itself, but a bar placed across it made ingress impossible to anything larger than a cat. This bar was firm and immovable.

Having completed my search I emptied the jug of water into the basin, and plunged my head into it. Cooled and refreshed by

this dip, I wrapped myself in my dressing-gown, piled on more wood, and sat down to try and argue out this strange occurrence.

In the first place I had had no idea of ghosts in my head at the time I had seen this figure. The explanation that I had been in a dream was utterly absurd, for I was reading the Italian's diary with much interest, and besides this, the matter of fact way in which I had examined the room excluded all notions of somnambulism. Plainly, then, if I had been in a doze there must have been some time when I awoke. Now, to me there had been no such time, therefore I had never been asleep.

The heaviest argument in favour of this being a *bonâ fide* ghost was yet to come. In reading the diary I had conjured up in my imagination Paul Monti as a tall man, whereas the figure of this strange being was short. I had thought of him as a mere rough-looking sailor, but the face of this ghost was refined, and evidently that of a polished gentleman (if I may be allowed the expression).

But now the question arose—*Was* this Paul Monti? I thought it was, and at once sketched out a plan of the story.

Paul Monti, an Italian, goes on a voyage to Palermo to secure a treasure bequeathed to him by his father, this is discovered by a *forçat*, Bernardo, who has joined the crew; he steals into Paul's cabin as he is writing his diary, and stabs him to the heart; then casts the body into the sea, purloins the treasure trove, an act easily done, for, as his victim declares, "*No one* suspects anything; it is all right."

To-night was the 25th of November, the night on which he was killed; the crime was probably committed about midnight. The time would be the same at Liverpool as here, so that the apparition, if it was the ghost of the murdered man, appeared at the moment he was slain. Mrs. Potter's lodgers had lived comfortably in their rooms till each 26th of November, and then mysteriously given notice, paid a month's rent, and, without assigning any reason, bolted. Hence my deduction of it appearing *once* a year.

At length the clock struck, and it was then that I arrived at the

conclusion that nothing more could be done till this day next year. I did not tell a single soul of what I had seen, and reassured my good landlady next morning, when she asked me if I had slept well.

I suppose that it would not interest you much to tell all about what I was doing in the time that elapsed between November 25th, 1870, and November 25th, 1871; suffice it to say, that I was right in my prognostications that I should be left undisturbed in the interval.

I made diligent inquiries in the neighbourhood to see if I could find any traces of the Montis, or the former lodgers of my landlady; but I was totally and entirely unsuccessful.

Mrs. Potter informed me that the reason why the drawer had not been opened was simply because she feared to pull the whole thing to pieces, and, as from its great age it was looked upon as a relic, this was a thing to be avoided,

All I discovered was that a Madame Monti, a foreigner and a "Papist," had once lodged in the house, that she had a son, that a young lady was living with her—generally considered her daughter—that the two women slept in the room I now owned, that her son had gone to sea and been lost; that she had received all his things from the captain of his ship, had "taken on horful," and finally departed from W——, the girl having died—apparently of a broken heart.

All attempts to find out anything about the *Firefly* and Captain Shaw, were utterly useless. To begin with, there were three *Fireflies* in the Mersey when I first went there to try and find out. Subsequent investigation brought to light a swarm. But among these, not a single one could I find that was commanded by the man I wanted.

At length, wearied by unavailing search, I quietly succumbed, and determined to wait patiently for the day that I knew was the only one on which I was likely to discover anything. Numerous events happened. My father died; an epidemic of fever broke out in the village, and my time was taken up in visiting the sick and dying. And so it happened that on the night of this very 25th of November, the memory of the whole affair had slipped from me.

On the 25th of the month this year, I was called to see a dying

woman who lived several miles across the hills, where the mists of winter now gathered thickly. I stayed with her some time, administered to her the last rites of the Church, and after a weary tramp home was not sorry to find a bright fire and a boiling kettle.

After my tea, I sat musing by the fire, and so fell into a gentle dose—or *was* it a doze?

Assuredly it was a state of the most extraordinary kind; I was unconscious of all around me, yet not dreaming in the ordinary way; I seemed rather to be a spectator, watching with painful interest, a drama acted upon a stage, spread out indefinitely before me. I saw a small room, feebly lighted by an oil lamp swinging to and fro—to and fro, from a hook in the roof. A sailor's hammock at the further end shewed me that the little chamber was a ship's cabin. At the table sat a man, clothed in dark blue vest and trousers; his hair was black and long, and, as he bent above a paper, writing, now and again he tossed it back from his brow. I could not see his face, but his whole figure was marvellously distinct. Suddenly a shadowy shape—a dreadful indistinct *something* passed across the front of the picture, coming between me and the figure by the table. . . . .

I seemed to struggle madly with some power that held me back! I tried to cry out, but no sound could issue from my parched lips. O, to get at that shadow! O, to warn that unconscious victim! . . . In vain. Slowly, as one approaching a mirror, the form took a tangible shape; and, though unseen by the one who wrote on ceaselessly, to me his features were clear and distinct as though he stood by my side. It was a dark, foreign face, with a scowling brow . . . . . The eyes, so bright, that they seemed to *sparkle* in the faint light falling from above, were fixed upon the man who wrote on still . . . Suddenly there was a spring, the flash of steel, a smothered cry—  
*"Marie! Marie! My darling! I'm coming!"*

Then came darkness; and I awoke, staring at the fire. As I turned to gaze confusedly round the room, seeking to sift the real from the unreal, I saw, within a yard of me, the form I knew so well—the slight, graceful figure, the long black locks, the hand that

clutched convulsively the hilt of the murderous knife, whose blade was sheathed in as true a heart as ever beat.

The eyes gazed into mine with the old pleading look—the lips were still. Staggering to my feet, I held my hand high above my head, and cried out, loudly, “Whatever thou art, in the name of the High God, speak!” The livid lips quivered, twitched, and then murmured low, yet so distinctly that the sound seemed to creep into every corner of the room—

“*Avenge me!*”

\* \* \* \* \*

As I rose from my knees, after having prayed to the God of Heaven to direct and guide me in all this strange matter—after I had pondered over and thought on every single fact in connection with it in the like humble attitude—then I saw that it was beyond me, and above my power. I realised that I was as powerless as an unborn babe to do anything in this matter by my own strength. I could only be passive and quiet.

The day broke on my cogitations and doubts, and with the day there came upon me a strange feeling which I shall attempt to describe.

I had heard of Joan of Arc's “voices,” and considered them as nothing but the creations of a fantastic madness. I had heard of the sudden promptings that have seized men and women to do certain things against their will, and attributed them to the power of magnetism and mesmerism. In a word, to natural agencies. But the yearning that took possession of me now was not compulsory. It was a sort of warning within me. I resisted it, and lay down on my bed, but wherever I turned, at whatever I looked, I seemed to see, blazoned in front of me, the words—

“To St. Ann's Cross!”

What had brought the idea into my brain, I wondered? What made me think of this old memorial of a bye-gone age, out on the bleak hill-side? What possible connection had it with Paul Monti? and, above all, what had been, what was, the phantom of an idea that urged me on to go there?

I argued, I pondered, I prayed ; but yet this strange prompting—if I may so call it—returned to me. I felt that I ought to go out to this Cross ; and yet what would be the good of humouring this strange whim that fought and raged within me ?

At last, almost in a rage with myself for yielding, I rose, peered out of the window into the dreary waste and the dark heavens, and watched the fluttering and few flakes of snow that whirled down on to the frozen earth. Then suddenly the prompting became so strong that I could stand it no longer. I *must* go—so I went. Creeping down the stairs I unlatched the door and peered out into the long single street of W——. Then I went out, and at last gained the bridge that was considered the limit of the village. It was a lovely bridge in its way, and the small stream that ran under it was lovelier still when the minnows darted here and there and the water warbled over the stones ; but the Ice King had seized it now, and it lay there below me, a glistening, shining mass, treacherous and calm. . . . In front, in the far distance loomed the hills with their peaks—one called the Pillar, towering above the rest, straight and steep, and looking down patronisingly on the old Roman road that wound round its base. A little more than half way between it and me was St. Ann's Cross, and why that cross had been put up I will tell you.

A certain holy maid had vowed to walk, barefoot and without food by the way, to the shrine of S. Winifred. But the road was long and weary, and as the dawn of Easter Day crept over the peak that stood sentry among the hills, St. Ann raised her eyes to heaven, and felt that it was never to be her lot to reach the goal. She staggered on a few steps more : then fell to her knees, and thus in prayer her gentle spirit fled. They found her lying on the road, with her hands extended in the form of a cross.

I cast a long glance from the bridge on the country around ; but all was still and silent in the dull, grey light, and the Cross of St. Ann was wrapped in a pure mantle of snow, deserted and alone. Wondering in my mind, and now almost laughing at the strange presentiment that had seized me, I moved sharply down the



slope that dipped into a small valley on the far side of the bridge. As I walked thus I could see nothing in front but a steep ascent, whilst far off to the left a faint bluish-green line showed me the distant sea. Suddenly I reached the summit of the hill, and cast a glance before. About the same distance from the Cross, on the other side, there lies a knoll, over which the road passes, and on this I perceived something black, moving.

I have said before that I am naturally short-sighted, so at first I was not certain as to what this thing might be; but as I watched intently I determined that it was a man, and nothing else. A strange sort of wonder came over me, and I began to think that there must be something in my presentiment after all. As we reached the bottom of the hill we lost sight of one another, but when I saw him again the shape of his dress, and even his features were discernible.

He was clothed in a dark cape, and wore it so, that together with his muffler and slouch-hat, his face was only visible at intervals.

We were at about an equal distance from the Cross now, and sure enough we met exactly opposite to it. Behind me to the left, was a tree and the boughs straggled above the road like skeleton hands waving over us, out there alone together in the bleak grey morning.

How often as you go along the streets, have you run into a person? You both see one another coming, and both actuated by the same motive, move severally to the right or left, and meet. Then both bob to the opposite side, and meet again; then desperately dash forward, and fall into each other's arms with numerous apologies.

So it was with us.

"I beg your pardon!" I said, confusedly. "I really—"

"Do not mention it," replied the other, with a decidedly foreign accent. "It was all my fault—"

But he stopped as he saw the horrified look upon my face.

"Is the signor ill?" he asked, politely raising his hat.

As he had moved aside the muffler to speak, he had shown to my astonished gaze the man of my dream, Paul Monti's murderer!

"No! no!" I exclaimed, excitedly, with my eyes almost starting from their sockets, "it is not that—but—"

He bowed, and was about to pass on, when I regained my presence of mind, and stopped him.

"A moment, sir!" I cried; "I think I know you!"

He paused, doubtfully, and tilted back his hat, thus disclosing his features. Then I knew that I had found the man.

"The signor is mistaken," he said. "Good-day. I have not the honour."

"Stay," I vociferated, leaping on him, and seizing him by the throat, "stay! You are Bernardo, the Italian *forçat*, who murdered Paul Monti on the night of November 25th, 1860, in his cabin!"

I never saw such an awful look in a man's face as I saw then in his. His eyes seemed to leap out at me, and his mouth twitched convulsively, his cheeks turned livid, his lips were drawn tight, disclosing his teeth, white and gleaming; his hands feebly struck the air as if striving to beat off something that lay athwart his chest.

I loosed him, and stood facing him. At last he spoke.

"Ah! *Iddio!*" he muttered, and then his haggard, bloodshot eyes turned on me. Slowly he seemed to regain his consciousness, and then suddenly, with a frightful yell, plunged into the mist that closed us in on every side.

I leaped forward, but it was too late. A shadowy form, some thirty yards off, flitted through the dull light like an affrighted deer, and then disappeared altogether. Meanwhile the snow had begun to fall in thick, soft flakes, that darkened still further the gloomy sky. It came driving down from between the hills, and somehow I lost my way.

A light gleaming faintly in the distance guided me to a farm-house, where rest and warmth awaited me. But amidst the hospitable bustle with which the farmer's good wife set about ministering to my necessities, a voice within me kept saying over and over again—"Out there in the darkness amid the drifting snow, he flies before that which no man can escape from—*himself!*"

Who does not remember the snow-storm of November, 1871?

how it came down with its treacherous, soft, ceaseless falling, under which houses were blocked and roads hidden? Is it not history?

Was that a cry, sounding weird and dreadful, out there in the dark?

The farmer and I started to our feet, and it seemed but a moment more, when, with spade and lantern, we were plodding through the feathery snow, in search of a belated traveller.

Our search was vain; and we were returning downcast, when in passing by the foot of St. Ann's Cross, my companion uttered an exclamation.

Some dark object lay huddled there, half-covered, half-protruding from the pall of the snow. It was Paul Monti's murderer, stark and stiff! His terror had urged him to flight—at length his strength had failed, he had uttered one piercing cry, and then, laid him down to die.

I threw myself upon my knees beside him. I prayed aloud for God's mercy on his guilty soul. . . .

Did repentance come to him, as to the dying Thief, in that last supreme moment, when he fell at the foot of the Cross? May it be that He who forgave his own murderers, even as He hung upon the cross where their hands had nailed Him, pardoned the sin-soiled soul, and swathed it in the spotless robe of His own righteousness?

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a grave in W—— churchyard, where the stranger takes his last long sleep; a rude cross stands at its head, bearing no name—only this—

“November 25th, 1871.

*Jesu, mercy!*”

And I, the teller of this strange and marvellous reminiscence, have long been rector of the parish among the hills, hoping to remain such until the day that God shall see fit to call me away from my duty in His vineyard.

I have seen Paul Monti once, and only once, more; it was on the next anniversary of his death; he stood at the foot of my bed, and smiled; then his lips moved, and what they said was this—

“P E A C E.”

## A MADDENING MESSAGE.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

---

**F**OR the first time since my mother's death we all met together to keep Christmas at my father's place, Alderspool, last year, and I don't believe that a jollier, merrier party than we were sat down to breakfast on the great feast day in all the land.

I had arrived only the night before from Portsmouth, having just come from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, where I had been serving as Chaplain and Naval Instructor on board H.M.S. "Warspite." I found my two married sisters, their husbands and babies, already installed. They had married men who were strangers to me, during my absence, therefore I had a great deal to hear and learn about them ; and there was no chance of time hanging heavily on my hands. Moreover, my eldest brother, Sydney, a major in the army, and one of the most splendid fellows the service could boast of, was at home also, and the girl he was going to marry in a month was staying with us.

Sydney was a fellow with a magnificent *physique*, and a glorious nature. He had seen any amount of sharp service in India and New Zealand, and no one grudged him his early promotion, or the great luck which had won him the hand and heart of the handsomest heiress out. As for her, if I had heard that Sydney was about to marry the Queen's favourite daughter, I should have thought the honour none too great for him. From the day when my handsome, golden-headed,

soldier brother had tipped me at school, he had been my dearest friend and favourite hero. And now that he was going to marry and settle down as a retired swell, I could almost have thanked Laura Jervoise for being so thoroughly worthy of him.

I have spoken of Laura as the handsomest heiress "out," but the epithet handsome describes her very inadequately. She was a sweet-eyed girl, with chestnut hair, rather small, and very yielding. Her face was as sensitive, gentle, and pretty a one as I have ever seen, and even our sisters, who were inclined to be critical where Syd was concerned, were satisfied with the love she displayed, and the way she displayed it.

We had polished off the big game, and were going in for the small in the shape of honey and marmalade, when a servant brought in a telegram for Major Sydney Lisle; and I, who was sitting opposite to him, saw his face flush and quiver as he read it. I saw, too, that Laura sat round a little, and surveyed him with that fawn-like, startled look that seemed to betoken her such a shy, trusting creature. Somehow I felt relieved when my father broke the silence that had fallen over us like a mantle when the telegram was brought in.

"Nothing from the Foreign Office to call you away, I hope, Syd?"

Syd had been a Queen's Messenger for about twelve months, and it was during one of his diplomatic flights abroad that he had met Laura Jervoise, travelling like a princess with her father.

I thought his voice sounded unlike Syd's usual rich, rolling tone, as he answered—

"I am sorry to say it is, sir. Laura darling!"—he turned to her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder—"I must present myself in town to-night; I must start at once."

"For the Foreign Office?" she asked, quietly; and he only replied—

"I must start at once," and rose up, asking me to go to his room with him.

I don't know what gave rise to the suspicion that had entered my

heart from the moment of my father asking the question, but I felt sure whoever that telegram was from, that it was not an official one.

As soon as we were inside the door of his room, my suspicion was confirmed. He walked away to the window, and stood, staring out, and never looking at me, as he said—

“Jack, old boy, I want you to do something for me.”

“Anything I can.”

“Come up to town with me. This (he pulled the telegram out of his pocket, and, with an oath, flung it from him) isn’t from the Foreign Office, but it pulls me up rather sharper than any Foreign Office orders could have done.”

“A dun or a —?”

I didn’t say “a woman,” but I felt sure that if I had done so, my shot would have hit the bull’s-eye.

“Don’t ask, old boy,” he said, impatiently; “I can’t tell you *what* it is, but this I’ll tell you, that if *you* don’t stand by me, it will be all up between me and Laura, and I love her like my life.”

It was not a pleasant way of passing Christmas Day, but I would have followed Syd through a worse fire than the volley of questions my sisters let fly at me. As for Laura, she was easy to deal with. I thought her very sweet and reasonable when she said to me—

“Poor Syd! don’t let him think that I trouble too much about his going away like this; you must help me to make him feel that I *trust him entirely*, that I haven’t a doubt or a pang about his going. You’ll do this, won’t you, Jack?”

I promised, thinking what a dear, considerate, confiding girl she was, and how entirely worth consideration and confidence made her of being Syd’s wife.

We had a cold, dull journey to town, the vision of the row of dejected, disappointed faces that had been turned towards us as we drove away from the house was before me for at least the first half of the journey. Then I began to wonder why I was going. What could Syd want of me?

It was eight o’clock when we reached town that night. The

terminus was comparatively clear, for it was too late for people to be going anywhere, and too early for them to be returning from their respective festivities. The aspect of a big empty station is depressing enough at all times. This night it was extraordinarily so.

"What are we to do now?" I asked Syd; and he almost groaned as he answered—

"Come and have some champagne first; that may give me the pluck to do it."

As we went into the refreshment room, I noticed a woman poorly clad, but graceful-looking and heavily veiled, who seemed to be shrinkingly dogging our footsteps. When I directed Syd's attention to her, she shrank out of sight and disappeared. Syd looked after her pityingly.

"I am sorry to see a woman out alone on this night of all others in the year," he muttered. "We ought all to be with our families and friends. Come on, Jack. Now for a cab," he added, as we finished our champagne; "you stop here. I'll hail you when I've secured one."

He came back presently to call me, and I followed him out to the cab-stand, where a four-wheeler was waiting.

"I've given the fellow the address; jump in," he said, hastily, and I got, in and asked no questions. Additionally, I did not look out of the window or endeavour by any means to discover where we were going.

The streets were slippery, the horse was tired; we drove on for more than an hour, and then, as we stopped at the door of a house in a handsome, substantial-looking terrace, my brother clapped his hand on my shoulder, and said—

"You're a parson, but not a prig, Jack; you won't understand what you see presently, but don't condemn me—or her either."

It was a woman after all.

I didn't hear for whom he enquired when a servant opened the door, but we were at once ushered up into a handsome drawing-room of the regular upper class lodging house order, where a tall, fair,

lovely young woman was lying on a sofa. She raised herself as we entered, and came towards Sydney with an appealing face and outstretched hands.

"Oh, Syd! I feared you were false, too. I've tortured myself by thinking that you would not come to me in my misery."

He stood, very cool and self-contained, as she clasped the hand he held out to her; but there was nothing harsh or stern in either his voice or manner, as he said—

"Let me introduce my brother John to you, Mrs. Moreton."

"Oh, call me Blanche," she interrupted, passionately; "why go through the farce of observing an air of deferential indifference to me *now*?" But he went on without taking any notice.

"Let me introduce my brother Jack, the naval chaplain I've often talked to you about. We both started off instantly at your bidding, leaving our family rather distraught at our abrupt disappearance."

"Who else was there besides your own family?" she asked, her voice rising high as she spoke. "Oh, Syd! *who else* was distraught at your disappearance?"

"Laura Jervoise is there," he said, quietly, drawing his hand away from hers while speaking; "she will be my wife in less than a month, as I told you before I left town."

I was feeling my position as spectator keenly, feeling it with such regret for Sydney's share in this business, such humiliation and embarrassment as I had never suffered from before, when she addressed me—

"Will you forgive me for asking you to let me have five minutes' conversation with your brother alone? Will you go into that ante-room?"

"Jack must hear every word we say to one another, Blanche," my brother cried in an eager tone. "We have been foolishly rash, not guarded enough to remember that we live in the midst of an evil-thinking world; but there is another to be thought of now."

Whatever the extent of her folly, whatever the extent of her fault, I knew not, but I had a hearty human pity for the woman through whose heart those words pierced like a poisoned dagger.



"Oh, Syd!"—the words burst forth with such agonised intensity—"when you *loved me* you never thought of another person. Laura Jervoise has won you indeed."

She grew calmer in a few minutes, and then, as they neither of them hesitated to speak before me, I learnt the facts of the case, which were these.

Two years before, Mrs. Moreton, a beautiful and fascinating woman, who had been married in her extreme youth to a man for whom she had neither affection nor respect, had been introduced to my brother. He had been charmed by her beauty, her grace, her intelligence, her perfectly sympathetic demeanour, and, above all, by her unconcealed liking for himself. She longed for his friendship, and he awarded it to her so fully, freely, and flatteringly, that they woke with a shock one day to find that they were too dear to one another for honour to admit of their meeting again. The woman, with a woman's bravery and self-devotion, sounded the knell of their separation, and Sydney left her, reverencing her as deeply as he loved her. The hopelessness of the case cured him, and when he offered himself to Laura Jervoise, he only thought of Mrs. Moreton as of a woman whose friendship would be very dear and precious to his wife and himself in years to come.

But all the time Sydney's cure was being perfected Blanche Moreton's case was getting more and more hopeless. Her husband tried to exercise petty authority over her in a way that nearly broke her heart, and, though he failed in quite doing that, he broke her judgment, which is, after all, the more serious fracture of the two where a woman is concerned.

From the uncontrolled exercise of petty authority he advanced to such bitter harshness, that Blanche Moreton's endurance broke down, and on the day previous to Sydney's receiving that fatal telegram, she had left the husband who had failed to love, protect, or cherish her.

She had left him in a tumult of mingled despair, defiance, fear, and natural desire of self-preservation, for Mr. Moreton had descended

to the dismal depths of personally ill-treating his wife. When she first reached town—her husband lived about five-and-twenty miles in the country—she had, unfortunately, in her desolation, gone into the first lodgings that offered, without questioning their respectability. Unfortunately for all concerned; for the place wherein we had sought her was evidence against that rectitude and honour of my brother's, which *I knew* he had preserved intact.

The whole nature of the woman, her impetuosity, her recklessness, her desperation, and her love, were made manifest in that telegram which she sent to my brother, and which, since the dark tragedy which ensued, I have read. It ran as follows:—

“From Mrs. Moreton, 14, Bassell Gate-terrace, S.W., to Major Sydney Lisle, Alderspool, Blankshire. I have been compelled to leave my home. You are the only friend I have in the world. Come to me at once.”

Poor fellow! Dear Syd, knowing what I do of your story now, I scarcely know which to pity most, the woman who wronged you so by that desperate hope she held in your power and will, to go to ruin with her, by that entire belief in the potency of an interest which did not exist, or you whom she so wronged. At any rate, intollerable as the memory of it all is to me, I cannot do other than pity poor Blanche Moreton.

Syd had always seemed a *chevalier sans peur, sans reproche* to me, and this night I knew him to be one. Poor Mrs. Moreton, sitting there with her face buried in her quivering hands, paid him unconscious tribute in the first coherent speech she made:

“You make me feel indeed, Syd, that the only thing left for me is to go back to the home where I can never be happy.”

“Ah! but you can do your duty *there*, and you can't anywhere else,” he said, quickly; “go back, Blanche, don't put it out of my power to be your friend, and serve you so far as man can any more.”

“You're the only man living who would *dare* to say that to me,” she said, her lips tightening one moment, and trembling the next, in an

agony the exhibition of which she could not control. My heart saddened for her suffering when he answered quietly—

“Don’t make me pay for the privilege, Blanche ; don’t even wish me to seem to treat you other than I would have every gentleman treat the dear girl who is to be my wife.”

Well, at length we got away, she giving her solemn promise, in the midst of bitter sobbing, that she would go home the next day, and strive to make matters up with her husband.

She was a clever creature when she could be calm. So at once, when he put the plain truth before her that *home* was her proper place, even if happiness could not dwell there with her—she accepted the fact, and spoke of going back quite naturally. And she was dangerously frank, too ; for, when she was bidding my brother good-night, she said—

“Syd, I’d rather go on enduring my home miseries than lose you as a friend ; and I *know* you would have had to cut a woman like me, who was separated from her husband.”

“When Laura’s my wife,” he answered, more hopefully than he had spoken before, “she’ll be a better friend for you, Blanche, than ever I’ve been, or can be.”

He was standing by the door when he said these words—“When Laura’s my wife.” And his look of love for the girl he mentioned and pride in her, lives before me now.

“How could any woman help being fond of the splendid fellow ? ” I felt as poor Mrs. Moreton turned away in weary acquiescence, clasping her hands together wistfully.

“A *better* friend than you, Syd ? Never in this world,” she muttered, and then we passed out of her presence, and went downstairs.

“God help her, for man can’t, poor darling ! ” he said as he opened the door ; and then I saw a figure rush forward with outstretched hands, and heard a woman’s voice exclaim in desperate, dreadful tones—

“You have lied to me, but not deceived me ; I have seen——”

She ceased suddenly, for the man she addressed, staggered by the sight of her, and thrown off his balance by the impetus with which she

had thrown her fierce, avenging hands against his breast, faltered, and fell on the edge of the pavement, which was like a sheet of ice. A rough pebble, cast up by accident from the street and frozen on to the paving-stone, caught his temple; and when I went to raise him up—when Laura Jervoise, whose jealous fury had caused her to track him down, knelt to assist me—he was dead!

Dead! At the door of the woman who loved him! Dead by the hand of the woman he loved!

I can't paint the girl's despair when she realised the truth. It is no more to be described than is Mrs. Moreton's misery and remorse, for they were *her* words which had brought him to town, and wrought the wretchedness. Nor can I tell of the strong sorrow of our poor old father when the dead body of the son he loved, even as he had loved our mother, was carried into the hall amidst the gasping, gulping sobs of every servant, labourer, and friend about the place.

Twelve months have passed over our heads since we laid my brother in his grave. For six of these months my father has rested beside Sydney, and to-day those of us who are left are assembled once more in the house of which I have become the head at such a fearful price. All day my sisters have seemed to be on the brink of making a communication, all day they have restrained themselves. But when we are about to depart for the night, one of them says—

“How earnestly you read those words, Jack, dear—‘Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!’ You meant them thoroughly?”

“As I hope to be forgiven, Ella!”

“There is *one* we never mention, Jack, dear”—(her voice got lower and lower)—“pray for Laura Jervoise to-night, for—she is in a mad-house!”

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# A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By MRS. LEITH-ADAMS.

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RIGHT leaved laurel, shadowy fir,  
Shining holly, wreath them there  
Christmas cometh, gladsome time  
Cometh with a merry chime !

See the flick'ring firelight's gleam,  
Dancing with a cheery beam,  
In and out the emerald leaves,  
Gilding all our Christmas wreaths !

Yet amid our joyous glee,  
Give a thought to those who see  
Christmas come without a thought,  
Save with pain and sorrow fraught.

Some are friendless—all alone,  
In this world without a home ;  
Some are weeping as they think,  
"This year brings a broken link. . . .

"This year—one dear voice no more  
Joins in songs so sweet before ;  
This year—but an empty chair,  
Tells of one no longer there !"

Mourner ! raise thine eyes to God,  
This day on the earth He trod ;  
By His pain, and grief, and woe,  
Christ hath passed the way you go !

*A Christmas Carol.*

Hark ! the angel choir above,  
Sing in hymns of praise and love,  
" *One step of His earthward way,  
Christ, the Saviour, took to-day.*"

Blessed Jesus ! by Thy birth,  
By Thy coming on this earth,  
By Thy Holy Mother's tears,  
By her hopes, and by her fears,

Give Thy blessing to us now,  
As before Thy Face we bow,  
Bless us in our Christmas-tide,  
Let us in Thy love abide

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## HOW WE PLAYED "CLANCARTY."

BY INA LEON CASSILIS.

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OUR CLUB is the "Fireworks" Amateur Dramatic Club. Rather an odd name, isn't it? But "oddity" is "the thing" now-a-days, if you want to attract people. That name was my suggestion, so I am naturally proud of it. I am not one of the actors, nor even stage or acting manager; I am a sort of everybody's friend in the Club, and have a good deal to say, when I choose to say it, which isn't often, for being a dramatic critic, and knowing, therefore, a good deal about matters theatrical, my opinion is frequently asked, and my approval or disapproval is of some moment. But I am generally very modest, and only on rare occasions give my advice unasked; of course it is never attended to when it is asked.

Our company is a tolerably numerous one, and in our—that is, in *their* opinions, composed of "all the talents"—like the late Gladstone administration. In fact, the superabundance of first-rate talent is our greatest difficulty. We have Hamlets and Queen Katherines in plenty; but no one who will willingly accept a smaller part; when these are (after much discussion, and a good deal of squabbling, and a *great* deal of behind-your-back criticism) cast, the trodden on tragedians and wasted high comedians have to be pacified by definite promises of leading *rôles* in future performances. We have two *ingénues* and one *jeune premier*, but these only consent to the subordinate positions because they are very young, and rather little—(the *jeune premier* is really only big enough for a page); as soon as they grow up a bit they will want leading parts too. One of the *ingénues*, as it is, thinks herself capable of playing Juliet, and I saw her do it once. It was immensely funny!

I remember a performance we gave two years ago of "Hunted Down" (we don't go in for Shakespeare—not yet), and there was quite a scrimmage at the meeting for discussing the matter, and casting the piece. So hotly contested was the race for the part of Mary, that our treasurer—who is rather "up and down," and indeed, were it not for him we should probably quarrel into collapse—exclaimed, "This play was acted once as 'The Two Lives of Mary Lee.' As things are going now, she will have six lives, at the least. Three more will make her a cat." At last I hit upon a "happy thought," and suggested that we should cast lots for the parts, and after the proposition had, in its turn, been squabbled over, it was adopted. The result was that our "leading lady" was nowhere; our second (I am using *my* definitions now—not theirs) was the nurse, and the tallest *ingénue*—the only one then, was Mary! While John Lee, a very good fellow, but a decided booby—a sort of *Chambers' Journal* young man, he always appears to me—fell to the lot of Charles Dacre, a really clever actor—for an amateur—and a pronounced swell, who would have made a capital Rawdon Scudamore. Scudamore was drawn by a comic young man, who makes dismal jokes and laughs at them himself—nobody else would—and as he considers himself a Sothern under a cloud, he was delighted with his part, and nothing would persuade him to give it up. It was no use telling him that it wasn't ex-actly suited to *his* style of comedy, you know. Mr. Dobson (that's me) thinks—er—that—in fact, you know, Biggins, (his *nom de théâtre* is Mervyn—sweet name, isn't it?) we think Scudamore is—is (vague murmurings, and something about *hors ligne*, and too much of—er—well—etc.). Biggins wasn't to be hood-winked; he had played an inferior part last time to please others (he had been Bertie Cameron in "Alone!"), and he really thought it was due to him to have a *rôle* that gave him some scope. So he played Rawdon Scudamore, and showed that it gave him scope. I saw Irving play that part, and I told Biggins that I liked his acting of it better. So I did; at anyrate I laughed till I was blind at Biggins' Scudamore, if that was any proof of superiority in the amateur reading. Biggins took me at my word, and I appeared in a



par., which he sent to several papers about the play, in which he praised his own part above all the others, as a "distinguished dramatic critic," who had said, etc. It was a grand joke at the Garrick between certain choice spirits and myself for a long time afterwards.

But I have been indulging in "asides;" let me return to the main action of the piece.

Our Club having been in existence some time (exact period need not be specified), it occurred to some among us early in October last year, when we all re-assembled after the autumn holidays, that we might do something grand for Christmas, make a flourish, have a really worthy display of "Fireworks."

This proposition meeting with general acceptance, a committee of the whole house was appointed for a given evening, when we were all to meet at the house of the papa of our leading lady (sister to the comic man, but known "on the stage" as Miss Meta Merrion), dine, and then proceed to business. We had a merry dinner, and after wasting a long time in useless chatter (as is usually the case), the important matter we were met to discuss was brought on the carpet. What was the play to be? I was appealed to. I always was when the selection of a new play was to be made; but nobody ever took a play from my recommendation. However, I am good-natured, and I ran through my *repertoire*. Nothing would do. I turned to Miss Merrion, who is lank and dank, and can act as well as a marionette with the machinery "out of gear," but thinks she could play Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Herman Vezin off the stage if she went on it. Fortunately for them, she was born with a golden spoon in her mouth, and only acts to please herself, and bore every one else. We call her "Gaspape,"—*nous autres*—strictly in private. "I should suggest 'Clancarty,'" said she, promptly.

"*Clancarty!*" cried I; but my voice was drowned in a chorus. I saw that "Clancarty" was bound to win, and I forthwith collapsed thinking that, after all, it might be good fun. I had seen Louise Willes and Ada Cavendish in the part of the brave, gentle wife of

loyal Donagh Marcarthy, and I pictured Miss Meta Merrion in the same rôle. Some of the actors had seen the piece; some had only read it, some had neither seen nor read it. Lifting his voice above the Babel of tongues, the acting manager (yclept Smythe) addressed me.

"You have said nothing, Dobson. Do you think we could play it?"

"That seems to be the general opinion," replied I. I am not a Scotchman, but I gave a Scotch answer.

"But we want to know yours," said Smythe and our leading gentleman in a breath. The latter was a rather lackadaisical youth, who wore an Irving lock on his forehead, and was wont to imitate that gentleman. A critic (save the mark!) in a local paper once said that in his impersonation of Digby Grant, he strongly recalled Irving. I thought so too. The coat he wore was very like what Irving wore.

"Well," said I, "it seems to me you have neither stage, nor properties, nor supers for 'Clancarty.'"

"Nor cast," from the comic man, who saw no chance for himself. "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho! ho," echoed our low comedy man.

"We can *quite* well cast the *ladies*," said Miss Merrion, "it is the *men* that are such a trouble."

"And we can easily manage the smugglers," added *ingénue* No. 2; "some of the servants could be drilled."

"But Mother Hunt?" said I, looking round. We had no First Old Woman. All our "artists" were young.

"I'll do that part," said *ingénue* No. 2. She was a good-natured little soul—worth ten of Miss Merrion.

The upshot of it was that "Clancarty" was decided on, and I was to draw up the bills and programmes and get the printing done. They always gave me the disagreeable work; but I didn't mind; I knew I should enjoy myself on *The Night*. This is how the cast was arranged, the comments, of course, not appearing in type. They are to assist you in forming an idea of the merits of the distinguished company, who, on December,—1877, performed "Clancarty" to

an admiring audience at the——Theatre (never mind the district, it was in London, and in a fashionable quarter). I need only name the most important characters: William III., Mr. Moody ("fat, fair, and forty," very conceited, and never knows his parts. A stick). Lord Woodstock, Mr. Mervyn (a comic man, as you know. Further comment is needless). Lord Spencer, Mr. Burton (a really tolerable actor—the best we have—he is very handsome, and "makes up" well). Lord Portland, Mr. Charles Dacre (also good-looking and clever. He might have done Clancarty fairly; he was lost as the elderly Portland). "Scum" Goodman, Mr. Stamford (*our jeune premier*, aged nineteen, and with a treble voice). Lord Clancarty, Mr. Cranberry (the lackadaisical youth who imitates Irving). Lady Clancarty, Miss Merrion (described already). Lady Betty Noel, Miss May Dunnithorne (*Ingénue* No. 1, clever and pretty—as good as Miss Fowler, some of us think. I don't). Mother Hunt, Miss Jane Dacre (*Ingénue* No. 2, plump, merry, *à la* seventeen, and looks two years younger). *She* never knows her part. But that is a common fault.

Of the rehearsals, I will not speak at length. There was the usual trouble to get people to learn their parts, and the usual amount of time wasted in jabbering at rehearsals. Cranberry insisted on assuming a brogue, and the stage manager supported him in it. It was of no use to remind him that Neville's touch of the brogue was as different as possible from the broad stuff that only a peasant would talk. I was reminded that "in those days" gentlemen were less educated than now. I retorted that Clancarty had been on foreign service; and nearly got into hot water by adding that "Cranberry's brogue was no more the real article than it was French. No Irishman talked like that." As Cranberry had once been a week in Dublin, and specially prided himself on his imitation of the popular dialect of Hibernia, this speech was not easily forgiven. I became mum, and contented myself with laughing in my sleeve. But I went no more to the rehearsals.

The eventful night came. We sold more tickets than we had ex-

pected, and no doubt the Doorstep Brigade, for whom we gave our entertainment (one must put forward some charity as an excuse, you know) benefited very largely by "Clancarty," seeing that the expenses exceeded the receipts by something nearer £10 than £5. Of course most of our audience was "paper;" each actor had half a dozen tickets, and we had a solid phalanx of "sisters and cousins and aunts," so that there was no fear of the piece being "guyed." I felt rather afraid of a bunch of youths in the gallery, admission to which was one shilling. Hobbedehoyes have no sentiment. We had sent tickets to three or four local papers, and even to the *Era*, and one of the dailies. I don't think either of the two last sent critics.

The orchestra consisted of a piano, rather out of tune; a 'cello, ditto, a trombone, a cornet, and a clarinet. My seat was in the "stalls," two seats from the stage; so I had enough of it. The house was packed, thanks to me, and the ladies were all in evening dress—even in the unreserved seats. They generally dress more at amateur plays than at real ones.

At seven, the farce "A Regular Fix," was to begin; but it didn't begin, of course, till nearly half past seven, and the "orchestra," crashed on all out of tune and out of time, till I was nearly deaf. At last, however, the curtain went jerkily up, and we settled ourselves for a laugh. The farce went off very well, and put everybody in the best of humours; and then the curtain fell, and the band began again, and I leaned back and drew a long breath. I knew we were in for a good half-hour.

Behind the curtain there was a good deal of scuttling and talking and bumping, and two or three times the curtain shook violently. Then came a "sh-sh," and then a laugh. The gallery grew impatient as time went on, and some cat-calls were heard, whereat we all turned a haughty stare of aristocratic astonishment on the vulgar offenders. They didn't care a bit; one youth, heard even above the roar of the orchestra, adjured the "Fireworks" to "go off," and much wit flew about among the gods, concerning sky-rockets, etc. I thought them more like slow matches.

Thank goodness! the bell rang. The band stopped in the middle of "Sweethearts," and the curtain jerked up—amateur curtains *never* go smoothly. Everyone bent forward eagerly, and the whole house was all attention.

Behold the Hurst, and three supers, Mr. Merrion's two footmen, and Charlie Dacre's valet, rolling about painted flour tubs (kegs of whisky). Gille (the valet), being a Frenchman, did the French really well, and was not so nervous as the others, who could hardly be heard. Enter Mother Hunt. She had been packed to make her look stout, and wore a huge mob-cap belonging to no particular period of English history, and looking so funny that the rude boys in the gallery tittered audibly. But do what she would, she looked like a child masquerading in her great grandmother's clothes, and her voice was the voice of seventeen, though her raiment was the raiment of Mother Hunt. She seemed painfully conscious of her odd appearance, but she was well applauded, and the noise helped to drown the voice of the prompter, who had to give her her opening lines. Enter Sir George Barclay, Scum Goodman, and Sir John Friend; we had cut the others, as we had no one to play the parts. I don't know how conspirators contract the habit of stamping, but they are certainly very much addicted to it, if one is to believe that stage conspirators "hold the mirror up to nature." Amateur conspirators carry this propensity to extraordinary lengths, and you could have told what Sir George Barclay was the moment he entered. Besides, he scowled dreadfully, and wagged his arms ceaselessly, and slouched his hat fiercely (he had no small difficulty to keep it on; it was a bad fit), and altogether he looked like a tipsy cut-throat. Well, he *was* a cut-throat, but a gentleman withal; you would never have thought it. As for Goodman, he hadn't half enough swagger; he was fearfully and wonderfully painted, and his very clothes were the clothes of a murderer; but when he came to move and speak, he did the first like a walking stick, and the second in a mild, hesitating, timid manner, that made the most ridiculous contrast between his words and their delivery. He had his sword buckled on his right side, too, but that was a trifling error.

Now came the scuffle which precedes Clancarty's entrance, and in a minute that gentleman entered, in scarlet coat, huge boots, cocked hat, and intensely flaxen wig. His complexion was extremely brilliant, showing that exile agreed with his constitution; but his countenance was tragic, and so was his voice. He stalked in as if he just come from one funeral and was going to another. Of course, he was received with great applause, of which he made no acknowledgment, but stood trying to remember his opening lines, while the conspirators politely waited for him.

At length, "Glad to mate so many loyal gentlemen (there were only two!) so close on our landing—" commenced Clancarty. Barclay nudged Goodman. This by-play was not in the stage directions. Good gracious! would Clancarty go on to introduce the confiscated Jacobites—hadn't his part been cut? I held my breath. "For these boys here—" continued Clancarty, so nervous that I don't believe he knew whether his heels or his head were in the air—and he turned to the "boys"—and then there was an explosion. Some of the audience didn't know where the *fiasco* was, but others did, and they all laughed. Barclay, with a presence of mind for which I had not given him credit, rushed to the rescue, with his next words: "You'll join us in drinking his majesty's health?"—but Clancarty was too "flabbergasted" by his breakdown to give the reply, and Sir George added, after a pause, "What do you bring us?"

"Corn in Egypt, Sir George," said the prompter, who could be heard ten rows back.

"Corn in Agypt," repeated the gallant Clancarty, in a matter of fact tone, and he got through the rest of the speech by himself. But he really was delicious. He paraded about the stage in defiance of all stage directions, and I am certain if we had had half the number of Jacobites in the piece he would have run foul of someone every two minutes. He wagged his arms as much as Sir George did (amateurs either glue their arms to their sides, or behind their backs, or wag them incessantly), but he was solemn and tragical. He looked like a mute who has never been anything but a mute all his life, and having

an unwonted holiday, cannot divest himself of the tone and bearing befitting "the melancholy occasion." Fancy this little dialogue given as below :

Goodman (mildly). Perhaps your lordship may have heard my name ?

Clancarty (looking at Goodman's boots, and in solemn accents). Indade, thin, I have, sorr, though if I rimimber right, it was with a shorter handle than Cardell at the head of it.

Goodman (still mildly). The only handle I own to, my lord, is Esquire. Ha ! (looks round as if he was afraid to be seen).

Clancarty (still more solemnly—quite parliamentary.) There are many kinds of Esquires, sorr, including squires of Alsatia (Goodman never moves an inch—though he ought to "come up inquiringly"), *alias*, sharpers, bravos, and bullies.

Goodman (impassively). I don't like quarrelling in company.

Clancarty (sternly). I don't see how you can do it by yourself.

Clancarty generally forgot his brogue during a half of every speech, so his dialogue was rather polyglot ; and when he remembered it, it wasn't the real article ; but on this point I breathed not a word to my neighbours.

Enter Lady Clancarty, Lady Betty, Lord Spencer, and Susannah. Lord Spencer's *valet* had gone the way of much (theatrical) flesh. He had been "cut." We had nobody for him. Lady Betty caught in the door as she came in, and the Hurst trembled violently in consequence ; so did the stormy ocean seen through the window. Lord Spencer was capitally made up, and really acted well throughout. He didn't look half the villain he was, though, for Lord Spencer is one of the most disagreeable of histrionic relatives, and stage brothers are generally nuisances in one form or another. Lady Betty looked winsome and sprightly, and her make up was very fair—except her mamma's waterproof. That was rather an anachronism. But Lady Clancarty ! My handkerchief went up to my mouth ; or I must have roared. The "Gaspipie" was attired in pink silk and white satin shoes ! Behold, with the addition of a long furred mantle that smacked strongly of Peter Robinson, my Lady Clancarty's travelling costume. To judge by her colour, that lady was in possession of redundant health. To judge by her demeanour, she was out for a saunter on the Row. A more extraordinary reading of the part it would not be easy to imagine. She swam, or, as I once

heard a witty stage manager say of an actress, "squirmed" about the stage like a fish and a snake combined in one person. She went to R. when it should be L., to L. when it should be R.; her fellow actors never knew how to calculate on her next movement, and when to get out of her way. She was mirthful in mournful passages, lugubrious where she should have spoken brightly. The prompter often had to help her, and when she spoke her lines letter perfect, you could not hear half she said, for she had no more idea of elocution than the gaspipe she so closely resembled. Poor Lady Betty was heavily handicapped in playing to such a fishy coadjutor, and how she kept her countenance has been a mystery to me from that day to this.

From the moment these new comers entered, the scene became rather involved. Hunt carried off the chair Lady Betty would need along with the others, and spoilt her subsequent business. The smugglers, in rushing in, "collided" with each other, and one went flat on the stage. The gallery thought this was in the play, and applauded lustily. Lady Clancarty yelled fearfully, and flung her long arms about perilously, so that Lady Betty caught a stray fillip, and when the curtain fell I was nearly in a fit; but the "artists" were recalled amid loud applause. Clancarty, instead of leading Lady Clancarty on, gently insinuated her before him, and she, bowing and backing, stumbled over her train, trod on his toes, and so scrambled away somehow.

Space forbids anything like a minute description of our grand entertainment, even if my readers' patience would endure it. So I confine myself to salient points.

Lord Woodstock was a treat. There is nothing comic in that young man; but he was a "screaming farce" in Mervyn's hands. To say nothing of his colour (all the *dramatis personæ* were in blooming health, except William, who was ghastly in the same ratio), of his enormous wig—big enough for a Lord Chancellor—of his light-blue coat too small, and his trunk hosen too large, he skipped about in an airy manner, and gave his lines (when he knew them) with the air of Sam Willoughby, and when he didn't know them, in a mechanical,



crestfallen way, which would have enabled the merest tyro to discover when he was prompted and when he wasn't. The furniture in Lord Portland's cabinet (the duke, by the way, carried his years wonderfully; he didn't look more than five years older than his son) would have delighted a modern *élégante* for its jumble of styles. Only we were prophetically incongruous, for there were Victorian chairs by a Dutch cabinet, and some willow pattern china on a Chippendale table. But I have seen the stage no better furnished; so these things are trifles. Woodstock was not very successful in his exits; on one occasion he left a leg so long behind the rest of him, that I wondered whether he intended quitting it altogether, as daddy-long-legs do if you lay hold of one of their many legs. But it disappeared at length, and that was something to be thankful for. Portland, handsome Charlie Dacre, was better, but he was in the wrong part; he spoke like a Pall Mall swell of 1877, and you never lost sight of the club steps when he was on the stage. Hardly any of them knew their cues properly, and applause, which was (need it be said?) frequent and loud, always fogged them in getting the cues. Once, in the cabinet scene, William gave no cue, having cut his speech short; he had forgotten his part, and though the prompter almost called out, he didn't hear him. That threw Clancarty (who followed) out, and he came to a dead-lock. William of Orange looked and moved as if he had been dead some time, and wanted to hide the fact, and he coughed every minute; the said cough, by the way, often came in to hide a forget. I got at last to listen for the prompter whenever the king coughed. Was it a signal? The bed-room scene was really exquisite. "The best scene in the play," said an enthusiastic lady next to me, and so it ought to be, seeing that we had to wait thirty minutes for it. Amateur waits are positively appalling. Job would have lost his patience earlier in his career if he had had to submit to them. "Wonderfully acted!" added she. I agreed to that too. I wish Neville, and Mesdames Willes and Cavendish had been at the theatre that night. They would have learned something. Lady Clancarty, in a dressing-gown of the current date, treated her brother

with a kind of mournful pertness, and wriggled terribly in her attempts to be dignified; and Lord Spencer had no small trouble to dodge her, for the stage was small, and my lady's train took up two yards of the space. How it was that train did not "floor" her, I could not comprehend. When Lord Clancarty appeared at the window, he nearly fell headlong into the room; and my lady addressed him in scolding accents, and stamped at him more vigorously than she did anything else. The meeting between the pair was highly proper, and would have satisfied the scruples of even the *Sunday at Home*. Certainly, Lady Clancarty, screaming "My husband, methinks my *heart* had told me already"—as if her nose or her feet might have told her, but hadn't—flung herself on to the gallant Irishman with such good will that he staggered; and her manner and figure were to me so highly suggestive of Miggs and Sim Tappertit in a sentimental passage which readers of Dickens will recall, that I nearly laughed aloud. Clancarty, however, did not seem to relish this embrace more than Mr. Tappertit had done, and by his looks would have liked to treat her in a similar manner. That being out of the question, he gently repulsed her, and contented himself with holding her hands, which looked a little "cool" for an adoring husband under the circumstances, but was more "proper," and besides kept her arms under control—a consideration of no small moment. And here let me observe that warm manifestations of affection are not *de rigueur* on the amateur stage. The lovers are always intensely modest, and comport themselves very much as real lovers would do—if everybody was looking.

Lord Clancarty's adventure did not at all disturb his equilibrium; he related his story in a solemn tone, and when Lord Spencer burst in, faced up melo-dramatically. As for his wife, if I had not known to the contrary, I should have said she meant to burlesque her part. She certainly *did* burlesque it, and all the audience, except her own friends, tittered audibly. She "squirmed" to her heart's content, and screamed her lines in one elevated key, while Lord Spencer struggled in vain to get free from her spider-like grip. I really

pitied him. Finally, she contrived, in fainting, to stick out her feet, so that she looked like a recumbent wooden doll. Clancarty's words "'Tis no fault of hers that we are enemies," showed a forgiving spirit, considering how dreadfully she must have aggravated him. I should have thought he preferred imprisonment and even death to another half-hour with her.

The closing scene was hardly less funny, though I confess I almost lost patience at hearing the beautiful reply of the suppliant lady to the king's words (speaking of the private stairs to the queen's apartments)—"You knew 'twas sacred to my sorrow"—"Not so sacred to yours, sire, but there was room in it for mine," delivered in a kind of gasp, with a sprawling gesture as an accompaniment. As for Clancarty, he uttered his words, "The prince! my Lord Portland! Lord Spencer! Why am I brought hither?" in such a truculent manner, that he deserved to have been pushed out again. He took care, however, not to risk another "drop utter" from the loving embrace of his wife, for he said "my darling!" with stern gravity, and caught her revolving hands with a skill for which I admired him. It was the only admirable thing he did that evening.

The curtain fell amid loud and tumultuous applause. The principals were summoned before the curtain, and all coming on together, got "considerably mixed," and didn't quite know how to get off again; but at length they contrived to make their exit, with much tittering and nodding to particular friends. It was by this time nearly one o'clock, for the waits were never less than twenty minutes, and between the second and third acts thirty minutes, as I have before stated. Everybody congratulated everybody else, and every "artist" was delighted with him or herself in the play, but declared that so-and-so did that which he ought not to have done, or left undone that which he ought to have done. In short "Clancarty" was pronounced a success by the audience, and in a few days we read in a local paper of Miss Merrion's "sympathetic acting" and "great emotional power," and Mr. Cranberry's "realistic portraiture of Lord Clancarty,"

and "remarkable command of the brogue." Very remarkable. In fact, the whole play was remarkable. I said so when they asked me. It took me three days to get over it. But I fancy some of them were not quite so delighted on mature reflection as they were at first ; or they heard a few remarks, hinting that there had been too much of the stick and too little of the fire in our Fireworks that night. At anyrate, we are not going to do "Clancarty" this Christmas.

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## FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ROSE AND MATILDA.



**M**AT. But come, my Rose, let care and trouble cease ;  
We sit at tea now, and with tea is peace.  
Ah, tea, sweet tea, without thee what were life ?

Healer of many wounds—the toils, the strife—  
That each new day brings back to you and me.  
Oh, who could lighten, who assuage but thee ?  
Thus to my longing lips I lift thee up,  
To fall like rain within the rose's cup,  
And cheer me as the night is cheered by day,  
Or gloom by hope.

*Rose.* And yet what things they say—  
That is, men say—who hate the custom, thinking  
That half the day is wasted in tea drinking,  
And hinting that 'tis but an easy way  
To bring small talk and scandal into play,  
To gossip, chat, or waste the time.

*Mat.* And why  
Should we not chat, and bid the time pass by ?  
For what were life without the tongue's fast flow ?  
What, without talk and laughter ?

*Rose.* Very slow.

*Mat.* Then let us use the gifts the gods have sent ;  
And if we wrangle, so does Parliament.  
No ladies there, and yet you must agree  
That there they squabble just like you or me ;

And just like us they haggle, smile, or frown,  
And rise by turns to put each other down,  
For country all—no party; yet 'tis sweet  
To make another writhe upon his seat,  
And so three columns just to make him feel  
He's wrong, then add some patriotic zeal;  
But yet you know such speeches great we call:  
Oh, then, dear Rose, then let our talk be small,  
Let's talk of all that most our patience try,  
And since we cannot kill them, wish they'd die.  
How sweet the task to let forth hatred's flames,  
To count our enemies, and call them names.  
These are the themes which lend discussion wings!  
How dull it is to only talk of things!

*Rose.* And yet to slay with words. What comfort then?  
If we could d'it in act!

*Mat.* Leave acts to men.

*Rose.* To men? and why to men? the tyrant crew.  
We act as well as they, and better too;  
And so you've said, as you yourself must own,  
Time and again.

*Mat.* But now, dear, we're alone.  
You know how Cicero—

*Rose.* Was he a Greek?

*Mat.* Of course—once wondered soothsayers could speak  
Together without laughing, when each knew  
The trick, and each could see the other through.  
Let but a brother or a husband dare  
To think that they were made for higher air!  
But since there's no one now, or near or far,  
To say we are not, don't let's say we are.  
Ah, me, the fibs that we must tell are quite  
Enough of burden.

*Rose.* Well, perhaps you're right.

*Mat.* Perhaps? No doubt of it. You know, dear, we  
Are weaker than—just half a cup more tea—  
Than men. Oh, that's too much.

*Rose.* Just one drop more.  
They are such tiny cups.

*Mat.* Well, that makes four.  
So why should we do work when others can?  
To tell the truth, we're better off than man.  
Beauty should reap the field, let others sow it  
(We both are pretty, so we both may know it).  
Come now, should hands like these—so white, you see—  
Do any harder work than pour out tea?  
Or paint sweet flowers? or shake with tender fears?

*Rose.* Or box a brother's or a lover's ears?

*Mat.* Or hang a church, or make a sweet bouquet?  
Or carry rings?

*Rose.* Or give itself away?

*Mat.* Or were the little feet, that fall as light  
And soft as snow-flakes, and as snow-flakes white—  
Say were they ever ever meant to glance  
In aught but satin, or do aught but dance?  
Should lips like ours that rubies not eclipse  
Know aught but pouts or smiles?

*Rose.* Or other lips?

*Mat.* Or cheeks, whose beauties might disturb a saint,  
Be touched by aught but dimples?

*Rose.* Or by paint?

*Mat.* Or heads like ours endure another care;  
That bear already one so great, our hair?  
Why put more load upon a weary steed?  
Why crush a pretty flower?

*Rose.* Ah, why indeed?

*Mat.* So let men have their rights, the right to toil,  
We spring, like violets, in more gentle soil.

To act is oft unpleasant ; then why long  
To act like man, when half his acts are wrong ?  
How much more pleasant o'er one's tea to talk ?  
Or make a call, or take a little walk,  
Or read a novel, or discuss a play,  
Than be at business, and work hard all day ?  
And when the evening comes, then dances, fêtes  
And all the pleasures that one says one hates.

*Rose.* But wer't not fine to be some statesman sage,  
To lead one's country and direct one's age ?  
To guide, support, uphold, direct it all—  
How grand to ride so high !

*Mat.*

How sad to fall !

*Rose.* Or be an orator ; how splendid, dear,  
To speak to thousands !

*Mat.*

Yes, if thousands cheer.

*Rose.* Or bear the standard 'midst the battle's din,  
And be the first the hostile wall to win,  
And plant it there, how glorious were it not ?

*Mat.* But, oh ! dear Rose, how horrid to be shot !  
No, let the warrior and the statesman bend  
Beneath the load that greatness must attend ;  
Though every hand applaud him, and each tongue  
Praise him for laws achieved, or battles won,  
Yet envy not the laurels green that now  
Nod over him, the lines that mark his brow,  
Traced deeper by the heavy hand of Care.  
When these have faded, still shall linger there ;  
When fortune first, then all men turn away,  
When hopes grows less and feebler day by day,  
Still to his fallen state shall she be true,  
And griefs grow many as his hairs grow few.  
Till gone at last each hope, each scheme, each plan,  
He dies, like Hannibal, " a poor old man."



His rise, his fall, and how he played his part  
Are writ in books, his sorrows in his heart.

*Rose.* But fame lives after him, the fairest wreath  
That ever graced a tomb or cheated death ;  
A laurel never witherèd, a crown  
That age to age shall pass uninjured down  
T' exalt the land that may his ashes claim,  
And hallowed make the breath that breathes his name.  
Yes, fame still lives.

*Mat.* But he does not, you see ;  
And after death, all is uncertainty.  
So who can tell if he enjoy the fame,  
Or hear th'admiring mention of his name ?  
Besides, you know how few doth fame await,  
How many die, and are forgotten straight !  
No more remembered than this idle chat  
Of ours.

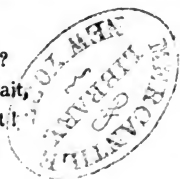
*Rose.* Alas, I never thought of that.

*Mat.* " The many fail, the one succeeds," you know ;  
We cannot all be shining lights, and so  
To pine because we cannot is absurd,  
So let men count the first ; but, take my word,  
The precedence is only in the name,  
And, trust me, many husbands think the same,  
And so I think, although we stand not first  
Upon the list, our lot is not the worst,  
And merely this—that that which others do  
We have done for us.

*Rose.* I agree with you,  
And if there's wanting any other thing  
To make it still more plain—What's that ?

*Mat.* A ring.

*Rose.* Oh, botheration, some one called ; but who ?  
Fly to the window, and just look, dear, do.



*Mat.* Miss Smith.

*Rose.* Miss Smith ?

Oh, what a horrid bore.

Let's say—

*Mat.*

Alas ! the servant's at the door.

*Rose.* Why couldn't she have come another day ?

*Mat.* Why come at all ?

*Rose.*

But since she has come, say

How very glad you are ; we can't prevent it,

So mind, Matilda, look as if you meant it.

SUOLES.

# THE MARBLE STATUE:

## A GALICIAN ROMANCE.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF SACHER-NASOCH BY LAURIE.

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**H**ERR BARDOSSOSKI was the real Galician country gentleman, quiet, pious, and hospitable, always in a good-temper, but not without a certain dignity that made a due impression upon you. His wife, a plump little brunette, still very good-looking, lorded it over him quite as much as Queen Maria Kasimira did over the great Sobieski. There were two daughters, both as good as "engaged"—indeed the youngest was already formally affianced—so I, who was a constant visitor in the family, could talk to them as much as I liked, and even flirt a little, without being immediately regarded as a suitor.

Bardossoski had fought under Chlopriki in 1837, and in 1848 under Bem, and had been wounded at Schüssburg. In 1863, his only son, who had joined the insurgents, was mortally wounded by a Cossack lance. His portrait hangs over the old man's bed, between two scimitars, with a wreath of dusty immortelles round it, but his name is never mentioned in the family circle.

Kordula, the eldest daughter, was an interesting looking girl, well-shaped, with beautiful dark hair, teeth like pearls, intelligent gray eyes, with an expression of inflexible firmness, which was heightened by a nose slightly *retroussé*, and pouting lips. The younger, Amila, on the contrary, was fair, with rosy cheeks and dreamy blue eyes—one of those pink and white beauties who always seem weary, and whose deeply-drawn breaths sound like sighs.

She it was who already wore the engagement ring !

I had also become acquainted with the two young men who had won the hearts of the sisters. Kordula's lover was a Herr Husezki, who held the appointment of *Adjunkt* at the neighbouring town. He possessed the sincere and intellectual zeal which so characterises the youthful generation in our country ; he was always dressed *à la française*, wore spectacles, and was constantly pulling at his snow-white cuffs. Amila's accepted lover was the proprietor of an estate close by. His name was Manwed Weroaki, a handsome young man, with dazzling white teeth, a small black moustache, short, dark, wavy hair, and languishing eyes. He always wore very loose trowsers tucked into top-boots, and a black coat. He smoked cigars, and liked to turn the conversation upon literature. He could repeat by heart hundreds of verses from Miezkiewicz, but his favourite story was "Domeyko and Dowejko."

There was a third young gentleman, who had the habit of always coming in late. This bad habit was fatal to him, for he had arrived too late to gain the hand of the beautiful Amila ; so he had to content himself with continually gazing at her. As soon as she made the slightest movement he would jump up and drag all sorts of things towards her—thus, when she wanted scissors, he thought he read her wishes aright by bringing a footstool ; if she looked languidly after her handkerchief, he would seize the dog and carry it to her. His name was Maurizi Konopka ; he rented a neighbouring farm. He never dressed otherwise than in a frock coat, white waistcoat, kid gloves, and patent leather shoes. In addition to his habits of unpunctuality, he had a peculiar way of walking unexpectedly into a room as silently as a ghost, thereby causing no little fright to those who were assembled. He did not deem it proper to attract attention by word or sign. Maurizi had a very nice-looking, but effeminate face—such as experienced and mature beauties might prefer, but which is rarely the ideal of a girl's dream. So it naturally fell to his lot to play at cards with Herr Bardossoski during the winter evenings whilst we others talked to the girls.

Amila's lover and myself struck a warm friendship from the beginning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not far from Manwed's estate was the old castle of Tartakow, a ruinous and solitary place, situated on a flat elevation of rock, which, according to the peasants around, was haunted.

One dull winter's evening, when the snow was gently tapping at the windows with white ghostly fingers, the wind whistling strange melodies in the chimney, and in the distance we could hear the howl of the wolves, Amila turned the conversation upon the old castle.

"Have you heard," said she, "that the ruins are said to be inhabited?"

"Who could live in that deserted, tumble-down old place, excepting owls or ravens?" remarked Herr Husezki, very wisely, as became a young man so familiar with science.

"Well, there are all sorts of inhabitants there," observed Frau Bardossoski, "if we can believe the country people."

"It is quite certain," said Amila, "that an old grey-headed man is to be seen up there; he is a kind of castellan, and wears clothes that were the fashion many hundred years ago. Our peasants declare he is nearly 1,000 years old; and in a great hall, which is still in good preservation, there is an enchantingly beautiful woman in marble, with dead-white eyes, who, on certain nights, comes to life and wanders along the gloomy passages, accompanied by strange noises, and voices that are now loud, and then plaintive—you can hear yells—

"Bah!" cried Husezki, "an Eolian harp; I have heard it myself."

"Who knows?" said Manwed, "our country is full of evil spirits. There is the 'Did' (a spirit that visits dwelling-places, according to Russian superstition), who helps to milk the cows, sweeps the rooms, washes the dishes, grooms the horses, and is only seen when the master of the house is going to die; he is a little man, only a foot high, with a long grey beard; then, in the thickets on the banks of lakes and rivers, the 'Russalka' (the water spirits of the Russians), swing themselves on the branches, singing whilst they plait their hair

into golden cords, wherewith they bind and strangle all who are foolish enough to approach them. In the mountain caverns, concealed by a trellis-work of green leaves, dwell the wayward and amorous 'Majki' (the elves of the Carpathians), who surround their magic gardens with golden hedges, and build bridges of pearl over the rushing waters; they dance in the flowery groves of the forest, and entice away youths who please them, and bewitch them with their crowned and fragrant locks, and soft limbs, but there is no soul in their beautiful faces and flashing eyes. Like wolves the wild women, whom the people also call goddesses, rove about the woods and mountains. They are a horrible race, who carry off the peasants' children, and leave their hideous offsprings behind in the cradle; they tickle old men to death, and the young ones they strangle after the wedding night. There are also, the 'wise people' or witches, who live amongst the people, are acquainted with all the secrets of nature, who know the herb that stops the plague, and can heal the poisonous bite of snakes; they can deprive the stars of their light, and men of health; when they are asleep, their souls fly about in the shapes of birds, and at certain times they ride to Kiew on a black cat, and hold their meetings in mid-air over the town. Yes, here, even the shooting stars that fall to earth take the form of human beings, and roam about as vampires. And there are people with an evil eye. In the night, too, the souls of children wander upon earth demanding baptism."

"Why should there not be all sorts of apparitions close at hand, and amongst them a beautiful marble woman, through whose white limbs the warm blood flow at the hour of midnight?"

"What strange fancies you have," cried Herr Kusezki. "Now, I really should like to know the truth about the old castle."

"I can tell you, young people, the facts of the matter," began the old gentleman, after a pause, whilst Kordula filled the *samovar* with glowing embers, and Amila's small rosy fingers began to play a "volkslied" on the piano.

First there came a cloud of blue smoke, then he began:—

"The truth of the matter is, that there really is a splendid marble statue to be seen in the great hall of the castle. It represents a beautiful woman, a marvellously beautiful woman. Some say that an ancestor of the Tartakowska went to Palestine with the Red Cross on his breast to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel, and that he brought back from Byzantium the statue of a Venus, which was the work of a Grecian sculptor.

"Others say that a lady of the same family, famed alike for her beauty and vices, allowed an Italian artist to sculpture a statue of her perfect form in a costume not subject to fashion, and which Eve had already worn in Paradise—*nota bene*, before the Fall. This happened in Benvenuto Cellini's time, and the lovely lady was Marina Tartakowska."

"You are right," suddenly said a low voice, which seemed to proceed from the lower regions.

We all started with fright, Amila uttered a piercing shriek and covered her face with her hands. Kordula dropped a cup on the floor, which flew into a thousand pieces, and the dog, upon whom some of the splinters had rebounded, set up a fearful howl.

"I beg your pardon, and fall repenting at your feet," said Maurizi Konopka, softly, for it was he who had glided in unheard, and now stood in our midst. "The life-size portrait," he continued, in the same subdued tone, "hangs in a gloomy, panelled room in the castle, the ceiling of which is adorned with a painting that represents Diana transforming Actæon—who surprised her whilst bathing into a stag. The lady is dressed in dark velvet, on her head she wears a Polish cap, adorned with a heron plume. I have seen the picture. The eyes seemed to fix me, and I felt as if my skin were about to be stretched over a drum *à la Tartare*.

"Once this same Marina was accused of murdering one of her servants, and as he happened to be of noble origin, a royal commission was despatched to her about the matter, but the judges were completely disarmed when they saw this bewitching woman, and were driven thence by cupid with a bough of roses without having made

the least inquiry into the case. Now, however, they say the castle is without an owner."

"Indeed," said Herr Bardossoski, taking his pipe from his mouth, with astonishment, "What then has become of the widow of the last proprietor? I mean the beautiful Zoë Tartakowska."

"She has been living in Paris till lately," replied Kusezki, "but a short time ago I heard she was dead."

"A pity," murmured the old gentleman; "she was just such another woman as the Lady Marina, only a little more fashionable, but nevertheless a lovely woman."

"Well, well, do not let your fancies run away with you too much," said Frau Bardossoski.

No one spoke for a while, then Manwed sprang up suddenly and cried, "I must go there!"

"Where?"

"To the haunted castle."

"What are you thinking of?" said Frau Bardossoski. "The accounts one hears of it are enough to frighten one."

"Well, I think I have courage enough to dare what Herr Konopka has already dared," answered Manwed, twirling his moustache.

"Oh, he is only saying it in fun," said Amila, in a half whisper.

"I am in earnest, Amila."

"Manwed, you shall not go to see the marble woman," she cried, with all the vehemence at her command.

"I shall, and by night, too. I will see if the cold beauty does come to life."

"Manwed," said Amila, in a faint, but very decided voice, "I forbid you to go."

"Pardon me," said the obstinate young man, "this time I shall have to be ungallant enough to disobey."

Amila looked at him for some moments, more astonished than angry, then she turned away, her bosom heaving, and the tears starting to her eyes.

Manwed took his hat and left the room, bidding us a hasty "good-



bye." A few minutes afterwards we heard his coachman crack his whip and the harness bells tingling.

Amila went out of the room sobbing.

The next morning I went to see Manwed, in the hopes of making peace, but he seemed, if possible, still more obstinate than he had been the night before.

"All our women are tyrants," he cried, in an exasperated tone; "the only difference is that some tread us under foot, whilst others rule us by tears. If I yield this time I am lost. I shall certainly pay a visit to the mysterious castle, and this very evening, too." He put his coat on hastily, ordered his horse to be saddled, and took leave of me on the doorstep.

"So you really are going?"

"You see I am."

"Well, I am curious to know what will come of it."

"So am I."

We gave each other a parting nod; he set spurs to his horse, which scattered the sparkling ice and snow in all directions under its hoofs. I followed him with my eyes till he disappeared in the white mist.

Manwed stayed away two evenings; he arrived on the third, and was somewhat coolly received. Amila appeared not to see him, but, contrary to her usual habit, played and laughed rather loudly with her little dog, who seemed very pleased, and barked and growled and whined in turns, now standing on its hind legs, now scampering about, and wagging its tail without ceasing.

Manwed was unusually quiet, he looked grave and thoughtful, and very pale; his dark eyes gleamed, and a deep frown overshadowed his face.

At last the old gentleman broke the silence.

"Well; how now? have you been up there, Herr Weroaki?" He laid a particular stress on the "Herr."

Manwed contented himself with nodding.

"Well, tell us about it," cried Herr Husezki, hastily, tugging at his white cuffs.

"I am not at all curious," chimed in Amila.

"Nevertheless, it is interesting," said the mother, in a dignified tone ; "take a cup of warm tea, and then tell us about it."

So Manwed took a cup of warm tea, loosened the silk handkerchief round his neck, rubbed his eyes, and began :—

If I were not sitting here amongst you, and could not hear the fire crackling, and Herr Bardossoski puffing his long pipe, I should believe that I had been asleep all this time, and that a most wonderful and dismal dream had been haunting me ; yes, I should believe that I was still dreaming, for a light, transparent mist, like the Majka's veil woven out of the pale moonlight, separates me from you, and in the distance a form is pointing and beckoning.

It was a clear winter morning when I started, the sun shone with bright golden rays upon the snow that covered the earth, it lighted up the tall pines and fir trees that stretched out their branches like black arms from a white mantle, and the icicles that sparkled from the roofs of the peasants' cottages like silver fringes. It shone upon the ice-bound pond which was transformed into a silver meadow, and upon the black plumage of the crows that strutted along in front, nodding their heads with an air of importance, and then flying heavily away to settle further upon some glittering pine.

An ashy-grey vapour seemed to arise from the cliffs and fissures of the mountain, like the smoke from an extinguished light, veiling the sun from me as it rapidly approached.

My horse seemed to swim rather than walk in this damp, streaming cloud of mist ; from time to time I perceived forms shrouded in impenetrable gauze, or in a flowing white beard, crouching in the bushes that hedged in the fields.

But soon the sky became again as clear as transparent alabaster ; it gradually deepened in colour, and at length a glowing circle of light appeared, in which the sun shone out again triumphantly. The grey vapour rolled into a cloud, and disappeared over the wood. A rosy glow took its place, and trees and bushes were enveloped in a soft pearly light, whilst the snow gleamed smooth and white as

satin. The mountains were visible through the dark hollows of the wood, dazzling and white as chalk, their topmost peaks surrounded with light as with an aureole; the sky changed to a faint green, that gradually lost itself in clear azure, through which floated small white clouds like sailing swans.

Before me was the grey, crumbling rock, upon which the gloomy castle stood.

I rode round it, and found a gentle slope on one side, but I could discover no path even here, for a wild uncultivated park extended over it. My horse had to make its own way through. At length I came to a great door with rusty hinges, but I looked in vain for either bell or knocker. On either side projected the high grey walls, whose battlements were overgrown with creeping plants. Over the doorway was a grey escutcheon, defaced by the rain.

I raised myself in the stirrups and gave a loud shout. Before the echo from the neighbouring rock could repeat it, the door partially opened with a horrible groaning, and an old man appeared, who greeted me with respect, holding his cap in his hand. Never have I seen his like, unless it were in very old pictures, or on the stage, when a piece relating to Polish history is being given. He looked like one of the grey, worn stone statues that lie upon the marble coffins of our old nobility, with their hands clasped on their breasts. The old man's general appearance was decayed and slovenly; he looked as if every moment he would crumble into dust; his shrivelled face and yellow cheeks resembled old parchment, his innumerable wrinkles appearing like writing that has become illegible. He was dressed in the old Polish costume of the time of John Kasimir, when the Tartar dress had completely supplanted the Slavonic. He had top boots that fell in wrinkles, and might have been green once, loose trousers, a long frock coat, with a broad belt; a scimitar was suspended from a thick string round his shoulder; the prevailing colour about him was a gloomy, dull gray. A tuft of hair which was slightly stirred by the wind stood upright on his otherwise bald head; it seemed as if, according to the fashion of those times, he had shaved his head,

leaving only the lock worn by the Tartar hordes. His gray moustache hung to his breast. He again bowed with great politeness and ceremony.

"You are astonished to see a visitor, old man," said I, as cheerfully as I could. He shook his head. "I have been expecting you," he answered, a friendly smile stealing over his face.

"Put on your cap again," cried I.

He nodded, and placed it slanting on his left ear, then he opened the door, and after I had entered locked and barred it behind me. The great key grated mournfully in the rusty lock.

"Now will you show me all your treasures, old man?" I began when I had dismounted. He had taken my horse's bridle.

"That will be a great honour for me," was his reply, in a voice that grated like the rusty hinges of the door; "I am called Jacob, if you have no objection, my noble sir."

Whilst he led my horse to the stable, I had time to gaze round the courtyard of the castle. Before me was a kind of palace with a lead-coloured roof, under which a dragon's head was ready to spout the rain out into the court beneath. There was also a balcony supported by naked Turks, and a splendid flight of steps.

In a deep niche formed in the wall there was a hideous statue of a Mongol chief, with his hands in fetters. The court was paved with stone, over which there lay a carpet of snow; in the centre was a stone reservoir, overshadowed by the branches of a fine lime-tree, in which roosted two crows that uttered sharp cries from time to time, as if influenced by a desire to welcome the stranger worthily. Everywhere I saw rubbish, broken tiles, and heaps of stones.

The old man came back, and beckoning me to follow, directed his steps towards the grand entrance.

His walk and all his movements had something ghostly about them. I believe if the sun had been shining I could have seen through him. I only then noticed that a large raven gravely followed his steps.

He conducted me slowly up the steps, unlocked a handsomely

ornamented door at the top, and I entered the much dreaded and gloomy building. We mounted broad marble steps, went up and down secret winding staircases, and passed through passages now broad and magnificent, now damp and narrow as the shaft of a mine. Large doors, richly ornamented, were unlocked and refastened ; sometimes a pressure of the finger sufficed, and the wall opened to let us through. Everywhere we seemed to be accompanied by shades and spectres of a bygone age—here hung black armour with the white wings of an angel, there Turkish flags taken in battle, kettledrums, Tartar quivers with poisonous arrows, in rooms draped with faded, moth-eaten tapestry that represented scenes from the Old Testament, and from which, at the slightest movement, the moths fluttered in swarms.

From stately halls adorned with ingenious stucco work and gigantic frescoes, we passed into sleeping apartments with magnificent canopied beds. On a marble pedestal I saw a vase such as only a Greek or Italian artist could produce ; further on was a carved cabinet, which occupied one side of a room, and was filled with all kinds of glass and earthenware ornaments, and jars gaily painted, and having witty mottoes and proverbs written on them, as was the strange German custom in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Most of the windows were closed up, and the old pictures that adorned the walls in every quarter had got dark with age, rendering them unintelligible. Everything was neglected, decayed, covered with dust, and festooned with cobwebs, and the air had a mouldy smell almost overpowering.

At length we came to a moderate-sized room with dark panelled walls, but without furniture of any sort. On the middle wall hung a picture in a tarnished gold frame ; it was covered with a green curtain.

“The old man signed me to stop ; during the whole time of our wandering he had not spoken a word, and now he only expressed himself by sign and look. He approached the green curtain on tip-toe and pulled a concealed string.

The dust flew up in a great cloud ; as it dispersed, I saw the

figure of a woman of rare beauty. She was tall and slender, with snake-like grace, clad in dark velvet; the face that was turned towards me could hardly be called beautiful, but there was something bewitching in its subdued mildness, and smiling melancholy, and the dark tresses coquettishly surmounted by a Polish cap. Her large, dark eyes seemed to flash fire, and, as I drew back, they appeared to follow me.

There was something indescribable in [that look; it deprived me of breath, and made my heart beat violently and my knees tremble.

"It is a striking likeness," whispered the old man.

I looked at him terrified, as one would look at a person one has just discovered to be mad. He seemed to observe my manner, shrugged his shoulders, and covered the picture. Just at that moment I felt a sharp pain in my first finger. It was my engaged ring that cut into my flesh for the first time since I had worn it.

"Well, Herr Jacob," I said, "will you now show me the Marble Statue?"

He stretched out his withered hand, that looked like a faded leaf, from under his large sleeve, and slowly waved it to and fro. "I know," he said, in his grating voice, "that you have only come here because of that, but the time has not yet arrived. Will the noble gentleman come to-morrow night? it will be full moon then, and the dead will come to life."

"Are you in your right senses?" I ejaculated, half unconsciously.

"Quite, my dear sir," he replied, with a smile that stole like a sunbeam in his gray moustache. "I know what I am saying; the picture is very like, and so is the statue. I know her, who indeed should know her better than I do? Have I not danced her on my knee? That is as true, as I love God!"

"I shuddered at the impossibility the old man spoke of with such certainty, I gave him a piece of gold, which he took respectfully, and hastily descending to the court had my horse brought out and rode down the slope with the determination never again to approach the mysterious castle and its lunatic inhabitant.

But that was a determination like many others. The next morning I called myself a coward; in the afternoon I lectured myself on superstition, and when evening came I was in the saddle, intent on paying a visit to the beautiful Marble Statue.

It was cold, but there was no wind. The clear, full moon had already risen high in the heavens, rendering the golden light of the twinkling stars almost invisible. It seemed like daylight, a cloudy day, perhaps, but still like day, so bright was the silvery light of the moon, shining far and wide over the snow which enveloped everything in its dazzling whiteness. At a distance I could distinguish the smallest objects, but the mountains seemed shrouded in a light vapour that hung around them like a sparkling veil. Mysterious sights are created by the moonlight and the snow.

There, where a lonely thatched peasant's cottage stood, they produced a stately ice palace with gleaming windows, such as the Czarina Anna had built on the frozen Neva. Gloomy columns, with flashing capitals, adorned the summit of a mount, resembling the ruins of a Grecian temple. A Tartar woman, clothed in white from head to foot, seemed to stand beside the pond, looking in its shining surface of ice as in a mirror, whilst in the distance I saw statues of the gods of most dazzling marble, and in the smooth plains of the meadows, lovely elves were disporting themselves in a mystic dance.

In the churchyard every grave had a high tombstone, on the top of which lay a radiant white cross, and the restless dead glided amongst them with their shrouds trailing behind them. The mill wheel was held fast by great columns of ice; the silver stream was silent, its rushes and weeds gleamed through the ice in all the colours of the rainbow, like the flowers formed of precious stones in the "Arabian Nights." And when, further on, no roof, tree, not even a small bush was to be seen, only the calm light of the moon on the white waves of snow, I fancied myself riding through the air on an enchanted steed, with the starry vault above and glittering white clouds below.

But it was not long before earth again announced its presence ; the lights from a village appeared through the silvery mists, sparks were flying from the smithy, and the red flames leapt from the furnace, the heavy blows of the hammer sounded on the stillness of the night in melancholy cadence. On the green stood the well covered with a mantle of snow, the frozen iron about it forming the most fantastical arabesques in the bright moonlight. Behind the cottages the hill began to decline, a wood of pines marked its downward course, their snow crowned tops like an army of Cossacks, mounted on black steeds, with white sheepskin caps and glittering lances.

Further on stood a cross by the roadside, with the image of the Saviour nailed to it with diamond-like nails, and crowned with beams of light, instead of dusky thorns. In the distance I could hear the hoarse bark of an old fox.

At last I reached the castle of Tartakow. My horse shuddered as he reached the door, and when the strange old man came unbidden to open it, the animal reared back, and would not enter the court which was filled with a magic light. At length I succeeded in spurring it on, but it obeyed my will trembling, and gave a mournful snort. As the old man conducted me up the broad stone steps I felt an icy wind blowing upon me, the old lime-tree rustled sorrowfully ; far below I heard the rushing noise of a wild mountain stream, that even winter with its icy chains could not enthrall, and overhead floated marvellously sad sweet strains.

“ What is that ? ” I asked.

“ It is the Eolian harp,” answered the old man ; “ it has been on the tower a hundred years, as far as I can remember.”

We entered a comfortable, warm room, with green curtains. A pine-wood fire was burning in the grate, and gave forth an agreeable, narcotic odour. Before the sofa stood a table laid for a repast. I noticed the costly china and antique plate, adorned with the crest of the Tartakow family.

The strange old man begged me to be seated, and served me with



the dignity of an old family steward. I ate little, I was too much agitated. The hands of the old-fashioned clock seemed to stand still. At last they were near upon the twelve.

"It is time," I said.

"Yes, it is time," he asserted. He took a bunch of keys from his belt, and began opening door after door; again we traversed long passages and endless rooms, only this time everything seemed animated with a ghost-like life. From the black visor's flashed menacing eyes, the ghastly figures on the walls seemed ready to walk down out of their gold frames, and even the old flags and curtains seemed to be astir.

After opening a black door, ornamented with silver, that I had not been through the first time I came, he said, "Here I must leave you, noble sir. Go forward boldly, and at the end of the hall you will see two flights of stairs, the one to the left leads to the marble statue. Go in."

I passed the threshold and stood in a magnificent hall with lofty windows, through which the moonlight streamed in pale, and ghostly. I heard the door shut behind me, and the sad strains of the Eolian harp above. I seemed petrified, but I took courage and went forward. My steps echoed on the marble floor, and as I slowly approached the stairs at the end of the hall, two forms ascended from the ground in the silvery moonlight. To my right stood the Saviour, in flowing white garments, His beautiful head crowned with thorns; He was carrying His heavy cross on His shoulders, and His eyes were fixed upon me with a look of tenderness and pain whilst He beckoned to me with His hand.

To my left was a woman whose marble limbs seem to extend themselves in the moonlight; her beauty had something diabolic about it, a beauty that tortures whilst it charms, and makes us merry when in grief, and weep when we are glad. Her cold white hand seemed stretched out for my quivering heart, her lifeless eyes had a soft liquid expression that pierced my soul.

"Take the cross of the human race upon you," the Saviour seemed

to say gently to me ; but *she* lifted her sweet, ripe, lifeless lips to kiss.

I seemed forcibly drawn up the steps to her, into the soft twilight that surrounded her, and as I sank on my knee I drew off my ring and glided it on her finger. She received it calmly, coldly, as a statue, a goddess, a lifeless body, and I bent my head to kiss her lovely feet.

Then I arose, and stretched out my hand for the ring. But as I did so, my heart stood suddenly still, and my senses seemed to forsake me, for, marvellous as it may appear, she closed her hand, and would not release the ring.

I was seized with dread, and drew back. A moment more and I should have been precipitated down the steps, but I recalled my presence of mind, and said, aloud : “ A fancy, an illusion caused by the moonlight—nothing more.”

My words were echoed back in what appeared to me a mocking tone, very different to my own. Again I approached the lovely woman. She was holding her white hand gracefully open as at first, and I saw the golden hoop on her finger. Once more I tried to snatch it away from her, but she again closed it, and when I tried to force it away, I felt the marble fingers clenching tightly in my hands. A shudder ran through me.

I do not know how I got out of the hall, or how I left the castle. I only regained consciousness as the morning breeze blew with icy coldness on my cheeks ; but the phantom woman seemed to follow me. I saw her in a cloud, tinted with the rosy dawn that was passing over the pond, and again I saw her beautiful white form gleaming through the dark pine-trees not far from my house. Since then I have seen her in my dreams, and when awake I distinctly see her enter the room as silently as a moonbeam, and smile at me with her white, lifeless eyes.

In the midst of Manwed's narrative, Herr Konopka had entered the room, not perhaps quite like a moonbeam, but softly enough, nevertheless, and gazed at the charming Amila. Suddenly the latter

gave a terrified scream, at the same time we all became aware of the good young man's presence, and there was a general start of surprise and fright.

"Why is it," said Frau Bardossoski, somewhat angrily, "that you must needs frighten us so every time you come?"

"I do not know," replied Herr Konopka, who was trembling like an aspen leaf, "but it is very certain that I am horribly frightened myself."

"You frightened?" said Kordula, in a mocking tone, "and pray what of?"

"Herr Weroaki's story has made my hair stand on end," faltered Maurizi.

The old gentleman blew forth a cloud of blue smoke, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe, and said—

"A well-told tale!"

Amila got up and seized Manwed's hand.

"Where is the ring I gave you?" she asked, her clear voice grown suddenly quite husky.

"I have not got it."

"That is carrying the jest too far," cried Kordula.

"I think so too," joined in her lover.

"It is no jest," said Manwed; "the marble statue has the ring."

No one spoke another word on the subject, but everyone was visibly annoyed, so Manwed soon took his leave.

I accompanied him to his sledge.

"Don't you think it is time to change your behaviour?" I asked.

"So you too believe I am only jesting?" he answered, with irritation. "Well I tell you that my will is gone, my soul is in the hands of a demon in the form of a Venus, and I love that cold lifeless beauty, who possesses neither a heart, voice nor eyes, like a madman." With that he drove away.

When I returned to the sitting-room I found everyone in the most indescribable agitation. Maurizi swore he would not drive home alone; the *Adjunkt* was discoursing in didactic tones about the power imagination had over mankind; Herr Bardossoski had let his pipe go out. The

cards remained untouched, and no one seemed inclined to do anything—except shudder.

Evidently Manwed's narrative had made a great impression.

The next night Manwed came with the firm determination of making his peace with Amila. His dreamy manner, which seemed bordering on insanity, had completely left him, he was earnest, resolute and repentant. He did not hesitate to explain himself, and when Amila came in, looking pale, and her eyes swollen, he rose to meet her, and inclined himself respectfully.

"Amila," he began, in a tone that went to one's heart, I have grieved and offended you, without any cause on your part, by my strange behaviour; I am fully conscious of my fault, and beg you to forgive me."

"Bravo!" cried the old gentleman, clapping his hands vigorously as if he were applauding some favourite actor on the stage.

Amila tried to reply, but could not bring the words beyond her pale lips.

"Give him your hand," said her mother.

The poor girl stretched out both hands to him, and Manwed caught them in his with all the fervency of a lover; yes, he even made a movement to kiss his affianced bride; but at the same moment he changed colour, and, fixing his gaze in empty space, like one suddenly deprived of life, he staggered back in terror, and cried:—

"What is your will? why do you menace me?"

"What is the matter?" asked Amila, with fear.

"There she is!" he continued, "between you and me, the lifeless stone woman. She has my ring on her finger, which she is holding up to warn me. And now she is gliding out of the door, there—there—she is beckoning me to come."

And there stood Maurizi in a long white cloak, like the governor in "Don Juan."

A fearful cry pierced the air; Amila put her hands before her face; Manwed sank into a chair.

"I am dreadfully frightened," began Maurizi, shaking all over.

"Can't you come in like an ordinary person?" grumbled the old gentleman.

"You are ill," said the *Adjunkt* to Manwed. "You will, perhaps, have brain fever. You must try to get into a perspiration. Go to bed and take some tea."

"I begin to be quite afraid of him," murmured Amila.

Manwed looked round with a glassy stare, arose, and, putting his hand to his forehead, left the room. A week passed without anyone catching a glimpse of him. Herr Bardossoski drove over to his house, but he was not at home. I was not more fortunate when I called, but he returned my visit the same evening. His face was pale and haggard, like one risen from the dead. As he came in he held out his hand to me, then he sat down without a word, and never moved for more than an hour, wholly unconscious of what I was saying to him.

"Come," he suddenly cried, "I must go out; come with me."

I ordered two horses to be saddled, and we cantered along the road, passed fields covered with snow, and trees masked in white, till we approached his house.

All at once he pulled up, and pointed straight before him.

"Look!" he whispered, his throat seeming dry, like one fever stricken; "do you see her?"

"I see no one."

"There!—the white woman riding on a black horse."

It was just twilight, when objects seem more indistinct than in the middle of the night. I strained my eyes without being able to discover anything. At length he calmed down. We arrived at his door, dismounted, and went to his comfortable smoking-room, where the fire was burning so brightly that we could dispense with other light. Neither of us felt inclined to speak. The dog lay under the sofa, moaning in his sleep, the massive clock, whose carved wooden case rose like a tower almost to the ceiling, held forth its monotonous sermon.

"What was that?" asked Manwed, suddenly.

"I did not hear anything."

"But now—?"

This time I really did hear a gentle tapping at the window panes, which were covered with ice-flowers, and had the appearance of Brussels lace.

"Well, can you see nothing now?" asked Manwed, smiling.

He got up and walked to the window; I followed him with my eyes, and at last could see a white woman, with the moon shining full upon her, standing at the window making mysterious signs to my friend. At length, with a nod, she departed.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked. "Have I, too, taken leave of my senses, or are we both labouring under a delusion?"

Manwed shrugged his shoulders.

"I am, as you see, already in Satan's clutches," he whispered; "my story is not one that occurs every day, so I will tell you it; but you must not think I am mad, or still less that I am making up a tale. I do not feel in the humour for jesting."

Poor Amila!

We lit our pipes, and then he began:—

There was a clear full moon the third time I rode to the castle of Tartakow. I was determined to have my ring back at any price. This time the old weather-beaten man awaited me at the doorway, gave me a friendly nod, led away my horse, and asked me if I would take anything.

I drank off a glass of old Burgundy that coursed through my very veins like fire, but would have nothing more. My head was clear, my heart did not beat more quickly than usual.

I was resolute and without fear. When the hour of midnight struck, the old man opened the door of the great hall, and again fastened it behind me. I took no heed, but rapidly went up the steps, and seized the hand of the marble beauty with the intention of taking the ring, but the hand closed, and all my efforts to get it were vain.

It was a horrible struggle with the cold, lifeless marble in the pale moonlight, with all around so quiet and solitary. My arms at

length sunk to my side, and I drew a deep breath. At the same moment a sigh escaped her lovely bosom, and she fixed her white eyes on me with an expression of such superhuman pain that it filled me with shame, and seemed to deprive me of my senses. Without thinking what I did, I threw my arms around her cold beautiful form, and pressed my burning lips to her cold lifeless ones.

It was a kiss without end, not like a kiss when two souls unite but as if a diabolic power were slowly drawing the blood from my body.

An unspeakable dread seized hold of me, but I was unable to draw myself from those dead lips; they gained warmth from mine, and already a gentle breath moved the ivory breast; then all at once I felt the marble arms around my neck like a heavy chain, the sweet weight brought me to my knees, and a lovely smile appeared like a moonbeam in the white eyes. The figure began to move gently, like trees in a spring breeze, that begin to stretch and breathe after the long numbed sleep of winter, her feet essayed to walk, and slowly, as if weary unto death, she stepped down from the pedestal. Transported by her loveliness I again clasped my arms around the half-sleeping beauty, and kissed her with all the ardour of life and youth with which my pulses beat. She returned my kisses with weary lips, as if in sleep, and, extending her fair limbs with Olympian langour, she glided slowly, like one walking in her sleep, to a door I had not perceived till then, making a sign for me to follow.

The door seemed to spring open of itself, and we entered an apartment, with panelled ceiling and walls hung with antique tapestry; strangely fashioned chairs stood around, with gilt frames, the seats being of Persian tapestry.

Near the fireplace stood a couch, with crimson silk cushions, such as one sees in Turkish harems; in front of it was spread out a lion's skin. The air was heavy, and laden with an odour of spice. No light was burning in the large chandeliers that stood before the looking-glass, but outside the moon shone in the dark sky like a silver lamp, and completely lighted up the small room. The lovely woman

stretched herself on the couch, and beckoned me to her. I threw myself before her on my knees, I breathed upon her cold feet and covered them with kisses, I kissed her hands, her neck, her shoulders, till, with a bashful grace, she drew me to her, and again pressed her lips to mine. I cannot describe to you what I felt when I became conscious of her growing warmth, from time to time an electric shock passed through her frame from head to foot; and what were my feelings when she half-unclosed her eyes, and glanced shyly at me? Her lips moved, and she began to speak in such a strange soft voice, whilst her full gaze at length fell on my heart like snow. And, singularly enough, she spoke French.

"I am so cold," she began; "light a fire." I obeyed.

The dry wood soon blazed into a flame, and cast a fitful light over the room, on the faded figures of the tapestry, the gilt of the furniture, and on the reposing form of the lovely white woman, who lay on the red silk cushions, her luxuriant hair flowing in waves around her. The moon wove white roses in the deep, red light of the fire, and crowned the silent god-like form. The wind whistled in the chimney, and the snow tapped at the window-panes with its white fingers, the wood-worm was at work in the wainscot, a mouse was gnawing under the boards. And we kissed each other.

My ardour and frenzy warmed and quickened her benumbed white limbs, which now glowed like fire, or like grim frost; she breathed heavily, her lips quivering with half-expressed passion, but their icy kisses seemed to burn into me. I underwent the martyrdom of the stake, and at the same time the torture of being frozen to death; now the flames seemed darting around me, now I was shrouded in an icy covering of snow.

"Give me something to drink," she said, suddenly.

"What will you have?" I asked.

"Wine," was the answer, and she pointed to a bell near the door. I pulled it. The sound echoed through the deserted building with a dreary tone, and soon after a voice—that seemed to come from the grave—asked what our orders were.



"Wine, old man!" said I.

Again there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it, the catellan stood there, with a bottle still covered with the dust of the cellar, and two glass goblets, on a silver tray, clinking together in his trembling hand.

I filled a glass with the deep red wine, and held it to her. She put it to her lips, and drank it with the same eagerness as she took my kisses; when, at a sign from her, I replaced the glass on the tray, she put her arms about my neck, and pressed her lips passionately to mine. A strange faintness came over me; she seemed to draw in breath, life, and soul. I fancied I was dying, and the thought that I had fallen into the bloodthirsty hands of a vampire overshadowed my mind. But it was too late, I was already entangled in her locks, my hands were buried in her demon tresses; I lost all consciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days after he had related this strange adventure to me, Manwed disappeared. No one could say for certain what had become of him.

Herr Bardossoski was convinced that the devil had carried him off. Amila told me in confidence that the marble woman had appeared to her in a dream, and had said, in the purest French, with a self-satisfied smile, "He is dead, I have drawn his soul from his body, and can now amuse myself again for a time in this beautiful world."

His man-servant declared his master spat blood, and had gone to Netalien to get advice.

Amila cried her eyes red, and—took someone else.

One day, as she sat mourning in the little room with its pretty white curtains, Herr Maurizi Konopka suddenly stood before her, and this time, strange to say, she was not in the least frightened. He stammered out something, which was meant to be an offer of marriage, but sounded more like a lyric poem, and four weeks later they stood together at the altar. It was a very gay wedding. I danced at it myself.

## SEQUENCE.

Some years later I was at Paris, and just leaving the Grand Opéra, when I unexpectedly enough saw my friend Manwed again. The piece given was "Robert le Diable." A carriage, drawn by two beautiful black horses, had just been summoned by a man-servant in a blue Cossack costume. I stayed for a moment to look at the distinguished-looking couple that were going towards it.

It was Manwed, with a lady on his arm!

He was dressed in black, his face was as white as a ghost, deep shadows were visible round his gleaming eyes, his hair hung about his forehead. The lady was of majestic height; I could only see her noble and beautiful profile, but I noticed that she was very pale; about her marble neck hung golden locks. She was wrapped in a magnificent shawl, but seemed, nevertheless, to be very cold.

*She was the Princess Tartakowska!*

Manwed's gaze fell upon me as upon a pillar or a stone wall. He did not recognise me. A moment more and he had passed on.

I have never seen or heard of him since, and the terrible mystery remains to this day unsolved.

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## UNDER THE ROSE.

By J. ASHBY-STERRY.

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### I.

**T**HE dainty girdle deftly placed,  
I jealously espy :  
It closely clasps her slender waist,  
*And so would I !*

### II.

The zephyr from the sunny South,  
Is faintly heard to sigh,  
(When rose leaves kiss her coral mouth)  
*And so do I !*

### III.

It played amid her soft brown hair—  
Then gently, on the sly,  
It kissed the dimples of my Fair,  
*And so would I !*

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# FORGET-ME-NOT.


A CHRISTMAS STORY FROM THE COUNTRY SIDE.

BY STUART CUMBERLAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE FADED FLOWER.

T was only a sprig of forget-me-nots that he, Reuben Bruce, the village carpenter, held in his hand as he sat, one Christmas Eve, thoughtfully before the wood fire that crackled on the spacious hearth of his cottage home.

The flowers were quite faded, and almost colourless, but he held them tenderly in his grasp, and a tear stood in his sad eyes as he looked at them. Those scentless flowerets were terribly dear to him, so closely associated were they with the history of his life. He had taken them out of a letter that lay open on his lap. Why he had done so he could hardly tell, beyond that he felt lonely and mournful, and the chimes of the bells that came ringing through the frost from the church across the fields awoke memories within him, making him think of *one* who had been so much to him.

And as he sat thus, with the warm glow of the firelight falling on his troubled face, the forget-me-nots seemed to find voice and speak, and this is what they said:—

It is now six months ago, Reuben, since Lily Hawthorne—your own Lily, as you would call her—plucked us from where we lay nestling in the shade of the broad flag leaves, side-by-side with the odorous meadow sweet, in that little water home of ours, the pool outside the old Priory walls. It was just when the sun was setting, Reuben, that

she was passing by the water's edge ; she saw our blue eyes shining amongst the green sedge, she stopped suddenly, broke us from our parent-stem, and placed us in her bosom. Then she went on her way dreamily, wearily. She had just left him, the young Squire, Ernest Chetwynd ; they had met that evening amongst the old ruins—that was a favourite meeting place of theirs, Reuben, only you didn't know it—and had loved ; yes, loved, though all the time you had thought her true to you, and you only. There had been tears on her part ere they separated, for he pressed her to do something which she seemed unable or unwilling to do. We could see him where we lay amongst the green fringe that surrounded us, entreating her with great earnestness, bringing reproaches and affected anger to his aid, when entreaties failed him ; we could see her all weak and wavering, gradually giving way to the force of his eloquent pleadings, and, in a voice that was choked with a sob, we heard her promise him what he wished.

Then he kissed her lips—those lips, Reuben, which you had thought your heaven—and she had hung her head on his shoulder and wept bitterly. He had let her lie there a little, soothing her the while, then raising her tenderly, he kissed away the tears that filled her grey eyes, and, with a fond caress, bade her good-eve.

His last words, as he went his way along the bridle path to Chase House, being, “ Remember, Lily, love, to-night when all is dark.”

It was painful to see her watch him disappear in the distance, with her eyes red with weeping, and her bosom heaving with emotion. Till long after he was out of sight she had stood there, but at length she left, and on her way home past the pond, gathered us as we have told you.

Along the high road she went. Then, as if fearful of meeting the villagers coming from their daily toil, she had altered her course, and branched off across the meadow lands. She had met someone she knew just before this, and had trembled much, and when the friend wished her good-night remained silent as if she hadn't heard him. Perhaps she didn't, though she pressed her bosom heavily with

her tiny hands, crushing us a little, but hurting us not, for we are hardy, and not easily crushed ; we are the flowers of love, they say, and love is fickle, often dealing harshly with all things that are offered at its shrine, especially flowers, so we need be strong and used to careless handling.

We did not meet anyone on our way along those silent fields till we came to the stile, when we saw you, Reuben. You were leaning there, tired and somewhat sad, we thought ; you had just done your work, we could see, for your basket full of tools, with the handle of the big saw peeping out of the side, was in your hand. You seemed to have been waiting for someone, Lily, perhaps. She had gone to Preston, the village town, four miles yonder, you knew, to fetch some medicine for her mother, who was ill, and must come this way home.

How she started when she saw you ; almost we had dropped out of her bosom with the force of her agitation. She stood still for some time, half wishing to go back, and inwardly praying that you would rise and leave. Had you not raised your head and seen her, she would have turned and fled, anywhere almost, we think, rather than have met you. But you saw her, and, with a glad shout of welcome leapt the stile, all weary though you were, and hastened to her. You were struck with her paleness, and asked her if she were ill, and she answered, "No, only a little tired." This answer did not satisfy you, and we could see that you were alarmed ; for Lily was your darling, and for her to be ill was to make you full of anxiety on her account.

But in spite of all your entreaties to tell you what really ailed her, she had remained silent. With care you helped her over the stile, you did not stay there as was your wont, for you wished to see her home quietly, she looking so ill.

Poor Reuben, we were only flowers, but we felt for you ; flowers have sympathies, though the thoughtless world thinks us without heart or feeling, using us for its pleasures and its vanities, leaving us to wither and die when its foibles are satisfied. We had seen you often, you the happy pair of lovers, walking arm and arm along the sweet field

ways, and you often paused by the pond, and then we heard your fond, earnest words of love. It was there, one Midsummer Eve, that you plighted your troth, when the birds were singing their even-song in the trees above your head, and all around was still and full of peace.

We often heard of you. The balls of thistledown, that came floating on the soft summer air, would whisper to us, as they passed, news of you, telling us that they had met you in the fields and by the riverside, and that, with all the shallowness, faithlessness, and deception in the world, it did their hearts good to see such love as yours, so pure and strong. The thistledown, however, hasn't much heart, the buffeting it gets in the world makes it somewhat hollow and cynical; but it is a great traveller, and sees much, and is by nature very shrewd; its opinions are therefore worth much. The gentle-eyed swallows, who came to drink, would talk of you in their meek way. They had seen much of you, too, they said, and always found you the same, at which they appeared to marvel not a little, knowing, as they did, through experience gained in the course of their lengthy voyages, how little consistency, steadfastness, and truth there is in mankind, especially with those who love.

We are but simple flowers, we forget-me-nots, and very domesticated, but they make us the messengers of "love," and, alas, we know, with the world generally, what store is set by the sublime passion.

But to return, Reuben; we will not talk of ourselves; it is of you we would speak.

It was outside her mother's cottage that you wished her good-night. You did not kiss her lips, we remember. "Not to-night, Reuben," she had said, drawing herself away. She was shivering, and looked ill and pale, so you did not press her, but taking her hand in yours you had held it fervently to your lips; that was all the kiss you gave; you had none in return, then you let her go.

There was a God bless you on your lips as you parted. She could get no further than good-night, the prayer seemed to choke in her throat, and her eyes drooped as if fearful of meeting yours.

You would see her in the morning, were your last words, when you hoped she would be well—quite well.

With an earnest prayer on your lips for her well-being, you had left her. She entered the cottage, and the door closed behind her. We heard your footsteps going heavily up the gravel path between the rose beds, we heard you fasten the wicket-gate, and then take your way along the high street of the village to your home.

Lily crept upstairs, unobserved, to her little room under the eaves and fell on her knees before the white-curtained bed.

“God bless Reuben,” were her first words; “God bless him, and may he forgive me my wickedness and cruelty to him!”

For several moments she knelt thus. At length she arose; then, catching sight of us peeping out from her bodice, she took hold of us gently, and filling a small china dish with water, placed us therein. Her lips touched us tenderly and sweetly, and uttered a few kind words of praise about our blue eyes.

Suddenly some one from downstairs called. Lily started on hearing the voice, then hurriedly left the room.

Some time passed, minutes or hours, we know not which, for we were tired, and had fallen asleep when Lily re-entered the room.

She bore a light in one hand, and in the other carried a small black bag. We saw her go to a plain chest of drawers that contained her scanty wardrobe, and commence hastily filling the bag. This done she turned to the table, and sat down to write. She looked terribly pale and agitated, and now and then glanced furtively towards her bedroom door, as if fearful of being surprised.

The white sheets of paper lay on the table before her for some time untouched, the pen shook in her trembling grasp, and anon she would press a hand to her beating heart. Summoning up courage, she commenced writing, and as she did so the pent-up tears fell thick and fast on the paper.

She wrote two letters. One was to her mother, telling her she was going away and might never see her again, ending with a prayer for forgiveness for the step she was about to take. The other was for



Reuben ; this appeared to be the hardest one to write. She shook violently when her lips uttered his name, and the tears commenced to flow afresh, but at length it was done. She had said how wicked she was, how she had deceived him for some time, and hoped that he could find heart to forgive her. She told how her heart, which had beaten for him, had been won by the young squire, and that she loving him so, and, fearful of losing him, had agreed to go away with him that night—to be married, she said, for that was what Squire Chetwynd had promised.

She finished the epistle with the hope that Reuben would think of her at times, and, whilst trying to forgive her all the wrong she had done him, remember what once she had been to him.

At the bottom of the letter she added a postscript. It ran :—

*“ Forget-me-not ! ”*

Then she took us out of the china basin, kissed us once again, whilst the tears fell fast and warm upon us, and placed us in the letter she had penned to him. This she sealed up.

We were all in the dark, and could no longer see her, but we heard her pace the room in her agitation, and then go to the bedside and pray long and earnestly. Afterwards she opened the door quietly, and crept stealthily downstairs. Out of the house she stole, and passed along the garden path into the road beyond.

Then we heard whispers ; it was the squire's voice ; the sound of cart wheels soon afterwards became distinct. A moment more and Lily was lifted up into the trap, the horse sped on, and she was borne away in her lover's arms. Where ?—to what ? . . .

We remember the next morning the envelope, in which we were imprisoned, being hurriedly broken open by tremulous hands, and its contents hastily read. We saw you, Reuben, with an agonised look on your face, and tears of heart-felt grief filling your eyes.

Poor Reuben, what you must have suffered on reading that all-terrible news. You were mad, we think, at first. It was all so unexpected ; the blow was so sudden, so complete. You would take no counsel with anyone, nor hearken to what anyone had to say, but

rushed off in search of her, taking us with you in the letter, wearing us next your heart. Your search was fruitless. How could it be otherwise ?

London is a large place, and will hide thousands of such lost lambs as your Lily without any trace of them being shown.

Poor Reuben, it was heart-broken that you returned from your unsuccessful search, and when the village folk came out to meet you, and ask of her, you could answer them nothing, but only shook your head slowly and sorrowfully.

You were ill for a time, and let fall many strange words, among them oaths of vengeance against him who had stolen your darling. All this we heard as we lay by your beside, for you would for ever have us nigh you.

You did not blame her ; she was not in fault, you would say in your generosity ; you forgave her all ; it was all him, and you were to have a reckoning, and a heavy one, with him some day.

For her your love was all the same ; though you had been served cruelly, you still loved her, and there has been all along but one prayer on your lips, that she would return, and that you might raise her up and make her your wife.

The Squire had not married her, you found out, but had deceived her, and this had made your hatred of him greater, and your love for her stronger.

There has come no news of Lily, and all this time you wonder what has become of her. Six months have seemed as six years to you, and we have heard folk say as you have aged greatly since the day she ran away.

You often fetch us out to look at, we remind you of her so much ; we are dear to you, we know ; you kiss us passionately often, and drop scalding tears on us now and then. We've grown to love you, Reuben, by reason of the closeness of our companionship, and we're thankful to you for the care you take of us, for how many " last gifts," if they be nothing more valuable than mere flowers, get spared speedy destruction or escape neglect ? A lock of hair is prized more than we

poor flowers ; our fate, when our winter is upon us, is the flames or the dust heap.

It hurts us, Reuben, to see you always so sad, so listless in your work, without any hope or pleasure at your heart, and no smile on your face. We hope that once again you may be happy and gladsome as you once were. Who knows? you may be, for Lily may come home again.

The voice of the flowers sank into silence, and Reuben seemed to have caught their last words. "She may come back again," he murmured, as he looked dreamingly into the blazing fire. "Who knows? They tell me she will never return, but I believe she will, I pray so, and ask God to grant me this. *He* is good, and will hearken to my prayer."

Then Reuben remained quiet, wrapped in thought. The burning wood crackled on the hearth, a mouse was biting the wainscoting, the old clock in the corner solemnly ticked away the hours. Outside a storm raged, the wind blew and shrieked loudly through the wastes, driving the snow before it ; the sleet was dashed heavily against the diamond-shaped window panes. It was a terrible night to be out ; the frost was sharp, with snow falling heavily, and in many places the roads were rendered impassable.

It was very cold all over England, colder than it had been known for years. The birds died by thousands, the cattle were frozen to death out in the fields, and now and then a homeless wayfarer would be found stiff and dead by the roadside.

This Christmas Eve had been particularly cold, and a storm had raged for hours, increasing in force as the night wore on. Everyone was indoors, and the village lay still, showing little signs of life, whilst the snow fell in clouds and the wind shrieked through the chimney-tops of the thatched cottages, tearing off large branches from the trees in its fury.

Pat, pat, came the snow-flakes against the window, and a strong blast shook the house. "It isn't fit for a dog to be out," Reuben said as he glanced to the door ; "God pity those poor souls who have to be out in such a night as this."

He arose and moved to the window, and looked out. The night was dark, without moon or stars, and all about the great snow-flakes were descending. Borne on the changing blasts, he could hear the faint echoes of the church bells. All at once he started, and peered anxiously into the darkness without.

"I thought I heard a cry," he said, hastily, and he listened. "No, I must have been mistaken, 'twas but the wind. No, there it is again; it cannot be the wind; it is a human voice, and a woman's, too, crying for help," and, as he spoke, there came feebly through the night a cry of distress.

"Some poor soul has lost her way. I'll go and seek for her," said Reuben.

He unhitched a great coat from off a peg and put it on, and seized hold of a lantern and lit a candle. Then he hurried to the door and opened it. As he did so the snow blew in in clouds. He shut the door behind him, and went out in the storm.

He did not know who it could be who was crying for help, nor did he care. Someone was crying for assistance, that was enough for him. So he went.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE OLD, OLD TALE.

It was on this bitterly cold night that a young girl, scantily clad, trudged her way along the high road that led from London. Many weary miles had she come through all the terrors of the raging storm, alone and on foot. A terrible night it was, darkness all around, roaring winds, and biting frost. Fair and fragile was this young girl who braved the inclemency of the elements. The winds tossed her to-and-fro as a leaf, and often she stumbled in the depths of the snow-drifts. But she held on bravely and steadily in spite of the cruel sleet that harshly struck her face, and the appalling gloom. No one

passed her as she came on her way ; there were no travellers abroad, and the villagers were safely housed. Now and then the glimmer of a light in a peasant's cottage could be seen through the snow clouds, and the bark of a watch dog heard ; other signs of life there were none.

The poor girl was tired from long travel, and faint from long fast, but hope was strong within her, and she held on, otherwise she must have succumbed.

Her hope was to reach home that night.

In her weariness she had been tempted to lay herself down, and let the snow cover her, but she had combated the temptation and pressed on. On she went in the darkness, struggling, groping as one blind. At length she reached a part where the roads branched. Then she paused. The spot was familiar to her, though she could not in the dark discern anything. Across the highway she sped to a stile that stood between the white-capped hawthorn hedge. Her heart beat with joy as she gained it. It led into the fields, a mile nearer her home than by the road.

It was a very desolate way, and she hesitated, almost fearful of taking it, with the treacherous snow under foot, and the fierce storm raging. Her fear, however, was but momentary. She had braved much already, and a little more courage, she thought, was all that was needed ; besides, she knew every inch of the road, having traversed it so often, though never at such an hour and in such weather as this. With an effort she climbed the stile, and sped eagerly across the trackless meadows.

The last time she had come this way had been in the beautiful summer weather, when the corn was beginning to turn golden under the rays of a July sun, when the air was full of sweet odours from the flowers and newly-made hay, and the birds made music in the sky. It had been all bright then, very pleasant and easy of travelling. Now it was different. The little brook that used to gurgle by the hedgerow, was frozen and silent, no red, blushing poppies decked the corn fields, nor drowsy milch cows dotted the pasture lands. Instead, there

was a long, measureless tract of snow, with all about drear and desolate. The willows by the river yonder drooped their heads before the violent gusts; the silvery beeches were broken, and their twigs scattered about; the giant oaks creaked and groaned as if in pain, and the storm blasts shrieked over the meadows.

She had to wade through the snow, knee deep at times, but she did not mind that, she knew the way now, and that she was not far from home. Before she had had to grope her way in strange roads.

The ground was very slippery, and she was growing more and more tired at every step she took. Unknowingly she plunged into a furrow filled with snow, her foot slipped, and she fell.

The force of the shock almost stunned her; she lay for many moments still and motionless. She felt tired, so very tired.

The snow fell faster and faster, and a drowsy sleep began to steal over her. With a shudder she tried to rouse herself, for she knew that to lie there would be fatal. She had heard in her childhood days old folk say that those who went to sleep in the snow never awoke alive again on earth. But her struggles to rise were in vain, she was too weak, and she fell back exhausted, and treacherous sleep began to woo her.

She was so close upon her home now, and could hear the mill water surging in the mill dam and the great blocks of ice dashing together. This aroused her once again. With a frantic effort she raised herself up a little, and lifted her voice in a cry for aid.

A cry, shrill and loud, burst from her lips, a piteous cry for help broke upon the night, and was carried away in a moan by the surging winds.

Further effort was denied her, and she fell back, powerless to move. Then sleep began to creep fast upon her. She would rest awhile, she thought, though she fain would have seen those she loved without delay. The snow began to cover her; she strove to draw her shawl over her breast to keep out the cold.

She at length began to grow warmer, and her mind to be filled with pleasant, airy dreams.

"Mother, dear mother," she murmured, "I'm so tired, and I must rest here awhile, though I had longed to see you to-night, to hear you say that you forgave me, to feel your kiss upon my cheek and your loving arms around my neck once more. But I'll be with you in the morning, mother dear, in the morning. Good-night, and may God bless you!"

With this she lapsed into silence. The snow still fell and the winds roared!

Now she began to babble of love and of one who had won her heart, and had taken her away from her home and all she prized so dearly. It was the old, old tale that her broken words told, of a heart won and a heart crushed. She had gone away, in the blindness of her faith, with one who professed to love her, and who, when he had grown tired of her, had deserted her, turning her adrift on the cold, uncharitable world, homeless and friendless, and she had at length determined to return and lay herself penitently at her mother's feet. Her incoherent words spoke of much anguish and suffering that she had gone through, and how with difficulty she had escaped the traps and snares, set for her by cruel London, when alone and helpless in its streets.

Then once again she was silent.

All at once there came a loud shout on the night, but she heard it not. It was Reuben who called.

"Where are you—where are you?" he asked in the distance. But there came no answer.

"Here is help near! someone to save you! Where are you? answer, for the love of God!" continued he, in a clear, anxious tone.

Still no reply; his voice was drowned in the storm.

There was the sound of heavy footsteps tramping in the snow, and Reuben could be seen through the darkness searching on the ground. The lantern he bore contained no light, it had been blown out.

He went on looking about him eagerly he was fearful that he might miss her. Once, some winters back, when but a mere lad, he had heard a similar cry, and had gone out in search, and had found a

poor beggar man buried in the snow, warm, but quite dead, and he feared that he might be too late this time.

At last his eye caught sight of something dark lying in the snow ; with eager footsteps he hastened to it. He found it was the form of a woman, almost buried in the drift. He stooped hastily by her side. " Are you hurt ? who are you ? " he asked in a voice soft and tender.

She did not speak !

" I see you are hurt. I will carry you." He stripped off his warm coat, lifted her up from the bed of snow, and wrapped it round her. She lay in his arms quite motionless.

" Am I too late ? " said Reuben. He put his hand to her heart, and found that it still beat, though feebly.

" I will take her to the cottage, it is nearest, and they will tend to her there," and with great tenderness he bore her away.

Through the heavy, drifted snow he plodded slowly, but steadily. He heeded not the sleet that struck his eyes, nor the wind that nipped him through and through, but pressed on with his charge, who, though she was unknown to him, was precious. He, brave lad as he was, would have risked his life at any time to save a fellow creature.

The girl was quiet and passive in his grasp. Once, however, he thought he heard her murmur to herself.

" Did you speak ? " he asked. But she gave no answer, and he pressed on.

She was not heavy, but he began to grow fatigued, it was such laborious work trudging through the snow, but he knew to stop would be dangerous, and so he struggled manfully on.

He felt her move faintly under the warmth of the sheep-skin coat, and this time he could hear her murmur to herself, as one in a dream.

He stooped his ear to her lips and listened.

" I'm so warm, dear mother, now, and no longer hungry and tired. In the morning, mother." That was all she said, and again she lapsed into silence.

" Where do you live ? Tell me and I'll take you there," was the question Reuben put, though no answer came.



"A little while longer and we shall be there," he said to himself.

He left the fields, and made his way to the wicket gate of a cottage garden; it was blocked up with snow, and it was with difficulty that he opened it. The house was soon gained, the shutters were closed, but a feeble streak of light crept through a crack.

"They are not a-bed yet. I shan't have to wake 'em up. But I wonder who this poor girl is?" and Reuben looked down on the cold form he held.

He tried the door; it opened, and he entered a room; a fire was still burning in the grate, and a cat was lying asleep on the hearth. An old woman sat back in her chair buried in thought. She started as Reuben entered.

"Who, Reuben, have you there?" and she glanced, half-terrified at him as she spoke.

"Some one, mother, I've found in the snow."

The red glow of the burning logs shone on the holly wreaths and bunches of dried herbs on the walls, and lit up the fair face of her whom he carried.

As Reuben saw, with the light full upon it, the pale face that lay nestling in his coat, a shiver ran through his frame. He stood as one transfixed. He staggered, and would have fallen, had not the woman given him support.

"My God," he said, in a voice husky with emotion, "'tis Lily!"

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### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT THE NEW YEAR BROUGHT FORTH.

"I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am,  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

\* \* \* \*

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now,  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go!"—*Tennyson.*

The weeks rolled on, and the snow disappeared from the earth, the ice thawed in the rivers, and the hardness of winter gave way to the freshness of spring.

The cottage by the mill was covered with creeping plants bursting into bloom, the garden teemed with earliest buds, a moss-grown bank was gay with violets, whilst here and there the flower-beds were decked with yellow patches of primroses.

It was one bright spring day, when the gaudy butterflies flapped their wings in the sun, and the velvet-coated bees hung over the fresh, sweet blossoms, when the nest-birds chirped in the thatch, and a little brown linnet sang for very happiness in the thickness of the hawthorn hedge, when the soft winds played with the golden laburnum tresses that drooped over the cottage casement, and brought with them the bleat of the lambs in the meadows beyond and the odours of countless wood-born flowers, that Lily lay unto death.

Upstairs in that little room under the eaves she lay with the life-flood ebbing fast without any hope of recovery.

For many weeks, from the time she had been saved from the snow by Reuben, she had lain almost unconscious. For a time her mind had been in a state of delirium, and her sight blind to all around.

The doctor often came ; he was not the parish one ; Reuben had gone to the town and fetched a skilful man ; as long as he had a few pounds stored by, Reuben said she should have the best medical skill. The doctor held out little hopes of her recovery ; long fast, many privations, and exposure to the frost, had done their work, and what little life there was left in the poor girl was but feeble.

But whilst there was life there was hope, Reuben thought, and he would not despair. He could not dream of her dying, she would live and be his wife, he said to himself. He had longed to see her again, to take her to his heart, and say he forgave her, and ask her to marry him. This had been his hope ; she had returned, and would be his once more !

But for her to have returned in such an abject state, smote him terribly.

"If I could only have suffered for her instead," he would mutter fervently in his heart. "My poor darling ! what she must have gone through."

He did not blame her after all she had suffered ; he could not. All sin and blame he laid to Ernest Chetwynd, and he cursed him for his crime.

“It was his fault, he came like a thief and whispered honeyed words in her ears, and blinded her eyes with his fine manners and good looks. She was innocent, and believed in him. She was a child, and knew not the world, and trusting him fell easily into the snare that he set for her.” This is what he would say through his clenched teeth, whilst his brow knit, and his hand twitched.

For Squire Chetwynd to have met him at such times, would have been dangerous. He would have had scant mercy shewn him.

Reuben swore to have his revenge when it should lay in his power, come of it what might.

“May God curse him for the wrong he has done, may the wretchedness which he has caused her come to him tenfold ; he has destroyed her happiness, and stolen her good name, leaving her to starve and die, or come to worse than death. He did all this, and had no pity, but let her suffer, my poor Lily, and if we meet, may God have mercy on his soul !” These were his words.

Of his own disappointment and blighted hopes, Reuben thought little. He only thought of what Lily had gone through. His was a faith that was true through all ; he had sworn to love her, and he would keep his word, and now that she had fallen, and all had deserted her, he clung to her the more.

Since the day that she had gone away with her lover, he had waited with one hope at his heart—to find her, and raise her up, and make her his wife.

“If she will only love me now, only be my wife, I will thank God for my happiness, and bless her,” he said, fervently, now that she had returned. “I was not good enough for her before, but I’m more her equal now, and as he cares for her no more, she may turn to me and love me as she used to once before ;” and his heart would lighten as he thought thus.

Reuben was at her bedside early and late ; he watched over her

with a yearning tenderness. It grieved him terribly to see her lying there, ill and senseless, muttering incoherent words, which told of her bitter trials, and of all the want and misery that had been her lot, of all the vile temptations that had beset her when lonely and friendless.

He longed to see her beautiful eyes look less wildly, and to recognise him and those about her. He longed to hear her speak to him once again.

In her delirium she would for ever babble of her lover ; his name was always first on her lips. She scarcely mentioned that of Reuben.

Poor Reuben, as he sat and watched by her, would feel his heart twinge with pain as he heard. But he said nothing ; he only thought that it was hard that her lover's name should be even mentioned after all she had suffered through him.

At length she had recovered consciousness. As she opened her eyes she was bewildered. The first word that escaped her was, "Ernest."

Reuben heard it, and he groaned inwardly.

"Where am I ? Where is he ? " she had said, gazing wildly about the room.

Her mother and her little sister were standing close by ; she recognised them at length, and beckoned to her mother to come near, and drew her to her, kissing her cheek, and then buried her head in her bosom, weeping bitterly.

From Reuben she had cowered, hiding her face in the pillow for very shame.

"Do not be afraid of me, Lily," had been Reuben's words. "I will not hurt you. Lily, darling," and the tears had filled his eyes, "I love you as much as ever. Let the past be buried," and, kneeling down by her side, he took her hand, covering it with kisses.

From that hour it had been agreed that the past should be buried.

But with the recovery of right and reason, there came no hope of Lily's safety. The life which had been struggling within her in

darkness and wildness, grew not stronger under the breath of calmness and light.

With a voice full of tenderness she thanked Reuben for saving her from the snow. Her words of heartfelt gratitude thrilled through him and repaid him a thousand fold.

It was then that he spoke to her of marriage ; but she had smiled sadly, and shook her head, saying, "It could never be."

Reuben did not press her, he would wait till she got stronger he thought, when he could plead his suit.

All this time Lily was fading away as a flower, dying slowly, but surely, like a summer day dies, with the light lingering to the last. But Reuben could not see it ; that she was weak and ill he knew, but he felt that in time she would get well again. The mother could see that her child was dying, and that there was no hope, but she and others were afraid of telling Reuben, knowing how great his disappointment and grief would be.

Poor Reuben, he was only waiting till she got strong and could leave her bed of sickness, when he could go down before her and pour out all his love into her ears, and ask her to come and make happy that home which he had been preparing for her for years.

At length there came a time when even Reuben could see that his darling was going. The shock, after all his hopes and prayers, was a cruel one. The plans of his life were shattered, and his heart felt broken.

It was one bright spring day that Lily grew rapidly worse, and the doctor said that she might not live the night out. The vicar had come and blessed her, and knelt by her bedside and prayed with her, mingling his silvery locks in her dark ones. When he left it was with a sorrowful heart at seeing one so fair and young dying so. But he was contented with the state of her soul, and felt sure that God would forgive her and take her to Him as one of His children, though man were more uncharitable, and forgave her not, she being sincere in her repentance.

When the vicar had departed, she called Reuben to her.

"Reuben," she said, and her voice was low and sweet, "I want you to promise me one thing."

"Yes, Lily," and he came nearer and took her pale thin hand, which she held out to him. "What is it you wish of me?"

"I want—I want," and her voice trembled—"you to promise me that if you should meet Ernest Chetwynd you will do him no harm!"

A dark, heavy look spread over Reuben's face as she spoke. For a moment he was silent.

"I cannot promise this, Lily; I've sworn to be avenged on him!" and an oath rattled in his throat.

Lily looked up in alarm. "Hush, Reuben, you must not; you are wrong. He was not to blame, it was I who was to blame. Mine was the fault, and mine alone. He was ever kind to me, he never treated me ill. He was obliged to leave me, believe me, Reuben, this is the truth. All the privations I suffered were through my own fault. I might have avoided them had I only come home."

"Or had I sought for you by day and night till I had found you," interrupted Reuben. "If I had only done this, how different all would have been." And a mournful look crept over his face.

"Why did you not let me know? Why not have trusted me? Only have told me where you were, so that I could have fetched you away." His voice thrilled with impassioned earnestness.

"That is all over now, let it all be forgotten. Forgive me for not letting you know. I forgot that amongst all you would be true."

She spoke very calmly, and with a gentle sweetness.

"Forget it? I cannot, Lily, and curse him that brought it all on you!" The words were hurled through his clenched teeth.]

"No, Reuben, you must not curse him. Do you hear me? Curse me, if you will, but not him!"

Her voice echoed with a plaintive eloquence through the room, and her deep, sad eyes dwelt on him with an entreaty that was almost a reproach. For a moment Reuben bent his head, stilled by her words. Silence reigned. The sparrows had done twittering in the thatch, and were gone to rest; the linnet, with the setting of the sun, had finished

his song ; the flowers shut up their petals and slept. There was only now and then the tramp of the villagers as they passed, or the tinkle of sheep bells as the shepherd drove by his flock. Some people would look up at the flower-hung window with curious eyes as they went along, for they knew that Lily was dying.

This man, Ernest Chetwynd, had been the curse of his life, he had robbed him of all happiness, and taken away the life of her who was so much to him. As Reuben stood there with his head bent down, the thoughts of what this man had done coursed rapidly through him. His blood boiled within him ; the love of vengeance, which is greater when it is for the wrongs done another, possessed him, and drove him nigh mad.

"Curse him ; yes. And why not ?" he asked. "He has killed you in all your youth and beauty. What else is he than a murderer ? and yet you would have me spare him."

Over his face swept all the fierceness of his hatred, and his frame shook in every fibre.

"Reuben, you must not. You hurt me. 'Twas I who deceived you, Reuben, revenge yourself on me. And promise me not to harm him if you should ever meet ; promise me, and I will bless you. For my sake !"

She raised herself up as she spoke, and her hand clutched his shoulder, her face bore a look of piteous entreaty, as it was held up to his. Then a sudden change came over her, the weakness of exhaustion ; her form trembled, and she sank back on her pillow, silent and motionless. Reuben quivered from head to foot as he heard, his eyes gazed without sight on the ground. A fierce struggle was going on within him—a struggle between his love for Lily and his oath of vengeance.

"For my sake," rang in his ears and awoke the tenderness of his nature. As he saw her fall back helpless on the bed, the paroxysm of his hate fled, all his yearning devotion came over him.

A cry of anguish burst from his lips, and he threw himself down by her bedside. A great remorse was on him now that he saw the

result of his anger. He saw that he had pained his darling, when he would have given his life to have saved her one pang.

"Forgive me, Lily," he said, "I knew not what I was about. I abjure my oath, even though I'm accursed. I only ask for your forgiveness."

His face was held up in piteous supplication. She raised herself a little, and touched his forehead with her lips. "God bless you, Reuben," that was all she said.

There was no need for further words, they spoke volumes. Reuben dropped his head and wept.

Outside the soft winds fanned the leaves and the flower tresses, the mill water murmured and splashed gently against the stone walls; the stars were bright in the heavens, and riding high in the blue sky was the spring-tide moon; the silvery softness of her rays stole into the room, and lit it up with a mellow light.

There was a long breathless silence.

Presently into the chamber the mother came, and hanging to her skirt was the weeping child. They paused in the doorway, then passed silently across to the bed, and knelt there.

Their voices were lifted in a sweet, earnest prayer for one who was going to leave them.

Through the stillness that followed there came Lily's fervent "God bless you all."

The night fell.

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The silvery moonlight died, and the sun broke with a faint red flush in the Eastern sky. The white mists vanished, and the early morning's silence thrilled with the notes of waking birds.

Over the blue-wooded hills and the green fields the rosy sunlight fell. The stream flowed on, mingling its song with the murmur of the flags and reeds, swept through by the odorous breeze.

The willows on the banks rustled together, and drooped their golden flowers in the gliding water; a nest of kingfishers chirped in



the thickness of the sedge ; the pigeons circled round and round the cottage, and cooed mournfully on the thatch. On a rose bush the linnet sang a note of sadness.

In the room which the yellow laburnum overhung all was silent. Lily lay dead!

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a grave in the village churchyard. It is under the shade of a May bush. To it there comes every day a man with a sad, care-worn face, and whose hair, though he is yet young, is almost white. He tends the mound with loving care, and plants flowers around it. In the season the blue forget-me-nots bloom there.

At the head of the grave there is a cross, it is his, Reuben's work ; on it he has carved at the top one name, Lily, and beneath,

*" Forget-me-not ! "*



## TO MAY

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

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DEAR *May*, keep with its innocence and truth  
This day, which is the May-day of thy youth.  
These birthday couplets please accept from me.  
Dear child, thy happiness long may it be ;  
Thy health I drink on this auspicious day ;  
A bright and joyous life long be it, *May* !  
Thy path with roses strewn and flow'rets rare  
Reaching, fair *May*, from Chelsea to May Fair.

T. F. D. C.

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## MY ONLY LOVE.

BY EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE,

Author of "A Life Race," "A Crown for Love," &c.

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He is no lover who loves not for ever.—*Euripides.*

But this was taught me by the dove,  
To die, and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn;  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.—*Byron.*

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### CHAPTER IV.

AGAINST THE WORLD.

**H**E kept his word, and quickly too. Twice was I blest, that he came to me, and that he came so soon! Came he in love, or in friendship, or in merest courtesy, I cared not; was it not enough to look upon him? to hear him speak to me? But I was made to feel by my grandmother that she received him as my suitor, or had no welcome for him. He was not to play the angel on her Berlin brodered hearth-rug, with impunity for me!

She had more reason than I, or it looked very like it, though Arthur proved fully at his ease, master of himself and the situation, whether he turned his conversation to my grandmother or to me. He spoke seriously, as seeking information, but in the kindest way, as to our present position and family surroundings, questions such as a man of the world, however much in love, likes to have satisfactorily answered,

and failing this, often makes a merit to himself of "not being so far gone for a woman, as not to listen to reason." Who we were, and what we came from was all right. My present place in the world, at least, was all wrong, but so as to be remedied at once, by an honourable man, whose love was true.

"I can understand Lady Stormouth not going out of her way to find you out," said Arthur, on my grandmother's declaration that she would never care for the honour of entering Stormouth Park again; "she has two sons whom she wants to see married to two earl's daughters, of three hundred years' creation at least, Stormouth being rather a new title. Not but what a Fortescue is better than many an earl in my opinion."

"Better in our own, I hope, than to lay traps for her ladyship's two fools of sons; I am sure they are safe from us; what do you say to that, Lily?"

"I say she takes me for what I am not;" said I, reddening, "but she has plenty to do if she means to protect her sons from half the girls in the county, who occupy themselves in tuft hunting, because they have nothing else to do; she may trust me, I hate a crowd."

"I saw the Honourable Hubert making eyes at you, but he could find no one to introduce him," said Arthur, maliciously.

"Perhaps so, because I did not want him; I believe that's the way with men."

"Ay, you've found that out already, Miss Leila; that's the way with women, we may retort; you find the pleasure is as great of being hunted as to hunt. You've heard of Galatea, who threw out the bait in shape of an apple, and ran away, knowing her lover was sure to follow and catch her in her hiding place."

"The Honourable Hubert will not follow me; I'm not in his set, granny says."

"You ought to be; but women are so unkind to each other; they find you too charming, too attractive; if you were an ordinary girl, you would be among the first people in the county. Lady Augusta St. Aubyn is your cousin, I believe?"

"Distantly connected," said grandmother, stiffly. "A younger son of our family married the heiress of the title, early in this century, and our estate followed the male line. My son having no child but Leila, they have the inheritance. But it does not seem to have done much good with them."

"I see, then, why there is a coldness. I was speaking of you to Lady Augusta yesterday, Leila, asking whether she knew how exquisitely you sang, and would you guess her answer? 'There are too many women who sing,' she said, and so I would not propose to introduce you."

"Quite right," said granny.

"Tell her I said there are too many women old maids," I put in, wickedly.

"Oh, you bitter creature! there you have poor Lady Augusta at your mercy. She's safe to be Lady Augusta St. Aubyn to the day of her death, and as proud of her title and position as if she were seventeen. Well, they're not worth your voice, Leila, and less gifted people should beware how they tread on your dainty little toes, that I see. But you have not told me how you enjoyed Lady Diana Hope Trevor's performance. What did you think of it?"

"I think her the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"Why? It is simply true."

"Well, perhaps that is why, but there are a great many reasons more than I could undertake to analyse. But I am pleased to hear a girl like you say so. I have always thought her beautiful."

"You have known her very long?"

"Oh, years and years, in India. There was not a girl came out there from England in all my time that would be looked at beside her. She drove half the men mad. A fellow would gallop hundreds of miles to a ball on the chance of getting a dance with her. But there never was, never will be such another beauty under the sun."

I was growing jealous. What could she be to him? I repeated his words—"never was, never will be such another beauty under the

sun." "You think so, *you*—" I faltered. Arthur laughed away my blame with—

"Oh, she's *passée* now—three-and-forty. I did not mean to put her in comparison with young girls. In her own imperial way she is superb."

"She looked wonderfully young that night, and acted wonderfully."

"She is an enthusiast in acting, and enthusiasm carries an audience or a breach as nothing else can. You are an enthusiast, my young Saint Cecilia, you did not see the faults."

"Yes, I did, plenty of them ; you forget, I am a trained singer, which helps me to judge an artist in another line. Lady Diana has a good speaking voice, but she lets it fall when she should keep it up, drops half her sentences, so that she could not be heard where we sat ; catches her breath with a gasp, as a singer is taught *not* to do ; and then, the passages in a speech are like the phrases of music, you must know how to manage the changes from one to another ; she does not. She will give one part very well, and another part very well, with something between the two that spoils the effect."

"I know what you mean ; she fails in the transitions from one emotion to another ; the most difficult thing in acting. Well, that's her weakest point, except tripping on her train, which sometimes happens to her, when she gets excited."

"I never thought of that. She carried me out of myself ; take her altogether, I never saw such acting before."

"You have not seen much. I can tell you they ran after her playing in India, where we see no acting at all, except amateurs ; all the officers who can act catch the infection. I used to be fond of it myself, at one time."

"Did you ever act with her ?"

"Sometimes—very long ago. I had to give it up, when I had too much upon my hands. Have you ever tried acting ?"

"Not yet. I would give anything in the world I could, if you—I should like to act with you, I think I could," said I, restraining myself.

"Why should we not, if you like it? I will organise a performance with the officers; they did beg of me to join them, but I declined. I will accept now for your sake. What shall we play? Do you like Desdemona?"

"Just what I should have chosen; but how can I do it? I have never stood upon a stage, and every one will know me."

"Acting is not fit for young girls," interposed granny, "you must wait till you are married, Lily, and then it must depend upon your husband. I cannot give my consent to such a thing, except in a private room; you cannot act in public with the officers."

"It shall be a private performance," said Arthur, "we'll take the Assembly Room here. You don't boast of a theatre in Stormouth, and that's perhaps all the better. We'll entertain the county better than a ball."

That was settled; granny, looking at it in the light of a positive advance on Arthur's part, withdrew her opposition to what she did not quite approve.

"But I shall not know how to act. How can I?" I pleaded, nervously, wishing to be overborne.

"I will teach you," said Arthur, gently. "Othello was once a favourite part of mine, when I could get the chance to play it. A great undertaking for amateurs, but we have done it, and well too. We have several good men here now, and I have got the time, for a wonder. I'm stationary at Stormouth Park for six weeks to come."

"You will teach me yourself?"

"I'll ride over three or four times a week, and rehearse with you. Learn your words first."

"I have read the play so often, I shall soon learn Desdemona; but what lady will be able to take Emilia? Is not that a difficult part?"

"Very, but we'll find a way through the difficulty; I'll bring down Mrs. Heathcote from town, and her husband shall be our stage manager; they often play with the officers."

"An actress!" exclaimed granny, "you don't intend Leila to associate with an actress?"

"She is a most proper woman, several ladies visit her ; and 'tis only what amateurs always come to, a little professional help sometimes ; I don't know an amateur lady who could play Emilia without making the whole thing ridiculous, except Lady Di, if she chose."

"And why can't Lady Di play it, if you ask her ?" enquired granny.

"I won't have Lady Di," said Arthur, determinately, and carried his point as he was bound to do ; there was a touch of bitterness in his decision which, to my mind, jarred somewhat harshly with his former praise of the beautiful *dilettante*. I questioned him.

"Did Lady Di ever play Desdemona with you ?"

"Well, yes, she did on one occasion."

"And she would not play Emilia now with me as Desdemona ?"

"I should not care to have her, that's just about it. It is best that no other star should twinkle too close to her sphere. Have you seen the article in the *Empress* ?"

"No. What was that ?"

"I'll send you a copy, or bring you one the day after to-morrow. We'll read Desdemona through together."

With this he bade adieu, and during his absence, prolonged to four days instead of two, arrived the newspaper. The article ran thus :—

"On Wednesday 24th, a splendid entertainment took place at Stormouth Park, Cornwall, the ancestral seat of the noble Earl and Countess, the charitable object of assisting the funds of the Stormouth Hospital furnishing occasion for the most delightful treat ever witnessed in the county the acting of Miami in the 'Green Bushes,' by the most beautiful and accomplished amateur actress in all England, the Lady Diana Hope Trevor. It would be invidious to draw comparisons with any actress on the stage as an exponent of the part ; but it is well known in critical circles that Lady Diana ensures perfection in every character she undertakes, by an amount of assiduity unequalled by any other artist, on or off the stage, and her personation, while elaborately true to nature, gave evidence in every sentence, as in every action, of



the careful training of the first of professional instructresses. Further to describe details would be in bad taste; we will therefore restrain our pen, only assuring our fair leaders of fashion that they may well be proud before the distinguished world of artists and men of letters of the triumph achieved by their queen, unparalleled hitherto by any amateur actress, whether we look at her own surpassing charms, or the delight of all those favoured by the high privilege of being admitted among the brilliant assembly where shone out conspicuous by his own fame, as well as by his visible appreciation of the artistic banquet displayed, the illustrious presence of ——," here an enumeration of Arthur's qualities and titles, in which the pen of the writer ran raving mad, the name of the lady's husband being brought in incidentally, quite at the end of the rhapsody, by way of propriety in the conclusion drawn, I suppose, by the judicious critic.

Certainly this came as a token of remembrance, yet I should have been almost better pleased had Arthur left me to think my own thoughts undisturbed, until we met again. Against all this prestige, how should I stand the test of comparison, in his eyes, unless—unless their looks were other than the world's? I must try it by the proof.

Oh, vanity of vanities of men! But why did he send it to me, to read such praises of him as that? He did not need them.

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## CHAPTER V.

### HOPE DEFERRED.

WHETHER Arthur undertook his task for mere love of acting, for the pleasure of giving me pleasure, or for pure love of me, is a problem I shall never solve; I know that, as he taught me to play at making love he grew to me day after day; we were Othello and Desdemona in terrible earnest.

"I loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved me that I did pity them."

Of course I had to learn every movement of the stage "business," as it is called ; granny letting matters take their own course, because she looked upon our love making as no stage playing, but the frank familiarity of an engaged couple with each other ; once or twice she interrupted us, and told Arthur he must not shock his audience by carrying acting too far. "We are supposed to be married" was Arthur's excuse, and she took it as if it were a fact, and, as my future husband, let him have his way ; it would have needed much prudery to be offended with that, so tender, so delicately gentle was the fond caress that added eloquence to his words.

I was to sing in the last scene, where Shakespeare gives a swan like song of farewell to the young wife appointed to death ; what had I to do with her, I who was past all expressing happy, in my new born love ? my expectation, Eden on earth with him ! yet a sweet sad melody came to me, to sing in low recitative, wild and mournful as despair could chant. It was beautiful, he said, and would draw tears from a stone ; and we wept together ; but these were tears of exceeding joy ! Without words we understood each other.

Shortly before the performance, we had general rehearsals at the Assembly Rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote presiding ; she had a good deal to do with me as Emilia, and took me in hand, in her experienced professional way, to advise me on various matters ; my dressing and making up—of the latter I of course knew nothing—were her especial charge ; also my general carriage of myself through my forthcoming ordeal ; Othello had no right to kiss me, she said, being played by an amateur ; adding : "I am sure he will not do it, he knows better than to draw remarks in front, as you are not on the stage ; with us, it is of no consequence, in the regular way of business ; an actor does not want to kiss you, especially when he sees you take no notice of him, which is the best way ; I have never known them to do anything out of impertinence beyond mere 'stage kissing ;' but with private gentlemen, 'tis another matter ; they will do it in earnest, if they have the chance. I should not like to hear any of them boast he had kissed Miss Fortescue ; you'll have to take care of yourself if you act often. I wish

you had a mother to look after you ; I would not be responsible for the charge of you on any consideration in the world. I think you would be very apt to get into mischief."

"I shall be equal to the situation, never fear, and obliged to you for putting me on my guard for another time, but I am safe with my Othello now ; I know him."

"You think you know him; bless the child! Then you know nothing about it. You ask him who gave him that ring on his little finger, that he never takes off. Next time you have an opportunity, ask him that."

"What, that beautiful diamond ring? A present from some great person, no doubt; some Indian prince, perhaps; he has had many presents."

"Nonsense! 'tis an English made ring; don't you know the difference from an Indian one?"—I had forgotten that—"a ring to fit a lady's finger, but not so tiny as yours. What little fingers you have, and, oh, what nails, thin as tissue paper! No wonder you have them break," and she burst out laughing at my hand as it lay under examination, in the middle of one of her broad palms. She had given me something to think about.

The next opportunity I had with Arthur alone, I put forth all my cunning to ascertain what I was ashamed to question him upon. The history of that ring I had often admired, but now could have torn it off his little finger, and, like Harry Hotspur's wife, broken his little finger too. My device was to draw his attention to a ring I wore on my wedding finger; it had been my mother's, an Indian ruby set with pearls. As he held my hand looking at it I bade him take it off and try it on his own. He obeyed, and it stuck at the first joint.

"It's too small for you," I said.

"Rather."

I laughed at my own little trick, and fixing my eyes on the obnoxious diamond beneath—

"Try yours on me," I said. "On my third finger, I think it would just fall off."

"Not there—that's the engaged finger; it would be unlucky. Not that ring."

"Try it on any finger you like, then. I want to see the diamond."

"What a child! can't you see it on my hand?"

"I don't like to see it on your hand. I hate to see it—why won't you take it off?"

His brow darkened.

"Some one has been talking to you about that ring, Leila. Who was it?"

"I'll tell you if you'll take it off."

"Well, I will then. There, 'tis off now. Who spoke to you about it?"

"Mrs. Heathcote told me some lady gave it you."

"The woman's a fool to speak to you of such a thing. She knows nothing about it."

"But it *was* a lady gave it you?"

"As you ask me, Leila, it was. I will not tell you anything but the truth. It would be no use, for you would not believe me."

"A lady gave it you, and you will not allow me to put it on. I hope there was nothing wrong in her giving it to you."

"Nothing but what was honourable."

"Then why must not I put it on?"

"Because I promised that no one should except myself."

"That was a strange promise. Are you engaged to the lady?"

"Leila, how can you think such a thing of me? Certainly not."

"Perhaps she is a married woman."

"What put that into your head?"

"Do you flirt with married women? They say men are fond of flirting with married women."

"Married women are fond of flirting with men sometimes."

"Do you make love to them?"

"You should blame your own sex if we do, Leila; no man, sitting at another man's table, would dare to make an advance to his friend's

wife, unless he saw the way open to draw him on ; it is the woman who tempts us astray."

"But you—you would not let yourself be tempted?"

"I am not better than others."

"I think you are, much better, as I know you are much greater than any other man."

"Don't you know, Leila, if a beautiful woman loves a man, the best of us is in her power?"

"No, no ; you are too honourable for that. I never thought of your doing anything wrong, or capable of it ; if I had I could not trust you as I do."

"Trust me for ever and ever, you, Leila, in the innocence of your heart : you understand nothing of these things ; it would be a profanation to attempt to explain them to you. A pure, unmarried girl can attract no affection but what is honourable ; it is different with a married woman ; she knows what she is doing, but in this case of the ring, there was no harm ; I pledge you my honour."

"Then can you tell me whose it was?"

"I cannot."

"And why ? if I do not offend you by asking."

"Well, Leila, if you must know, it was or seemed to be a love affair on her part. I thought so, and that if she so wished, it was not the man's place to hold back ; not that I really cared for her, but I made her the proper advances. However, she was good, and I was very glad that she repulsed me."

"But she gave you her ring. Why?"

"She would wish me to marry her if her husband died."

"Oh, Arthur!"

"But I would never do that. I could not like her enough to marry her."

"She believes that you would."

"If she does I cannot help it."

"And if her husband dies?"

"That's very unlikely ; he is a strong man for his age ; a better life than I am."

"But if he should die, what would you do ?"

"Keep out of her way. I would not have her for my wife, after going so far as she ought not to have done."

"Your wife must be like Cæsar's, without suspicion."

"Just so, Leila, pure as virgin snow."

"Oh, men, men !"

"Oh, women, women ! we might say. Beware of your own sex, Leila. No man will ever intend you harm ; but do you know that when a woman is thoroughly bad, she is ten thousand times worse than any man ?"

"It may be so. This one that gave you the ring—did you make her any promise ? Have you bound yourself to marry no one else—to wait for her husband's death ?"

"Leila, how could you imagine—a woman that could do such a thing—have I not told you I would never marry her ?"

"But you have not told me you were not bound to remain as you are—free."

"I am not, I could not be bound to any such thing under the circumstances ; why, she never was anything to me."

"She was in love with you ; that is everything to a woman."

"You know nothing about such things, Leila ; you talk like a child."

"I am no child ; I can feel like a woman. If my heart were broken, I could die."

"God forbid, my dear child ; I am not worthy of such an affection."

"I did not mean—I hope I have not said what I ought not ;" I sobbed out pitifully.

"You have said nothing, done nothing but what I honour you for, my poor innocent child ; it is I who am to blame."

"Then you do not—care for me—at all."

"I love you, darling ; you are the first woman I have truly loved in all my life ; but you are too young, too guileless, too angel like. It is I who am not worthy of you."

"How can you say that? you, the greatest hero in the world! it would be a heaven on earth to die for you."

"My darling! will you live for me then? will you take me as I am, with all my faults, and never reproach me for the past that cannot be recalled? all we have to do, is to make the best of the time to come."

"I will live and die for a few kind words of yours; I am your own to do what you will with me."

"She trusts me without a doubt or fear! One day you shall know everything concerning me."

"And her—you will tell me her name?"

"No, never, Leila; that is not my own secret. You should not ask me to tell you that; it would not be honourable."

"I did not think of it that way. Forgive me. Then that one secret must remain between us for ever?"

"It must."

Had I not eyes? Should I ever see him and Diana Hope Trevor together, if it was she, I should need no tongue to tell me so; if it was not she, most probably I should never know who it was, and should trouble myself the less, that it was not she; but that some woman had had him at her feet was not without stings of jealousy for me.

He pressed my hands most tenderly, and kissed them, that was all. He did not clasp me to his heart as he might have done, but he looked at me; that look was enough. I was deeply blest beyond my heart's desire, though I knew not, scarce asked myself, whether we were engaged or not.

*(To be continued.)*

## SPARKS FROM THE YULE-LOG.

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### ENIGMAS.

#### I.

I never was, but always am to be ;  
None ever saw me, you may never see,  
And yet I am the confidence of all  
Who live and breathe on this terrestrial ball.  
The princely heir, his honours not yet blown,  
Still looks to me for his expected crown ;  
The miser hopes I shall increase his wealth,  
The sick man prays me to restore his health,  
The lover trusts me for his destined bride,  
And all who hopes or wishes have beside.  
Now name me, but confide not, for believe  
That you and everyone I still deceive.

#### II.

I am red, black or white, I am blue, grey, or green,  
I'm intended to hide what is meant to be seen ;  
Like mortals, inflexible, often am I,  
Till, by the tongue softened, I'm brought to comply.  
Of prodigal spendthrifts I am an apt token ;  
I only exist to be ruined and broken.

#### III.

'Tis in the church, but not in the steeple,  
'Tis in the parson, but not in the people,  
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell,  
'Tis in the clapper, but not in the bell.



## IV.

Everyone seeks me, and everyone misses me,  
Most people love me, yet nobody kisses me ;  
Students will take me to sit in their rooms,  
Doctors will give me a lift in their broughams,  
Painters, and actors, and clergy, and lawyers,  
Princes, and beggars, and "cads," and "top sawyers,"  
All have a look for me, all have a word for me ;  
From the north to the south not a soul but has heard of me.  
Ever the same, and yet ceaselessly changing ;  
The affairs of the nations adjusting, arranging ;  
Yet in an hour I've charmed to satiety,  
And in a day, who would seek my society ?  
Cheerful and sorrowful, laughing and sighing,  
Gossiping, slandering, gibing and lying,  
Didactic, eclectic, religious, free-thinking,  
Ardent on temp'rance, defender of drinking—  
A regular medley of fact and of fiction ;  
My language now pure, now the vilest of diction ;  
A knave, you will call me, yet can't do without me,  
The parson himself will not honestly scout me.  
In sooth, I believe I'm as good as the best of you,  
I but repeat what I hear—like the rest of you.  
Read, then, in my face of your minds the reflection,  
And don't score against me your own dereliction.

## V.

I wear silk, and have a handle to my name ; so I am a man of rank ; but sometimes I am content with humbler attire. I am a great favourite with the ladies, but they don't admit me to their boudoirs, though I often accompany them in carriages and cabs, and even in omnibuses. I am an ardent politician, a Christian, though somewhat of a latitudinarian, since I attend indiscriminately churches, chapels, and even meeting-houses. At public meetings my applause is the loudest, and "no weather stops me," either in going to the Crystal

Palace or anywhere else. At the theatres I prefer the pit and the gallery. Morally, my character is of the highest, and I am no fair weather friend. I stick closest to my friends when the clouds are blackest around them. I must own, however, to one kind of fickleness; if I once quit my first love, he never sees me again.

## VI.

C ara sposa ! Sweet my love,  
I n the bower, in the grove,  
G rateful lips seek thine in greeting,  
A nd, like breeze and flower meeting,  
R ound thee raise the azure fleeting.

## VII.

In sacred scenes,  
On village greens,  
At the altar, in the mart ;  
Where statesmen dissemble,  
Where traders assemble,  
There am I to take my part.

## VIII.

Read see that me  
Up will I'll have  
And you have you'll  
Down and you if

---

Who is the largest man ? The lover ; he is a man of tremendous sighs.

---

When "distance lends enchantment to the view," to what rate of interest is it entitled ?

---

On the door of a parish church this notice once appeared : " The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meetings every six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly."

“Have you in your album any original poetry?” asked one young lady of another. “No, but some of my friends have favoured me with original spelling.”

---

Why is an author the most peculiar of animals? Because his tale comes out of his head.

---

Constant motion is the first law of nature, nothing being stationary except pens, ink, and paper.

---

What is the keynote to good breeding? B natural.

---

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because it would be dangerous to fall out.

---

An officer inspecting a company, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. “Patrick O’Flynn,” called he. “Here, yer anner.” “How long do you wear a shirt?” “Twenty-eight inches, plase yer anner.”

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#### TRUE AS THE NEEDLE TO THE POLE.

Of all the people in the world  
I have but one true friend,  
Who’s always willing, if he can,  
His aid and cash to lend.  
He ne’er expects my grateful thanks,  
Nor seeks again his pelf;  
If any ask me whom I mean,  
I indicate—myself.

---

A preacher, complaining of newspapers as one of the causes that kept his congregation from church, compared them to Zacchæus, who was unable to reach the Lord on account of the *press*.

---

Why is the Thames Embankment a bad thing for the river? Because it confines it to its bed.

---

When is a man eating a herring like a waterman? When he is having a hard roe.

A drunken Irishman was found in a ditch by his parish priest. "Where am I?" quoth Pat, bewildered. "On the road to hell," sternly replied the priest. "Ah, I thought so," said Pat, "when I heard Father Murtagh's voice on the road too."

---

When is a baker like a beggar? When he kneads bread.

---

What is the difference between T and U? T (ea) is good to drink, but yo (u) are good for nothing.

---

When is a roasting chicken like a poet? When it is Browning.

---

*Attendant at theatre:* "Hi, sir, there! Where's your overcoat? Leave your overcoat with me." *Spectator:* "Overcoat? I'm not wearing one." *Attendant:* "Go and find one, then. D'you want to take the bread out of my mouth? What am I here for, d'you suppose, eh?"

---

WHERE INDEED!—A sailor belonging to one of her Majesty's ships, coming on board drunk, was met by the captain, who, addressing him sternly, said: "What do you mean, sir, by being drunk on board ship? I won't have it, sir. And I hear besides that you've been drunk on shore. I won't have it, sir." The inebriated tar steadied himself for a moment, and looking the captain full in the face, hiccupped out, "Well, if a man mayn't get drunk on board, and mayn't get drunk on shore, where is he to get drunk?"

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THE DIRECTIONS.—*Milliner (to Captain, who has been buying a hat for his wife):* "Tell your wife if she wants it dressy, to put a panache of six feathers poised high on one side, with feathers curling forward, place a lizard or beetle to hold it, and put another lizard on the band that covers the curtain. That's easy to remember."

HOW HE DELIVERED THEM.—*The Captain (to his wife):* "She said if you wanted it dressed up, to put a pancake and sixteen poisoned feathers curled up forrid, clap on some lizards and beetles to belay them with, and cover the lizard on the band with your curtains."

"John, it seems to me that you are not doing your work as well as you used to—not as painstaking as you might be." "I will tell you why, my lady. I thought that if I made myself indispensable, when I came to go it would cause you too much inconvenience and regret. See?"

---

The champion long-nosed man resides at Sacramento. Its owner was at breakfast yesterday, when a friend seated at the opposite side of the table, knowing him to be a little near-sighted, remarked, "There is a fly on your nose." "Is there?" responded the owner of the horn of plenty. "I didn't know it. Just please scale him off; you're nearer to him than I am."

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A man has invented a chair which can be adjusted to 8,000 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when having his hair cut.

---

What woman would be the most likely to give her husband a blowing up if he irritated her?—Dinah might.

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INDISCRETION.—An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everyone may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

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"How is it, miss, that you gave your age to the census-taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah, you have lived much faster than I, sir."

---

MERRY COLLEGE JEST.—"Your professor has given you some elementary instruction as to bodies?" "Yes, sir." "Very well. What is a transparent body?" (Silence that would reflect no discredit upon a Trappist or deaf-mute.) "Well, what is a transparent body? Don't you know?" "Of course I do; I recollect the words in the book. A transparent—body—is—is—" "It's a body through which you can see light. Now give me an example of a transparent body." "A lock." "A lock?" "Yes, sir; you can see light through the key-hole."

POOR CONSOLATION.—A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband, in order to offer her consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact. When she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No, they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such a faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him again, then, by this time."

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PERPETUAL MOTION.—A dog's tail. PERPETUAL COMMOTION.—A scold's tongue.

---

Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones: "Dear Mary, please lend me your best black bonnet, and black shawl with the crape trimmings, and let them be sent smart, as I'm going up town and must look respectable.

"P.S.—John's just dead." John was her husband.

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In some American hotels the lady who has had the greatest number of husbands walks out first; a novice who has only had one husband is "small potatoes."

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## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

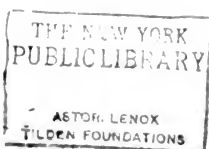
- 
- I.—To-morrow.
  - II.—A wafer.
  - III.—The letter R.
  - IV.—A newspaper.
  - V.—An umbrella.
  - VI.—The first letter of each line gives the answer.
  - VII.—A ring.
  - VIII.—Read down from the first word, and then up;  
and the riddle will become apparent.



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.)

See page 280.





THE  
VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1879.

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*REASONLESS—REALISM.*

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**R**EASON has fled—within the clouded brain  
There is a void ; within the soulless eyes  
A vacancy, and at her heart a pain  
That finds relief in silence and in sighs.

A fair wreck, truly ! Fragile form and face  
That many men have praised ; with a mind,  
Which wove and wrought strange fancies with true grace  
Of poetry and passion, worldly blind.

Ah, trustful clinging child ! Heaven's heavy rain  
Beat on thy head too harshly ; you were born  
To bask in sunshine ; yet you watched in vain  
Through life's dark storm to hail the light of dawn.

Dawn for the doubter ! Dawn for those who weep  
In mist-clad night time ! Aye, there must arise  
The light to guide us. Sometime up earth's steep  
The sun will climb and flood our clouded skies.

We shall be wise—and wisdom making pure

Shall be our blessing and our benefit—

True love shall light us ; charity allure.

And bonds of brotherhood be firmer knit.

And she, our darling, when those good days come

(She who to regions reasonless hath fled)

Shall be no longer blind to truth, and dumb

To those who love her, soulless as the dead.

Life shall be *real* to her in sunny climes,

Where those who have been lost to earthly life

Shall realise long dreamt-of halcyon times,

And reap the joy with which high heaven is rife.

The *reasonless* shall *realise* ! Alas !—

And are we not all lacking reason ? So

The veil shall be uplifted ; we shall pass

Into the light of truth that God will show.

LEONARD LLOYD.

## MY ONLY LOVE.

BY EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE,

Author of "A Life Race," "A Crown for Love," &c.

---

He is no lover who loves not for ever.—*Euripides.*

But this was taught me by the dove,  
To die, and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn ;  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.—*Byron.*

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### CHAPTER VI.

#### MAKETH THE HEART SICK.



LOOKED forward to the consummation of my happiness, in our playing together as Othello and Desdemona. My part so entirely in tune with the emotions of my heart, his giving him excuse for the fond caresses so delicately forborne, and which I knew, under pretext of acting, he would steal upon me. An intrigue at the last moment all but defeated my hopes ; of my envied conquest I was not yet secure !

As I have already hinted, I was allowed to act upon condition that the performance should be a private one. Cards of invitation were printed in Arthur's name, and duly sent to the local aristocracy ; a gallery being set apart for dependants and humble friends, with

admission by another form of ticket. Need I say the anxiety to be invited of those who had not quite a claim to the distinction was something quite beyond the ordinary eagerness of country folk to obtain tickets for any exclusive county ball, or other entertainment, to which money could help them, on charitable grounds? A means was found to supply the demand in the present case, by somebody (never discovered) purloining a couple of dozen invitation cards out of a private drawer of Arthur's. These were sold at a guinea a piece, at a library in the town, connected with the Assembly Rooms, and were all eagerly bought up before the trick was discovered by the sellers, who declared they received them through the post, in Arthur's own name, with instructions to dispose of them for the benefit of the County Hospital, to which institution the money had been duly paid in. Arthur was exceedingly annoyed, but said it would be invidious now to disturb the matter, the parties having evidently acted in good faith, in consequence of a hoax performed by some mischief-maker in the back ground, who would only be gratified by any scandal arising.

My old enemy, Mrs. Grundy, took the case up, and attacked my grandmother on my account, the result being, I was forbidden to attend rehearsal the next day, granny declaring the talk of the people would kill her if I did not give up the performance. I was in agonies, and actually went down on my knees to beg that she would relent, but in vain. I could not outrage her feelings, however inconsistent and un-reasoning, so I sent a note to Arthur, by the maid who usually attended me to rehearsal at the Assembly Rooms, and informed him I had a difficulty with my grandmother on account of the sale of tickets; that I hoped to get over it in a day or two, and begged him for this once, to let Mrs. Heathcote read my part for me.

After a day passed in misery, dreading that all would be upset by my enforced absence, Mrs. Heathcote, in vehement agitation, rushed into the house late in the afternoon.

"Do you mean to throw up your part?" she exclaimed. "Was that the meaning of your note? I say it was not. I read for you,

my dear ; I allowed no one else to do it. Lady Di was there with her husband, to be sure, on pretence of asking for another card for friends. I saw through her at once."

"What did she do?" I gasped, breathless.

"Said Desdemona was her favourite part, she could play it at an hour's notice. You know this is the last rehearsal but one ; we play the day after to-morrow ; she had the dress ready, she said. She knew a girl like you, who had never appeared before, was sure to break down at the last. She would show, if she were allowed, she said, to Arthur, what a great part Desdemona was for one who could feel it. She would prove what a depth of pathos and passion, and so on, all the time we were rehearsing."

"And did Arthur give way to her?"

"What could the poor man do? He had to show your note to account for your absence ; he was very nervous himself about you. Lady Diana told him Mrs. Fortescue would never allow you to play, and gave her great credit for her decision."

"Oh, granny, after giving me leave at first! I must play. Do you want to have me die? It would be better for me than to be put down by such a trick."

"A trick, my dear, you've said it," blurted out Mrs. Heathcote. "Those cards were stolen and sold on purpose to keep you out of your chance. I mention no names, mind ; it's all very clever, but they can't hoodwink me. I know every plank on the boards, amateur as well as professional, bless you!"

Grandmother wavered, halting between two opinions. Mrs. Heathcote plunged in to the rescue.

"Do you want to see that child snuffed out like a tallow candle by a woman with a handle to her name? Let her act ; gracious goodness, what's the hubbub about a few tickets being sold for a charity? If it were the whole roomful it would be all the better for her. Nothing like a paying audience ; save me from friends and paper! Let her act, in heaven's name, or the child will break her heart."

And so granny yielded. Next day we rehearsed in peace, but it

was bitter to me to think another, not Arthur, had taken my part in my need.

The night came, and a splendid audience packed the room from foot-lights to ceiling. Music began, and I knew that within a quarter of an hour I must face the ordeal which, the first time, has so much of the nature of hot ploughshares to the young aspirant's feet.

At the side between the wings I met Arthur, beaming with approval at my bridal attire.

"Desdemona," he whispered, and took my hand. It trembled fearfully; I was still suffering from the recent agitation I had been put through. "You are nervous," he enquired—the way to make me so. "Not so much so that I cannot conquer it, I trust," was my answer, in low tones. He awoke another alarm: "Your voice—it is not gone?" "No, I am saving it for my trial"—I spoke half raising it, to show him there was nothing to fear—"trust me I will do my best—better than you have seen me yet—you shall be proud of me." "Success, darling!" he whispered, and we parted as the curtain rose. He was to come on the opposite side to me, and there was scarce room after the play began, to cross the small make-shift stage.

I stood watching him, while he appeared, the hero of the hour, before the expectant audience. I drank in the cheers that hailed him, prolonged for several minutes, before he could speak a word, all my mind and spirit, together with my eyes, were drawn out towards him, until I lost all thought for myself; then something made me give a great start, it was Mrs. Heathcote laying her arm on my shoulder, and whispering in my ear: "Don't mind him, my dear, fancy he's only a stuffed man; mind nobody but yourself, and you'll do; if you please the public, you'll please him well enough, so don't you get excited, mind."

I took the warning, and strove to put away my very love from my heart. How strange it all was! so unlike the delight I had anticipated. All sensation seemed to leave me as I came on for my first scene. How I got through it I have no recollection, all I knew was, there rose a warm sound of welcome for me, and a

murmur of praise after I spoke my words, and, in my half consciousness, I was aware of him near me. Then I became dimly sensible that I was doing a hard thing; coming short of my own intentions; I caught myself falling into the very same faults I had censured in Lady Diana. Thus I knew myself an inexperienced actress, but I got through.

"You are more nervous than you thought you would be," said Arthur, kindly, as he took me off with him. "Courage, dearest, and you must have a great success."

"Speak up louder this next act—louder," said Mrs. Heathcote, as she came on with me for the scene at Cyprus. The steady, reliable actress was a great support to me while we were on the stage together. Arthur excepted, I never felt so safe with the rest; each seemed rather to act independently for himself than to play to the others, although they were all clever, and well drilled for amateurs.

I had made the plunge, and the worst was over; the enthusiasm of the audience floated us on with the rising tide; Othello and Desdemona meet; the sweet words melt like honey into my heart:

"If it were now to die  
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Then came the kiss, his first kiss, upon my brow, another on my cheek; it was enough; I felt that I could die even thus, and ask no more of joy beneath the sun. It was fortunate I had not to speak afterwards during that scene; my power to do so was quite gone.

The third act rose upon the audience with the grandeur of a storm, sweeping them off their feet, as I heard one say. Mrs. Heathcote, with her critical acumen remarked that Arthur's was the "most powerful, but most unequal performance of Othello," she had ever played to.

In the fourth act a most effective incident—not usually presented on the stage—was restored, where Shakespeare makes Othello fall into a trance, fainting under Iago's torturing stabs of jealousy; and on his

recovery the "demi-devil" sets him to listen while Cassio, speaking of another woman, Bianca, appears by contrivance to give conclusive testimony of Desdemona's sin, finally Bianca entering produces the fatal handkerchief, and Othello, convinced by eye and ear rushes on to madness, and murder of the thing he loves. Another restoration was in the opening of the fifth act, where instead of lying on my bed before the curtain rose, I appeared with Emilia untiring my head, and sang my song as I prepared for sleep, the only opportunity I had for display of my best talent—the gift of voice. Here I knew beforehand I should achieve a triumph, and I did it. With dying notes I glided into my curtained alcove, and Othello entered the chamber. Then every breath was hushed, and he went on with the awful scene.

It was over; I was standing before the footlights by Arthur's side, bending before the crowd I dared not look upon, tasting of the sweet breath of applause I had earned so well—they told me I had, both Mrs. Heathcote and Arthur, that my success, with all drawbacks, was complete and unquestionable. I would not cross the stage; I shrank back out of sight, and left Arthur to receive his honours alone: my eyes were fixed upon him, and yet I perceived in an opposite corner, where a kind of private box had been erected, and from whence only I could be seen, Lady Diana, seated, with her eyes fixed upon me like two gleaming daggers; such a look of hate and revenge I had never conceived in imagination before. Was it my own success she envied, or the share I took in Arthur's? That was the question I wanted answered now!

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## CHAPTER VII.

### TRUST ME ALL IN ALL.

THAT question I still felt reluctant to press upon Arthur, fearing to displease him. Some days later it arose of itself in an unexpected form.

As we were at breakfast one morning, granny and I, a newspaper



came in by post addressed to me. It was the last number of the *Empress*, the same periodical which gave Lady Diana such fulsome adulation on her performance at Stormouth Park. Surely this number contained some notice of Othello on Arthur's account, perhaps some flattering encouragement to me as Desdemona! Exulting in the thought I exclaimed to granny when I found the article. Woe worth the day, as I read on!

Thus ran the critique: On Tuesday last an amateur performance of Othello was given at Stormouth Assembly Rooms, Cornwall, under the auspices of our great national hero, who himself delighted the local magnates and *beau monde* of the county by his magnificent impersonation of the noble Moor, a character so much in harmony with his own. A picked company of distinguished amateurs from the corps of officers stationed at Plymouth ably supported him; valuable professional aid being rendered by Mrs. Heathcote as Emilia, so that (with one important exception) there was a completeness as well as talent displayed such as is seldom to be met in a performance arranged for one night only. The principal exception, to which we must allude, was in the part of Desdemona, played in a manner so inefficient as sadly to detract from the interest in every scene where the heroine appeared, and seriously to hamper the efforts of the gallant officer in the opposite part. The *young lady*—this was her only excuse—whose name we forbear to mention, being one at least associated with that of a noble family in Devon, with which, we were informed, she is in no way connected—the lady in herself possesses no one qualification of any kind for the part she assumed, unless we may except a strong singing voice, such as we have heard from itinerant ballad singers, wholly without cultivation or control, but which served as a pretext to drag in the “Willow Song” by Desdemona in her nightdress, long expunged by good taste from the acting edition of Othello. It would be hard to play Desdemona worse, or look it worse, and we should hope the good sense and taste of the lady's friends would obviate, for her own sake, any repetition of the display.

I did not drop the paper ; I clutched it fast. Nothing was left now but to conceal it from granny, if I could, having imprudently roused her curiosity. But she was too sharp to be hoodwinked by any poor stratagem of mine. As I was trying to tear the paper to pieces, she caught it out of my hand with a strong grasp, and read it all, uttering aloud, word by word, the worst passages as she read, with a cruelty of deliberation to thrust the knife home, and turn it round and round in the gash, both to herself and me.

"Now, Lily, that's the consequence of not taking advice from me. I told you, I begged of you, I knew you would be utterly and irretrievably ruined ; no girl could ever get over such a thing. But you would not take my advice."

Here was a grain of truth to make my bread of humiliation bitter ! From a child she had gently suffered me to "gang my ain gait" in most things ; then, at the most critical point of my life, she had spasmodically striven to rein me in, and failing to do so, if any ill came of it, on my shoulders her blame would light ; worst of all even in her eyes, which had seen nothing but what was to be praised in my first attempt, enough of the mud thrown by the critic seemed to stick upon me to turn my very merits into newly discovered faults. What could I expect from the rest of the world ?

"To disgrace your family, your poor father's memory," she pursued.

"No," I cried out ; "this is done on purpose ; a trick and a slander. I will have it answered ; I shall appeal to Arthur ; I know he will do me right. This is an insult to him through me."

"Let him take it so, and protect you ; or do you have done with him ; my son's daughter must throw herself under no man's feet to be made little of in this way ; he must right you, or you shall have done with him."

"I doubt not he will," I said, assuming confidence, though my heart misgave me as to his standing up for me against Lady Diana ; my whole anxiety was bent to conceal that cause of suspicion at least from grandmother.

"He must be explicit—there must be an engagement between you

understood and acknowledged, or you must give him up ; we are not to be made fools of. I will speak to him plainly."

"No, I forbid it, I implore you to do nothing, granny ; I had rather never see him again than be put to such shame ! Leave it to me, for the mercy of God !"

"Do as you will, then ; I wash my hands of the business ; remember, I am warning you in time ; you will have to give up that man, after the disgrace he has brought upon you !"

It was too true. What had I to do with thrusting myself before the world in the fierce light of his fame ? To be humbled for the rest of my life, like a poor burnt fly, dragged half dead out of the hot wax of a candle ! A modern Semele to a Jove with an unacknowledged, but malignant Juno to corrupt him to my detriment ; another Ino to be stung by all the gadflies bred of Mrs. Grundy's tongue ! I could not, I would not bear it ; I would appeal to Arthur, who alone could lift me out of my trouble ! Surely he would not let my life be made hateful to me ?

I did so when he came, but he met me coldly, and merely said it was best to take no notice, it was not worth while ; they had no right to criticise a private performance at all, and it was most impertinent ; but, no names being mentioned, it was best treated it with silent contempt. I had not much patience, I was vexed past what little I had. "Arthur," I said, "is it not every word of it utterly false ?"

"I think so," he said, smiling. "Is not that enough for you ? Never mind anyone ; you are charming ; they would not have hit you so hard, only they thought you too strong to be easily put down ; the *Empress* is written by women ; so what would you have ?"

"Arthur, do you know what I believe ?—shall believe all my life, unless you prove to me the contrary—Lady Diana got me this attack through jealousy—not mere jealousy of my acting, I mean, but of my playing with you. I believe she is jealous—for you. Is this true ?"

"I do not think it likely."

"You deny it faintly. I do believe it is true ; I know she wanted to thrust me out of my part, and you—you nearly let her do it."

"Leila, you will make me really angry, and I certainly shall not answer any such questions ; any lady who shows me the slightest favour is safe as to my respecting her confidence. As a man of honour, what else could I do ? Put yourself in the situation."

"I could not be in the situation. She is married."

"No, you could not ; but supposing such a case with any woman ; say she had committed herself ever so little, or ever so much, what must the man be to betray her ? A man with any feeling would give up his life, before he would speak a word to injure her."

"Then I am not in your confidence ; this suspicion must remain for ever like a barrier between us ?"

"Leila, beware of suspicion, if you love."

"Arthur I believe that Lady Diana loves you."

"You have no right to think so ; you will give both yourself and me a great and useless pain by imagining such a thing."

"Will you give me your word of honour there is no cause to think so ?"

"If you like, Leila, but under any circumstances I should feel bound to do that to shield any woman from the unjust suppositions of another. Do not give way to a censorious temper, Leila ; I never expected it from you."

"You did not, and you say to me that to screen a bad woman you would tell a lie."

"Well, I will put it to yourself, suppose a man were put upon his word of honour to tell the truth ; should he do so, if it involved disgrace and ruin to a woman, but to himself—well, much less than to her, tell the truth and betray her ?"

"No, but he could be silent."

"But if silence involved confession, would it not in that case be a less crime to deny the charge ?"

"Well, perhaps, it might be ; I am a bad judge ; I do not understand this code of honour—or dishonour ; women ought not to do these things."

"They ought not ; but I will put it to an extreme case ; if a man were

upon his oath in court, is he not bound rather to perjure himself than tell of a woman ? ”

“ No ; no man can ever be bound to call the name of God to witness a lie—not for any woman should a man give up his soul.”

“ Even this he should do rather than give up a woman ; that is the act of a coward.”

“ Then if a man should swear falsely to screen a guilty woman, how could an innocent one falsely accused be cleared by a man’s oath ? You would have no possible redress for calumny.”

“ I did not think of that. I believe, Leila, you are right. You are my better angel ! ”

“ Oh, I am nothing to you, I know.”

“ You shall be everything to me one day. I would to heaven that time were come ; but I reproach myself often with having gone so far—”

“ You wish to go back—to have done with me ? ”

“ No, darling, but I have fears that I cannot banish—fears, not selfish on my own account, fears for you, Leila.”

“ What do you fear for me ? What have I to fear from any one ? What do I care for any one but you ? ”

“ Aye, but the world, Leila, that is stronger than you or I either.”

“ Not unless you choose to make it so ; you are my world.”

“ Leila, you are a child ; you little know the power you set at defiance.”

“ I know, I believe that men are slaves to the world. What the world says of them makes or mars their happiness. I see now why you are changed to me.”

“ I am not changed to you, Leila.”

“ Yes, because a malicious newspaper writer chooses to cut me up, and a woman of rank, a married woman—”

“ Hush ! we will not talk about her, nor think about her any more ; give it time. I am going away in a few days, I have many things to alter in my life, dangers to provide against that might affect my whole career, before I come back for a wife. I can make you no promise,

Leila, but I am resolved that performance shall supply the place. We must wait awhile, and trust each other."

"If I could only have your confidence!"

"In anything that concerns myself, you shall, darling; all shall come right between us some day. I should be worse than a villain to mislead my sweet, innocent girl."

I was half contented, with no power to complain; my hands trembled beneath his kisses; more than that he asked not of me. I could not tell at what moment I became aware that my grandmother was in the room. "Then you are engaged?" she said, half-aloud. Arthur turned round upon her suddenly, releasing me.

"Mrs. Fortescue, it must not be so understood."

"Sir, as an honourable man, with what intentions are you playing with this child?"

"My intentions are honourable; you will do us all the justice to assume they could be no other, but not matrimonial, for the present. I do not intend to marry for some years, and, then, if I should be so fortunate as again to meet Miss Fortescue still free, but that is not likely; she will certainly have it in her power to choose one nearer to her in years, and in every way more suited to her. It is right that she should be unfettered in her choice. Leila must remain perfectly free."

"That is plain enough to be thoroughly understood. Good morning, sir." She curtsied, grasped my arm, and tottered out of the room, dragging me along with her. "Leila," he cried, pleadingly, "you will bid me good-bye," striving to reach my hand, but she snatched it from him. I could not have resisted her will without resorting to violence, from which I shrunk. I had but a look to give him; but that look!

We were parted, and he was gone. I watched him until he was out of sight, and saw him looking back, myself unseen, then sat down to weep my fill. I stole back to the room where I had left him, when there was no one now to watch me as I sank down in my passion of woe, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, until he was there come back again, to feast upon my humiliation and weakness. Oh, no! he caught

me in his arms—and then, and then, he tore himself away with one last kiss, and the indescribable low murmur of, “My own, my own.” A love that can be felt, not told.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## OR NOT AT ALL.

HE would write to me; surely, I thought; he did not, though months went by, and a rumour reached us that he was ere long to fill a high post in India. As days went on, the chill of despair entered into my heart. I felt as if all was over between us.

Does a man reflect when he gives way to his fancy for a young girl, not taking thought at the time for the stronger motives that must in the end sway him back from his passing preference, does a man consider how awfully he compromises her, if not before the outer world, yet, surely with that small inner round of her nearest relatives, her home, her actual daily life, where it is far worse to be pitied and despised? I did not show what I felt, while my grandmother—having first bitterly blamed me, for what we had both tried and failed in—sought to comfort me after her fashion. “It was a case that cured itself,” she said, “the man evidently never cared for you, and there’s an end of it. Of course, you don’t care any more than he did, being the daughter of a much greater man. If your father had lived—” And so the proud old lady reasoned on my feelings as though they must be the same as her own.

I thought she wronged Arthur, that her want of patience, if not mine, was to blame for our defeat; it was borne in upon me with stronger conviction day by day, that Arthur was fettered by some imbroglia that he could not in a moment shake off, that he was making efforts, only to be effective with time, to work himself clear, and through all, doing his best to act honourably towards me. One thing I not only believed but knew—he had loved me.

I was expected to join in reprobation of him, to believe every impossible slander that the good folk of Stormouth were not slow to devise or circulate against him ; such stories as crop up in the London clubs concerning every great character prominently set in the world's eye, and are eagerly caught up and detailed (with additions) by the envious and malicious, by way of compensation to themselves for their own inferiority of nature. Lady Diana, it was said, and openly reported, was in fact Arthur's mistress, had been so for years, with the connivance of Sir John Hope Trevor, the two men finding it their interest to keep close friends on political grounds, the husband conveniently shut his eyes to what he must know, and the couple were invited everywhere to meet Arthur ; to festivities, public and private, on visits to noblemen's houses—Stormouth Park to wit—society by general consent blinking with complacent eyes at the illustrious sinner, as well as at the frail wife of a too easy husband.

Had they said but half as much I should have believed more ; as it was I hated the woman, but only trembled for Arthur. Putting that and that together, the vile conclusions drawn by slanderers, and the facts known only to myself connected with the ring—oh, how it stung me to think he wore that on his finger still ! When all was said, I did not believe it was a case of guilt, although my instinct told me that woman was keeping him from me. Nothing could persuade me otherwise than that she it was who gave and pledged him to wear the ring, and if so, judging from his words and actions, he lay within her danger rather than within her power, and from this would it not be the nobler part, with my true, deep love, to strive for his rescue, casting aside the fear of evil consequences to me only ?

It was better that I should do anything than calmly sit down and die, and let him go to perdition body and soul through her, my enemy. I knew he loved me. If I could but see him ! How ? He was in London now, I far away where he was not likely to seek me out again ; alas, I felt sure of that ! In London, where I knew not a human being—yes, one, out of his sphere and mine, but a kindly



soul he had brought me in contact with, Mrs. Heathcote, the actress. I had the will, I must find the way, the means, the excuse for a short absence from home. I must set my face towards London, seek out Mrs. Heathcote, ask her countenance and protection, for want of better, make myself known to Arthur, see him, speak to him but once, if never to meet again in the course of our lives. All this flashed upon me together in one moment; it took many days of wretchedness and hesitation before it grew into shape, and I was resolved how the thing should be done, but then, never wavering, I held to my purpose, and bore it through.

There was no one I could take into my confidence or ask to be a companion of my journey. I must go alone, and this without my grandmother's consent, which I knew it would be useless to ask, but I made every endeavour, in taking my own course, to give her the least possible pain. I wrote a letter, to be found by her after I was gone; in these words:

"MY DEAREST GRANNY, I am leaving you for a short time, for a reason that you shall know hereafter, and, I trust, approve. Within a month at farthest I shall either return, or, if for a great object, my longer absence be required, I shall tell you all and act no further without your consent, which I implore of you to forgive my doing now, and not to fret. I shall take care of myself as you have taught me to do, and have plenty of money to bring me back home, so do not fret about me, granny dear, it is all for the best. Your loving child,  
"LEILA FORTESCUE."

This I folded, with many tears, and left on a little table by her bed, where she was sure to find it on awaking in the morning. I had kissed her the night before, which I seldom did, for she never encouraged my caresses, and scarce seemed to know what to think of such unwonted tenderness, but my heart was full at parting with her; nothing could have driven me to so desperate a step, but the instinctive conviction that the worst I could possibly meet, being up and doing, would be less terrible to me than to sit still where I was and do nothing. I had not told granny a single falsehood to excuse myself.

Very early in the morning I arose and dressed for my journey. I could take nothing with me beyond what I could carry on my arm; money I had of my own, sufficient, with prudence, to fear no shipwreck of my project on that score. Unheard by anyone in the house, I unbarred a window, and, slipping through the garden, let myself out into the road, and made my way in great haste to catch an early train for London. I was in much fear lest granny should wake before her time, pursue me, and stop my journey; if she slept till half-past seven, her usual hour, I should be miles away in the swift express, before an alarm could be raised to intercept my journey. Having no luggage to detain me on my arrival, I could escape from the station unnoticed, before any telegraphic action could be made effectual against me. Indeed I do not believe poor granny ever thought of that, though, in my guilty fear, I clung close by two young ladies and their father, who travelled in the next carriage to me, wishing to appear as one of their party until I was able to lose myself in the crowd.

It was evening after my long travel, yet I did not dare to stop many minutes at the Great Western Station, where, if anywhere, search was likely to be made for me. Somehow, I was got into a cab, and directed the man to leave me at a station nearer the Strand, where I expected to lie *perdue* till the next morning, when I could seek out Mrs. Heathcote. How I dreaded that night alone in London, the first time I ever set foot within the mighty and terrible city! I dared not face any hotel. In the railway waiting-room, I felt as safe as I could be anywhere, and it was nobody's business to turn me out.

At eight o'clock in the morning I took a cup of tea and a bun, and, having made such slight sacrifices to the Graces as time and place allowed, set out for the Strand, in a cab as before, giving my directions to be set down at the theatre where I knew Mrs. Heathcote was a member of the company. The man, after a long stare, whispered, confidentially, "Stage door, miss?" "Yes," I replied, quickly, and in fear of being overheard by some one who might report the fact to my disadvantage, having evidently acquired a special interest in cabby's eyes.

He set me down at the stage door, and volunteered his assistance in calling out the porter to meet me after I had paid him. He waited, as if curious to learn the result of the interview. The porter looked at me very hard, evidently drawing conclusions to my disadvantage, as having no business there at that unreasonable hour. "Rehearsal at half-past ten, miss, if you go on as hextra lady," he said, pragmatically pointing with his finger to a paper posted up inside his door, whereon was written the correct date of that day, the hour he indicated, and the words "Supers and extra ladies"—inexplicable 'o any sense of mine. All I knew was, it was but nine o'clock, and I was not wanted, and the whole aspect of the place, from the dingy little pocket hole, where the porter made his peculiar retreat, to the dark recesses dimly perceptible beyond, was indescribably shocking to my feelings.

"I am a friend of Mrs. Heathcote's," I took heart of grace and said; "I am just come to town, and want to call upon her; will you, please, give me her address?"

"We don't give no private addresses of none of our ladies and gentlemen to nobody on no account, nohow. Them's our rules at this theatre, miss."

"But I want to see Mrs. Heathcote. What am I to do?"

"If you'll come in the evening at half-past six—she's sure to be here—I'll take in your name to her dressing-room."

"What! not before half-past six?"

"It may be just a chance that she'd look in through the day for her letters. Will you like to leave your name?"

"Letters! Then her letters come here, although you will not give her address? I should like to leave a letter for her."

"Oh, certainly, miss. You can write it here, if you like. I'll give you what you want."

He did so. I wrote a hurried note, and saw it placed in an alphabetical frame, hung up on the wall, beneath the letter H.

I was in haste to return to the railway station, to wait there until Mrs. Heathcote should come to me, as my note begged her to do. I

felt out of place where I was, liable to be mistaken for some inferior employée hanging about the theatre. What would Arthur think of me, were he to pass by and surprise me? I shrank into a corner at the bare idea. True, I had acted with him, but with a difference, in an assembly room, not a theatre, no such profane institution being tolerated at Stormouth, and in such ideas had I been brought up: with some inconsistency I now threw myself upon the good-nature of an actress, as my only friend in need.

As I turned to take myself off, I was confronted on the narrow threshold by a face I knew.

"Oh, our stage manager, miss," said the porter.

"You here, my dear?" said Mr. Heathcote, recognising me, with much surprise. But his style of address took me aback. "My dear," by inveterate habit as a stage manager, came from him quite naturally, but I fear made me blush at the awkwardness of my position.

"I wanted to see Mrs. Heathcote," I said, constraining myself.

"Oh, my wife will be delighted. Go for a cab, Tom. I'll stop here for you. A private young lady we knew down in Cornwall. Send her off to the wife; they'll understand each other."

So it was settled, and under observation of half a score of the ubiquitous "boy" species, among whom I seemed to excite a deep interest, I was handed into a cab *en route* for Mrs. Heathcote's lodgings.

What a world's wonder she made of me! It was very painful to listen to her exclamations of astonishment at every word of explanation she drew from me. I would not tell her the whole truth, and she balked at my half confidences, but kindly agreed to all my requests. It was arranged that I should have a room in the same house with her, and the use of her drawing-room for any visitors I wanted to see, some such I said there were. I had avoided mentioning Arthur's name.

"And now," she resumed, "I want you to tell me what brought you up to London all alone? Is it a fit of stage fever?—mad to act? Is that it?"

"Well, no, but could I have the chance to act if I wished?"

This was said half seriously. All else failing, I might yet be glad of such a career being open to me; it would be better that motive should be attributed to my flight both by the Stormouth gossips and my grandmother, anything to hide the truth from them! Mrs. Heathcote thought twice before she answered me.

"Act—yes, I dare say you could be taught to act. There's a good deal of stuff in you." She eyed me as if taking measure of my qualities. "But you've everything to learn. You were not such a bad Desdemona for quite a novice, and after two years' hard work you might do. But, bless the child! you'd be sick of it in two weeks! And your singing voice would be sure to go—and such a pity!"

"My singing voice?"

"Yes, certain to be lost, 'speaking up,' as we call it, destroys all your high notes for singing."

"I did not know—"

"Of course not, how should you know anything about it? My dear, if you want to take to a profession, be a singer, nothing else; besides, it's much more respectable than the stage. Very few of us can hold the position we deserve. My lord somebody's mistress is always stopping the way."

"Do bad women, then, please the public best?"

"No, but they keep others out as long as they find the money to force themselves down the throat of the public, and are not found out. Ten years ago a leading actress was supposed to be a woman of character; now the contrary is the rule instead of the exception." I shuddered. "There are not three actresses at our theatre that Mr. Heathcote would admit inside this house. We meet them in business, that's all. Oh, you're quite safe as a young girl under my wing."

There needed no more bespattering of her own nest; the sight I had had of the "behind the scenes" was sufficient to disgust my fastidiousness. Neither would I risk any hurt to my singing voice, which I had already learnt to prize beyond all other earthly possessions,

as the lever that might yet raise my little world into a higher sphere, could I but find the proper vantage point to work from !

I had come, however, to find out Arthur—to see him, to warn him—and with nervous sensitiveness I shrunk from revealing my intent to any mortal ear, hard as I found it, unaided and uncounselled, to shape the way of our meeting. Unless I made some endeavours to seek him out, I might remain in London my life long unknown to him. On the chance that we might be brought together, without any palpable effort of mine, I asked Mrs. Heathcote to sit with me in the park, morning or afternoon, whenever she could, and there I watched and waited, day after day, at least for a distant sight of him. This was denied me, though royalty, wealth, and fashion spread all their glammers before my young, impressionable eyes. To me the sight was the most wonderful I had ever seen or dreamed of out of a fairy tale. How I smile on recalling my simplicity now ! At first I was fascinated, then I sunk into the deepest depression, crushed, as it were, in spirit, by the sight of the great pageant of the world's vanity, rolling and rolling on, without a thought or a look for the poor mortality that lay beneath the chariot wheels ; not a human being there that knew me or that I could name, among those thousands upon thousands ! Why had I left my home ? I was a stranger here.

A presentiment flashed upon me : might I not one day conquer for myself a place among that haughty throng ? A prouder place than the accident of birth and wealth can confer by right ; might I not work my own way up by dint of courage and perseverance, added to the gifts of genius I felt were mine ? I had heard of such things, how the talent which in a woman had been looked upon as a clog and a hindrance in obscure country life, in London became a power in her weak hands, an instrument to fortune and fame ! Yes, one day I would make myself a name, through the rich treasures that were in me of melody and song ! and if this might be realised, why not that other dearer hope ? To make myself worthy of my high-placed love, to be accepted for my own merits, not by claim of rank, to reach his side by a different road to fame, to be lost in his greater light, his love, his

wife! I must not dare to think such thoughts, but bend my spirit to the stern necessities that lay to my hand to cope withal.

There was no other way, I must write him a letter, ask him to come to me, uncertain whether he would receive it, or, if he did, when he would comply. I did not think he could refuse me. I wrote and sent it to his official address, with the words "private and personal" by way of precaution against the curiosity of profane clerks. Thus ran my letter

"Having heard no word from you for several months, I should not know, but for the public mention of your name, whether or not you were among the living. I know not whether you care to hear that I am so still, but even if not, I feel I owe a duty to one so great of heart, who has once shown me kindness, and that is to warn you for your own sake of a danger that threatens you, through the malice of others. It is such a matter as I could not write, but will tell you all I know if you will see me for once, here where I am staying while in London, with Mrs. Heathcote. Send a line to say when I may expect you, as in a few days I shall return home, and after this one interview I do not suppose that we shall ever meet again; none the less shall I be, in memory of your former kindness, for all my life your true friend,

"LEILA FORTESCUE."

*(To be continued.)*

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## ENGLISH CRIME AND ENGLISH LAW.

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### II.



CHARACTERISTIC of early English criminal administration, perhaps even more deplorable than the legal cruelty of which we have given examples, was the utter want of relevancy between a crime and the method of discovering and punishing it. Punishment has in the past been, to a large extent, only another name for vindictiveness. Where any moral principle appears to have been concerned, it would seem to be the simple principle of revenge. But law was also regarded by the powerful more as a vested interest in the fears of the populace than as an instrument of establishing the right. Hence, a fine was regarded as a fair quittance for murder, and earlier than the reign of Richard I. towns were taxed to pay for a person slain within their walls. Confiscation was another penalty, showing how closely allied were the office of the ruler, the receiver, and the usurer. How legal power was estimated and exercised in the hands of the priesthood, we have already seen. The monstrous patents and privileges of the nobility and of the land owners, amply show that might was accustomed to create and to enforce its own right. The whole legal system was autocratic, arrogant, selfish, rapacious; or where at all qualified by moral impulse, vindictive, retributive, in the most cruel and arbitrary degree. Conscious that its organisation for detecting hidden crime, and for acquiring evidence when an offender was arrested, powers so formidable and effectual under the police system of modern days, was defective, resort was had to criminal tests not only irrelevant and *mal à propos*, but often so cruel as to constitute a punishment in themselves. The trials by ordeal, prevalent before the Norman Conquest, furnish signal examples.



To test the innocence of a suspected person by his power to take a stone from the bottom of a cauldron of boiling water, while his arm was thickly swathed, and to be free from scald, or by his dexterity in lifting a red hot bar of iron under similar protection, without burn, or by his ability to conquer his accuser in combat, were, but for the horrible issue depending upon these ordeals, ridiculous enough. Should scald or burn ensue, "the anger of Heaven, it was supposed, had marked out the wrong doer for punishment, and," as Mr. Pike adds, in highly significant language, "he suffered a sentence in accordance with the magnitude of the crime, and the ferocity of the age." The tests of witchcraft, by the supposed effects of looks, touches, and the presence of witches, the trials by jury, when the jurors were actually the witnesses, if not the accusers in the case, the dangers to which honest witnesses were subject, and the general bribery which prevailed, made the administration of justice a dreary and sickening tragedy.

The whole code was iniquitous and absurd. We have honestly to ask a serious question: Which have been the more atrocious and abominable: the crimes or the laws of past ages? The wanton cruelty of the criminal often seems pardonable and insignificant before the brutal spirit and corrupt administration of the judge. We gladly take comfort in the reflection that the grotesque penalties of the rulers were, to a degree, antidoted by the incapacity and uncertainty of their infliction. The petty thief ran a frightful risk of mutilation, but then there were innumerable chances against his arrest. While the innocent frequently suffered, the guilty often escaped. While the law was extravagantly severe, it was also contemptibly weak. To attempt to inculcate reverence for the human life or person, while the lightest folly might be punished by execution, was plainly ridiculous. To look for respect for the rights of property, while the law and its myrmidons professionally practised rapine and plunder, was ludicrous. Its absurdity was glaring. We repeat our felicity that the extreme cruelty of the law must have been largely nullified by defective organisation, and by a crime common at such times, bribery. When

forged warrants of apprehension, of entry, of charters, of official seals generally were possible and not uncommon, it is not singular if forged pardons also played an efficient part in the miscarriage of justice. Indeed, out of undue severity in criminal administration will naturally spring the grossest abuses, and that worst of all, bribery. A man fairly caught in an offence will unhesitatingly give every atom of valuable he possesses to save his lips from slitting, his nose from amputation, or his eye from extraction! and on the other hand, the captor is only too willing, in a barbarous society, of which he may not be the most scrupulous member, to release his captive in consideration of a bribe, both from cupidity, and also from a quality rarer in such times, a lurking compassion and sympathy.

The systematic cruelty of the legislation pressed with unmitigable rigour upon the Jews. It has been the lot of this singular and unfortunate race to bear the brunt of all the prejudice and cruel tyranny of every age, and of all peoples. Hated, slandered, pillaged, tortured and massacred in every country, it is wonderful that any representatives of the nationality exist, or that any traces of their thrift, their financial skill, and patriotic pride remain. We share Mr. Pike's astonishment that the race survived and his "admiration for the patience and tenacity with which it remained true to its faith under a martyrdom lasting for ages." In no country have the Jews been more cruelly maltreated than in England. Whether they ever adequately provoked the prejudice they have always experienced, cannot now be fairly ascertained. The great virtue of their race, a peculiar genius for the accumulation of wealth, was the main source of their perils and sufferings. To allow a Jew to make forty per cent. by usury, and to exact in return for that charter a substantial tax, was a device which English kings did not disdain to practise. To secure a Jew and privately torture him into a revelation of the depository of his wealth was no doubt a safe means of replenishing the exhausted coffers of a profligate noble. "When London merchants hoped that the profits of bargains made in the morning might be increased by burglaries effected in the night, the life of a Jew must have been a life of ceaseless horrors and

apprehensions." He was "never secure from attacks made by the whole Christian mob of any town." The day on which Richard I. was crowned was Sunday. On this day some Jews were profane enough to pollute the royal court with their presence to offer costly gifts. The mob detected them and raised an outcry. With the felicitous discrimination and promptitude for which mobs are remarkable, they determined to wreak a bloody revenge. They overwhelmed the Jews' quarter. They slaughtered every Jew they found. They sacked and burned every Jewish house. They spent the remainder of that sacred day, and all the following night, in pillage, rapine, and massacre. The spirit of carnage spread like contagion. York followed the example of London. The Jews there fled to the castle, and defended it against a fanatical and exasperated populace. Seeing no hope of escape, they killed their wives and children, fired the castle, and ended their misery by suicide. At Lynn and Lincoln the Christians carried forward with great vigour the same work of burning, plunder, and murder. The intervals between general onslaughts and outrages such as these were employed in minor attacks, and in devising the means of making a Jew's life uncertain and wretched. Later on, when Langton was Archbishop of Canterbury, and when a Jew was the proper prey and butt of every Christian ruffian, all male Jews were compelled to announce their detested nationality by a white badge, worn in a conspicuous position. An attempt was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury to deprive them of food, under an order that no Christian should supply their wants. The Church, never at a loss for an expedient, imported financiers, known as the Pope's money-changers, to outbid and undermine the Jews in the profession which had made them useful and tolerable. Plundered and slaughtered in riot after riot, outwitted and cheated by their competitors, and oppressed by disabilities, they grew poorer and poorer. Their property, and even their household goods, gradually passed into the hands of the Pope's usurers. It was then enacted that the Jews should not possess freeholds, except their dwelling houses. All previous conveyances to them were to be invalid and illegal, and all their purchased lands

were to be restored to the Christians on repayment of the purchase money. On the accession of Edward I. they were forbidden to practise usury. Then every Jewess was compelled to wear the white badge. Singular accusations against them were never wanting. The Lincoln Jews were reported to have stolen a Christian child, fattened it on milk, and, after sending a general invitation to all the Jews of England to witness the ceremony, crucified it in mockery of the sacrifice of Christ. Nothing is more improbable than this story. But it was not difficult to procure a conviction, and the accused Jews were duly hanged. On an inquiry into the state of the coinage, with which they were believed to tamper, two hundred and eighty Jews were hanged in London alone. They were robbed of their synagogues, and forbidden to solemnise worship after their own faith. They were now poor and defenceless, and more heinous crimes than these were not unknown, except, perhaps, the crime of being a Jew. To rob them was impossible. To borrow of them was also out of the question. The king's revenues had ceased to profit by an income from the Jewry. Everything was ripe for a crime against them greater and more merciless than any yet committed, a crime in which the king and nation were collectively and deliberately to have a part. A day was fixed after which no Jew was to remain in England, under penalty of death. On slight vessels, with such moveables as they were permitted to retain, at the mercy of sailors who would rejoice rather than grieve at the injury or misfortune of a Jew, sixteen thousand Jewish men, women, and children, sailed from England. The mere expulsion from a country where for centuries their race had known only the pangs of persecution, might have been an advantage. But their enemies knew that, already forbidden existence in France, it was uncertain where they might be suffered to land; and that it was equally uncertain whether, when landed, they were doomed to death or merely a new era of persecution.

And so, through pages of historic horrors, we find that the atrocities to which the Jews were signally exposed were, in a minor degree, the common fate of every class of the defenceless. The

burnings of men, women, and children, the boilings of women for poisoning, the rackings and crushings and mutilations, the drownings and hangings, the confinements for years in cages too small to allow any natural position of the body, the brandings, the sale of convicts for slaves which was practised as late as the eighteenth century—and thousands of similar horrors, with which the history of criminal legislation is replete, afford us a confused panorama of gigantic wrong and helpless right sufficient to shatter any lingering belief in the humanity of man. That many of these horrible laws have never been formally repealed is not a comforting idea. Nor is the reflection that our forefathers were guilty of such unnatural and monstrous criminality the most melancholy to which this dark record gives occasion. In various parts of the world we see the same enormous wickedness in operation to-day. There exist countries which are now in the same stage of barbarism as our own was centuries ago. Nor is this all. We are utterly unable to express the feelings with which we reflect that now, in these days of enlightenment and culture, with the histories of all nations before us, and here in the cities which are the nucleus of the civilised world, diabolical barbarities of bygone times may, on any sudden impulse, be renewed, a war, a revolution, even a strike among workmen, may throw districts into horrible convulsions. In the east of Europe mutilations and tortures, and demoniacal cruelties, as foul and fiendish as any upon record, have been in these cultured days perpetrated under the eyes of polished nations, and in near proximity to their stupendous armaments. It is only a few years back that the most refined and cultured city in the world was the scene of slaughter and rapine among its own inhabitants. The torturing and exterminating policy of Russia against the Poles, even the conduct of British forces in India, and many other horrifying examples are within memory. These saddening events might, and probably would, occur again during any war.

With admirable insight and discrimination, Mr. Pike perceives that in truth the military spirit and the criminal spirit are analogous, if not identical. "The military age," he says "and the criminal age, are

very nearly the same, and the military spirit is very closely associated with various actions which we now describe as crimes." The conversion of the inmates of reformatories and training ships into soldiers and sailors is a measure which he advocates at some length. Whether this plan would be judicious we shall not stay to enquire. It is certain that our present penal legislation, while more mild and less erroneous than its ancestry, requires all the reformation which Mr. Pike in many places prescribes for it. In its aim, and in its attributes, and in its administration it strikes us as deplorably imperfect.

The principal characteristics of wise and effectual penal laws are justness in principle, mercifulness in penalty, and inevitability in administration. It is not of such importance that the punishment for offences should be signally severe as that it should be unavoidably consequent. The criminal regards with a natural contempt a law which is mercilessly and grotesquely cruel in its vengeance, but which, from defective administration, gives him a thousand chances of escape. A hundred years ago the common penalty for robbery with violence was death; but the profession of the highwayman flourished. The impunity with which a bold robbery and a prompt murder could be committed threw around the scamps and scapegraces who practised them an air of heroism and romance. Often well known and notorious, they wanted nothing for their conviction and execution but capture. The present penalty for violent robbery is a much milder one, but the trade of the footpad is extinct. Spasmodic attempts to revive it precipitately fail. The modern garrotter knows that, while the punishment of his crime is trifling compared with its penalty even half a century ago, he is surrounded by an organisation for his detection and apprehension, so complete and vigilant, and so operative and powerful, a hundred or a thousand miles away from the scene of violence, that his capture is practically inevitable. The physical vindictiveness of the law is slight; its moral effect is tremendous. The criminal laughs at the excessive penalty which ordinary adroitness can escape; but he respects the activity and incorruptibility which it is hardly possible to elude.


The aim of criminal laws should, in our opinion, not be retributive

and vindictive, but preventive and redemptive. To inflict pain on the body and distress on the mind have been the primary objects of ancient and of much modern penal legislation. To prevent a repetition of the offence by correcting and reforming the criminal seems to us a higher and a nobler aim. We know the thousand sneers which are constantly levelled at a view like this. And we have not now space to examine the arguments against it. We believe it is not chimerical, we are certain the attempt to realise it would be well worth while ; and highly honourable to the age ; we recognise in it the essential principle of the Christianity which men have long preached, but rarely practised. We know also that it is not unencumbered by difficulties. But, above all, we know that, should it fail ever so miserably, its incapacity to decrease criminality would not be more signal than that of the traditional system which it would succeed, and that its consequences could never be so lamentable and disgraceful.

Some reflections occasioned by a thoughtful perusal of this history are too significant to be altogether omitted. Yet they involve considerations and arguments more voluminous than we have space to accommodate. That many acts are now subpenal which were allowed by our forefathers, and that many acts, anciently criminal, are now actually provided for by modern legislation, are circumstances which suggest serious questions as to the absolute rectitude of laws and the absolute existence and identity of right and wrong. There can scarcely be a standard correctness in a legal code which contradicts and countermands itself. The innumerable statutes of these realms are one line of inconsistencies and contradictions. The thing which is a crime in one century is a virtue and a fashion in the next. If laws are, therefore, not consistent, and so cannot of possibility be absolutely right, is there, or can there be, any determinate standard of right and wrong ? In Mr. Pike's opinion this once vexed question is settled for ever. It was a mere dispute about imperfectly defined terms. "If the meaning assigned is that right and wrong have an absolute existence—that in all times, and all places, and all relations of every kind, the same right is right, and the same wrong is wrong, and that the untaught child is aware of this fact, and

knows on which side every action ought to be classed—the doctrine is too absurd for serious refutation.” As, therefore, the popular views regarding human actions are subject to change, as the legislator prohibits in one decade what his successor encourages in the next, and as innumerable instances of these may be readily brought to mind, there is, saving in those crimes which have always been considered heinous, no absolute unchangeable right or wrong. So concludes Mr. Pike. What, therefore, is crime? Crime and morals, says our author, are totally distinct terms. “There is not, and never has been, any crime in actions except those which a law declares to be criminal, or to which it assigns a punishment.” Law may have arisen from any code of morals, any religion, any fanaticism, any party feeling, any considerations of expediency. To infringe such laws are crimes in the people governed by them. “There may be, and there has been, crime in telling the truth, crime in exercising the body, and even crime in eating, except under certain restrictions. There is, in fact, no conduct which may not be criminal if the dominant power in any country enacts a law to punish it.” We cannot accept without qualification many references arising from this elasticity of the term; but the arguments adduced by Mr. Pike are too numerous and forcible to be now discussed. Yet he will readily see that, while the fact he states may be incontrovertible, it does not follow that its existence as a fact is justifiable. It is possible that the wide difference between moral sin and legal sin is a grave blot upon the moral science and penal legislation of our age. Perhaps it were no more than our bounden duty to strive, mind and soul, to bring penal crime into identity with moral crime. We are quite mindful that even moral ideas are subject to fluctuation and change. But whatever they may be in each age, they are, in that age, the unchallenged standards of right and wrong. That penal laws should closely follow their indications is, therefore, consistent and safe. We can imagine no surer guide in criminal legislation than that no act which is a breach of the country’s laws should be other than a sin in the moral perceptions of the people, and that no act which is perceptible as morally wrong should fail to be a crime against the laws of the realm.





## HINTS FOR SICK-NURSES.

BY MRS. LEITH-ADAMS.

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### PAPER 3.—SUDDEN ILLNESS.



SHOULD now like to say a few words as to those sudden and unexpected attacks of illness which we are all liable to be called upon to witness, and in which it is so well for us to know how to act, and how to refrain from acting.

Perhaps of all things to be most guarded against in such cases, is the fault of *officiousness*. When anyone faints, or is seized with sudden illness in a public place, everyone is immediately possessed with a burning desire to distinguish himself or herself by doing something or other, and there seems no medium between those who "give way" (to use their own expression), that is, make sobbing noises, and otherwise render themselves a "nuisance generally," as dear Artemus Ward would say, and those who crowd and crush round the prostrate figure, and keep all the fresh air away, when it is most wanted.

In vain some medical man entreats the assembled multitude to move aside, and give the fainting person a chance of being able to breathe; common sense seems to have taken flight, and the Lord of Misrule reigns supreme.

"Don't you think there is *anything* I can do?" gasped an excited female, smelling-bottle in hand, as she struggled to make her way through a crowd gathered about a fainting lady in one of our small city churches that are packed like no other buildings I ever saw.

"Yes," said I, pitilessly, "you can *come away*, and get others to do so too."

If a scornful look could kill, I had never left that church alive.

It is however a most excellent thing to know what ought to be done in cases of sudden illness, and to keep your wits about you, and use them, *if no medical man is at hand.*

If there is, ask him quietly if you can be of any assistance. Then if he says "No," why then *go away.*

This is a golden rule.

In nine cases out of ten, curiosity is the prevailing motive in those who huddle and crush round a prostrate fellow-creature, and be sure you can do the said fellow-creature no greater kindness than to take your departure—always premising that you can be of no practical use.

In a case of fainting—*i.e.*, simple syncope, it is absolutely necessary to lay a person down, *with the head low*, and administer a stimulant (brandy and water is the best) as quickly as possible.

A very slight amount of medical knowledge will enable you to distinguish simple fainting from other forms of sudden insensibility. The pallid face, failing pulse, and cold, damp hands are signs enough. Yet in such a slight matter as the treatment of an ordinary fainting fit, how ignorant people are!

Only a few weeks ago, I came upon a crowd gathered round a man in a dead faint; I should think there were at least twenty people in the crowd all pressing closely round the poor fellow. "Keep his head up," cried one voice after another, and two irrepressible ones seized the inanimate creature, each by an arm, dragged him to the wall of a house, and set him upright in a sitting posture, maintaining him so, with some difficulty and exertion. It did not take many seconds to make one's way through the crowd, and say, "Keep his head *down.*" A policeman, who now appeared upon the scene instantly obeyed this direction, laying the man flat upon his back, following still further advice by undoing his neck-tie, collar, and shirt, so that the cool air blew upon his bare chest. Even before any brandy could be got, the colour began to return to the pale face, the pulse rose, and the crowd (that had evidently highly disapproved of my treatment) began to feel better satisfied. A spoonful of brandy completed the

cure, and I have no doubt, though I did not stay to see, the poor man was soon able to walk home.

Sudden attacks of illness of whatever nature, invariably result from, or are accompanied by, great disturbance of the circulation; therefore every *possible* thing that can hinder the heart from recovering its normal condition and action, should be removed; that is, the clothes loosened as much as possible, *more particularly about the neck, chest, and waist.*

And it is well to impress upon anyone the fact that to keep a fainting person in an upright position, even for a few moments only, *may* be to risk life, for where there is a weak heart, such a proceeding is far from unlikely to prove fatal.

These directions as to loosening the clothes, and placing the patient in a recumbent position, apply to *all* sudden attacks of insensibility alike; but as other particulars of treatment vary according to the attack, it will be well to enter into them in detail.

Thus, epilepsy (or the "falling sickness," as the lower orders call it) may be easily distinguished from fainting.

The pulse does not fail, but is, on the contrary, rather accelerated. The fall is different. In fainting, a person sinks down, as it were; in epilepsy, he drops as though shot, from the suddenness of the attack. Then convulsive movements, and frothing at the mouth take place. These symptoms are of course very distressing to the bystanders, but the suffering is more apparent than real, as complete insensibility accompanies them. The froth is sometimes tinged with blood, in consequence of the tongue being bitten by the clenched teeth. The directions before given, as to laying the patient down, and loosening the clothes, hold good in this case, more particularly about the neck, but in fainting the head should be kept low, *i.e.*, lower than the body, while in epilepsy the head should be gently raised, while the body lies recumbent. In fainting, the inhalation of pungent salts is useful; in epilepsy, it would be useless.

Brandy or *sal volatile* should be given *at once* in fainting; in epilepsy, nothing can be swallowed, until the violence of the fit has

subsided. Then a very little hot brandy and water, and perfect rest and quiet are called for.

There is a popular idea that a person in an epileptic fit should be held with painful tightness, so as to restrain the convulsive efforts by main force.

This is an error.

It is best simply to guard against the patient hurting himself during his struggles, carefully wipe away all the froth, etc., that exudes from the mouth, look to see that the tongue is not clenched between the teeth; and then leave matters alone. Forcing things between the clenched teeth, holding the sufferer still by brute force—all this is bad.

I have hardly space in a paper like this to enter fully into the question of the singular fidelity with which, in the softer sex, hysteria simulates epilepsy; there are, however, certain indications which very little experience will render easily distinguishable.

Hysterical subjects *never* hurt themselves (whatever they may do to other people), in their convulsive efforts. Insensibility, which in real epilepsy is *complete*, is, in hysteria, incomplete, if not entirely assumed; and very often on hearing an unpleasant assertion made with respect to herself, an hysterical subject will sharply contradict the speaker.

Friendly suggestions, such as the advisability of a plentiful douche of cold water, made in the hearing of the patient, will often cut short the attack with marvellous promptitude. I once saw an apparently insensible, strongly convulsed individual, surrounded by horror-stricken friends, recover instantaneously on some ill-natured person cruelly suggesting that she had "eaten too much dinner." "I didn't!" cried the patient, indignantly—sat up, shivered, sobbed, moaned—and recovered!

Other indications of the true nature of the attack are not wanting.

Hysterical subjects always take care to have an appreciative audience; they are never found in an attack, but fall into it before

bystanders. The force necessary to restrain an epileptic is very great ; in hysteria it is much less.

Again, the reality and completeness of insensibility is shown by the way in which when the eyelids are opened, and even the front of the eye touched, there is no attempt made to close the eye. In real epilepsy we may touch the eye without the least response. Hysteria can *never* stand this test.

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## THE SONG OF AN EPICURE.

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**T**ASTE the glass, but not too deeply,  
Cast it down ere half be gone,  
Though at first it tastes so sweetly,  
'Twill be bitter ere 'tis done.

Look not long, one glance is gladness,  
In the second—sorrow lies ;  
Joys are fleeting, why should sadness  
Dash the laughter in our eyes ?

Pluck the roses, but ere faded,  
Strew the leaves upon the wind ;  
Others bloom as fair as they did,  
We should never look behind.

Thinking only ends in sorrow,  
Breath is wasted in a sigh :  
Let us think not of the morrow,  
Let us laugh and ask not why.

STOLES.

# THE HOP-FIELD.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

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## CHAPTER I.

MAGGIE.

**T**HE sun was low when a party of tourists came forth from the great portal of Canterbury Cathedral. It was time to close the doors, and an old man soon came out, turned the big key in the lock, leaving the grand and solemn old place to solitude and silence, and took his way along the street between the ivy-covered baptistery, with its beautiful white arches, and the chapter-house, with its ancient stone stairs. He had a child with him, a little girl, pale and slender, with large, wistful blue eyes. She shrank close to him, and clasped his hand more tightly, as they passed through the quadrangle where the school-boys were at their noisy play, and when they had turned the corner into the narrow, quiet street that led towards home, her steps began to falter.

"Eh, Dolly," said the old man, kindly, "art thee tired, lassie?" and he took the slight little form up in his arms, and went on more slowly. He stopped at a small cottage, built of round black flints, at whose door appeared a young girl, pale like the child, from overwork and scanty living, with large blue eyes like hers, but of a much stronger and more vigorous build.

"Eh, Maggie, ye're home afore us!"

"Yes, grandfather, I've done at the shop for awhile. I'll tell you by-and-bye."

She had taken the child as she spoke, and now held her on her lap, untying her small sun-bonnet.

"Is my baby tired?" she asked, tenderly. "She shall have some nice bread and milk, and then such a good sleep in her little crib! and next week Maggie will take her out into the beautiful country, to make her strong and well."

The child smiled languidly, but said nothing, only nestling wearily in her sister's arms.

That evening, when Dolly was asleep in her crib, and the old man sat smoking his pipe by the window, Maggie, busy repairing the child's little garments, told her grandfather her plan.

"I am anxious about Dolly," she said, "she always was a rather weakly child, but never so bad as this before. Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I wonder if she would have been strong like other children, if mother had lived to take care of her."

"Now don't ye fret that way," replied the old man, "ye've been as tender of the child as her mother could ha' been. It's been the living in Lunnnon as has been bad for ye both. The foggy, smoky city—it's no place for a little thing like her. She'll be better out here."

Maggie did not cross the old man by saying what was in her mind, that since they had come here the winter before, after the death of their father, the child had lost instead of gaining. But she went on to say, "The hopping begins next week, and they all tell me it will do her good to be out in the hop-fields; so I've just given up the shop, and I'm going out with the hoppers on Monday. I've borrowed the small waggon Mrs. Price used to take her baby out in, and I'll take Dolly in it to the field, and maybe it'll do her good. And the pay is better than I had at the shop."

"But, mind ye, Maggie, the hoppin' is only for a couple o' weeks at most, and then what'll ye do?"

"Well, grandfather, we must just trust for the future. If the worst comes to the worst, I can go out to service, and you can find somehow for yourself and Dolly. If I get a place near by, I could come home once a week."

"Maybe ye're right, my girl. I'll be lonesome enough if ye have to go away; but no worse than afore ye came."



“ Well, I'll try the hopping, grandfather, and we'll see what comes next.”

So when the sun rose on Monday morning, Maggie was on her way to the hop-field, drawing the little waggon in which sat Dolly, quiet as always, but looking with pleased eyes at the novel scene. Once outside the old town of Canterbury, the path led across open fields at first, then along the pleasant suburban road through Harbledown; and not till they came to a bend in the road and a rather steep decline, did they lose sight of the grand old towers of the cathedral.

They were not alone, but formed part of a considerable company of hop-pickers, whose numbers increased as they drew near the fields, Maria, a shop acquaintance of Maggie's, a rosy, loud-voiced girl, who seemed to know every one they met, was their particular chaperone, and good-naturedly helped Maggie to draw the little waggon, for the way was long.

When at last they reached their destination, Maggie made a sort of nest for Dolly in the corner of the hedge, with a cushion and a shawl. The prospect was very limited, being shut in by the hedges on two sides, and by the tall hop-poles on the other two; but there were flowers in the hedge-row, and blue sky overhead, with white clouds floating over, and birds were singing, and Dolly was more than content.

Then Maggie went to the overseer to receive her tally-stick, and have her name written upon a corresponding stick in the bunch he held.

Already the farmers' boys and men were cutting off the vines at the root, pulling up the hop-poles, and laying them down where the girls could reach them, and the work of stripping began. When one had filled her bushel basket, she carried it to the overseer, and had her tally-stick notched. Maggie could not get on as fast as those who were accustomed to the work, and besides, her attention was somewhat taken up with Dolly; yet she filled basket after basket as the hours went on.

“ I'll help you, Maggie,” said Dolly, picking the hops off one by

one from a long, graceful spray, but presently she said, "How rough they are, Maggie! They hurt my fingers." And soon she added, "How queer they smell! Oh, I'm so sleepy." And then Maggie carried the child to her nest in the corner, where she slept long and heavily.

"It's the 'ops," said Maria, "that's the way they work. She'll be all the better for it. Let her sleep."

Before noon, the prospect had widened considerably, for many rows of hop-poles were down the whole length of the field.

"What are those brick buildings?" asked Maggie. They were tall and round, looking like a tower at the bottom, but tapering all the way up, till the upper part was more like a chimney, and the top had a sort of one-sided slanting arrangement, something like the tiny one-sided caps she saw on the tufted mosses under the hedge.

"Them's the oasts," replied Maria, "that's where they dry the 'ops."

Smoke curled from the summits, where the slanting tops were evidently adjusting matters between the wind and the smoke. The air was full of the penetrating, pungent odour of the hops, which told at last upon Maggie, as it had upon little Dolly; and when all hands dropped work at dinner-time, she sank down beside the child in the shade of the hedge-row, and slept profoundly.

"Let her sleep, poor soul," said Maria, when the rest went to work again, "she's been as pale as a ghost the last month;" and she tossed a handful of hops into Maggie's basket as she spoke.

"Good for you!" cried one or two, and followed her example.

"What's up now?" cried Dick Wells, laying down a couple of hop-poles beside Maria.

She blushed, having a lurking fancy for Dick, and was not sorry when Sue and Jane told of her kind deed. Dick lingered, stripping hops, as she shortly told the story of the orphan sisters, as if the handful of hops needed excuse; and he laughingly tossed the hops alternately into Maggie's basket and Maria's. But this was play, and Dick soon returned to work.

Some one else, coming and going with hop-poles, had heard her story. It was John Clayton, the farmer's son, who had had a kindly eye on the stranger ever since she entered the field. Somehow he managed to pile up hop-poles so as to hide Maggie's basket from the rest, which was the more easily done, as the line of workers, constantly receding as the poles went down, was leaving it behind.

When Maggie awoke, an hour later, she was vexed a little at the loss of time. Dolly sat up, looking refreshed, and asked, rubbing her eyes,

"Where are we, Maggie? Isn't it breakfast time?"

Maggie laughed, and gave her the lunch she had brought, eating little herself, for lack of time. She took the child across the space cleared by the morning's work, and seated her near the scene of labour. Here she found her basket, which she had left empty, filled to overflowing.

"Why, Maria," she cried, "somebody has made a mistake; somebody has been at work at my basket!"

"Not a bad mistake," answered Maria. "Don't stand looking at it, it's all right, it was the fairies. 'Op-fields is queer places. Carry it along and get your notch."

Maggie went, and coming back with a smile said, "I'll thank the fairies," looking at Maria; and John Clayton, from behind his armful of hop-poles, looked at her.

Some ladies and gentlemen came into the hop-field presently, to see the pickers at work.

"'Ave you been in the 'op-fields before, miss?" asked Maria boldly, of one of them.

"Never," she replied; and Maria instantly stooped down and brushed the lady's shoe with a spray of hops. She laughed, took out her purse, and gave the girl a shilling.

"What's that for?" asked Maggie, much surprised at this proceeding.

"Oh, that's the custom of the 'op-fields," said Maria. "The first

time people come in, they pay toll that way. There, that's a stranger ; go and get your shilling."

"No," said Maggie, resisting Maria's vigorous push. Sue pressed by them, touching the gentleman's foot with hops, and received her shilling, blushing but triumphant.

"What a silly you were, Maggie ! Why didn't you go ?"

"I don't like to," replied Maggie ; and John Clayton smiled to himself, stooping to lay down the hop-poles beside her.

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## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE HOP-FIELD.

WHEN the first day of the hop-picking was over, the little procession of hop-pickers took up its return march towards the old town of Canterbury. At the foot of the hill down which Maggie had drawn Dolly in the baby-waggon so easily in the morning, but which looked so steep and wearisome to climb to-night, a manly voice said kindly, while a strong hand was laid upon the handle of the waggon, "Let me take it up the hill for you."

Maggie's large blue eyes looked up for the first time into the dark eyes of John Clayton, which had already had one day's earnest study of her sweet pale face.

"Thank you," she said, simply.

"This is your little sister ?" he ventured to remark, when they had gone silently half-way up the hill.

"Yes ; poor little Dolly," said Maggie ; "I thought perhaps being out among the hops would do her good."

"Yes, surely it will," he answered, cheerily, "I've seen many a child pick up health in the field as fast as one can pick hops. And you've never been in the hop-fields before ?"

"No," she replied, "I lived in London till last winter." And

I'm slow at the picking. Maria has picked six bushels more than I to-day."

"Oh, she is an old hand at it," said John, "you will be even with her presently."

At the top of the hill he bade her good-night and took the foot-path homeward, across the church-yard, whose dark yew-trees almost hid the pretty church.

When Maggie reached the cottage, her grandfather met her at the door, and lifted Dolly from her waggon. "Eh, my little lassie, hast thee had a good day out in the fields? thee's right, Maggie, the pet's white cheeks have got a bit of colour in them already. What hast thee done all day, Dolly?"

"Oh, I rided, and I slept, and I looked at the hop-trees, and the people, and the birdies. Oh, and there was a big dog!" and Dolly's eyes fairly shone with pleasure as she went on to tell the little things which she remembered of the strange happy day out of doors.

"Why, grandfather," cried Maggie, "you have made the fire and put on the kettle!"

"Ay, child, I haven't worked so hard as ye, the day. There were not a many people to see the Cathedral; and on my soul, I think a'most all the people from those foreign parts must ha' been here by this time and seen it."

Next day, Dolly improved her acquaintance with the big dog, John Clayton's Prince, a noble old fellow, who soon became her prime friend and favourite. That afternoon a shower came up. The pickers worked on as usual, but Maggie was concerned for Dolly as she saw the cloud grow blacker. With the first drops, however, John Clayton appeared from among the hop-poles, and saying only, "I'll put Dolly safe out of the wet," he took her in his arms, caught up her shawl and cushion, and went over the stile, and across a cabbage plot, to a small cottage, where he deposited the child on a broad settle beside an old cat asleep among her kittens. "Keep the little girly till the rain's over, Becky," he said to the woman of the house, and was gone in a moment back to his work in the field, while Prince stayed to keep

guard over the child, who seemed a little frightened to be left in a strange place.

She was not afraid long, however, for Becky was a motherly old soul, and knew how to win the confidence of a child. She presently brought the pale little damsel a bowl of rich milk, which made her twice happy, for the pretty round heads of the three kittens were soon in the bowl, to lap up what the child left, while she laughed for pleasure.

Dolly paid the kittens a daily visit after this, and every day the generous Becky brought out the bowl full of creamy milk and stood smiling to see the young things enjoying it.

When Maggie went in, one noon, to thank her, she said, "Oh, there's plenty, and it's a comfort to see the child growin' stronger every day, I'll miss the little one when the hopping's done. Bring her out here sometimes; I'll be glad to see ye both, any day."

"I shall be glad to come if I can," said Maggie, "but I shall be at work."

"Where?" asked Becky, with kindly interest.

"I don't know yet," she answered, with a sigh and a troubled look into the future.

It was with deep regret that Maggie saw the last row of hop-poles laid down and stripped. The coming weeks looked to her as vacant and bare as the great wide field, and she thought with dread of the doubtful search for a place which lay before her. But then Dolly came dancing along, with Prince by her side, looking so different from the languid child whom her grandfather used to bring home with him every evening from the gray old cathedral so short a time ago, that Maggie said to herself, "No matter if hard times come now; the child is well, and the money I have earned here will last, I hope, till I find work again."

The next day was Sunday, and Maggie went with her grandfather and little Dolly to the great Cathedral. The light streamed in through the gorgeous windows, and bits of rainbow lay all about the walls and floor; the music of the great organ seemed to wander among the

high arches, as if angels were singing far up under the grand roof, and then it lost itself in the distance of the long nave, and among the pillars of the transept, and in the chapels where the great men of other days lay sleeping. Maggie could never dissociate the old recumbent image and the dead hero. The ancient stone figure seemed to her to be the man himself, lying under the magic spells of death and of the ages.

But brighter than all the many coloured lights of the giant windows shone for her the remembered sunshine of the past days in the hop-field; and sweeter than the music of the choir and organ came to her, over and over again, the kind, regretful tone of John Clayton's good-bye. She wondered to find herself thinking of him, and at a little, dull, restless pain of heart that came with the thought; and she blushed, remembering some foolish talk of Maria's about his attention to her.

"I have been with him only twelve days out of all my life," she thought, "and why should I miss him so? It must be because I have so few friends, because I am an orphan and a stranger."

Next day, all her anxieties about work were set at rest, for her former employer had not supplied her place, and was glad to receive her back at a slight advance of wages; and so the old routine of life began once more. Every day she asked herself why it need make life seem so lonely to have found a friend for a few days, and she scolded herself a little, and worked on patiently; yet every day had an ache in it, which the days used not to have.

And so Sunday came again, and once more she sate, with Dolly beside her, on the bench by the door in the great screen enclosing the choir, which was crowded with worshippers. It was a day of drifting clouds, and the Cathedral stood in shadow. Suddenly, the sun broke out, and sent a flood of rainbow-coloured splendour across the magnificent spaces overhead, and at the same moment the organ began a sweet, low, thrilling, rejoicing melody.

Maggie looked up. Some one had just come in, and was standing near her. Her heart gave a sudden bound, for it was John Clayton.

It seemed to her, then, and in every memory of it afterwards, that he brought in with him that burst of sunshine and of music. His eyes met hers with a quiet smile, as if they two had been at work together all along in the hop-field.

What a pleasant afternoon service that was! When it was over, they strayed awhile among the long aisles and groves of pillars, where Thomas-à-Becket had lain bleeding and dying on the stone pavement, and then where Edward the Black Prince lies at rest, his coat of mail hanging overhead, unused from age to age.

When the old man was ready to close the cathedral doors, they all went home together, Dolly happy to find her dear Prince outside the door, and to show him to grandfather, who had heard from her about the dog before, and a little about Clayton, too. But to read over again the old, old story of young love in the face of the young man, and in the sweet blue eyes of Maggie, was entirely new and unexpected; and the good old man sat smoking by the fire, for already the evenings were chilly, and thought to himself how her mother's face had worn that look when the young man from London came to see her, and farther back, her mother's mother, his own young bride, had a smile like that in her eyes when he came. "Ah, well!" he sighed, with a tender smile and a dewy light in his kind old eyes.

Maggie's Sundays were bright days after that, and the dull ache was gone out of the work days which came between. And in the spring, there was made a new sweet home in a snug farm-house, out among the oasts and hop-fields, for John and Maggie, and the old grandfather, and bright-faced little Dolly.

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# WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

BY MRS. E. M. KING.

*(Paper read at Dublin at the time of the Meeting of the British Association.)*

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T is a curious thing that in all ages one set of men have been obliged to ask for their political rights and privileges from another set of men; that those without have always been obliged to come, hat in hand, to those within the political circle, to beg to be allowed to gain admittance there.

In former ages this asking was of a somewhat violent kind, and the demand for entrance was made with blows as well as words, but we have pretty well passed this violent period, and now confine our method of asking to words only, trusting that the frequent importunity of our request may work for us what sudden and strong action did in former times.

In those past ages when political rights were violently demanded, and violently opposed, women had no chance of obtaining a hearing, but now that words are substituted for blows, we women find that we, too, have tongues and other organs of speech; that we have a certain amount of mental power to enable us to judge of what we require, and to advance intelligible arguments for our request, and also an amount of patience enabling us to wait and look forward to the time when the solvent power of words shall have melted down the barriers of prejudice which at present bar our progress.

For myself personally I must say I always feel rather humiliated whenever I have to come forward to beg for this small political privilege, called the suffrage; and if it was for myself alone, men might keep it to themselves for ever before I would ask for it. But I

am bound to consider others before myself in this matter ; to think of those who are not in the same fortunate position of independence as myself ; to think of those who have to work hard for their living, whose lives are full of care and suffering, which we think (whether rightly or wrongly) we could do something to mitigate, if we only had some small share of political power.

I can also reason away this feeling of humiliation by thinking in this way. This gradual widening of the boundary of electoral rights, this careful guarding of them from within, and this earnest seeking of them from without work together for the true well-being of the nation ; both sides are learning gradually to accept and fulfil their new position and their new duties ; and so throughout the struggle and the change, order always accompanies progress.

This plan of action seems to me so much better than that in which a nation seeks at once, as in a Republic, to enter upon a trial of complete self-government before the majority of the people have practised anything of the difficult art of individual self-government, or have attained to any knowledge of the complicated science of political government.

Therefore I am not ashamed to ask for this political privilege which it is in the power of men either to grant or to deny us, knowing, as I do, that I am following the same path which so many have trodden before me, that I am travelling along the same line of continuity which leads back to the very beginning of our national life, and that I am helping to work out, to the full end, the aim of our national constitution.

On the whole I am content with the progress which this Women's Suffrage question has made in the country, though, no doubt, it seems desperately slow to those who for many years have laboured to advance it. Still we must be patient, trusting that success will crown our efforts in the same way that it has crowned the efforts of other classes who have worked in a similar direction.

Not that I am so much of an optimist as to imagine that things will go right of themselves whether we work to make them go right or

not; far from it. There is a point in the life of every individual, of every species, and of every nation, when apparently some new and special effort is called for in order to enable the individual, the species, or the nation, to meet the requirements of the surroundings in which it is placed. Those who answer to this call spring forward with renewed powers of life, and prolong and extend their powers both for themselves and their descendants. While, on the contrary, those who fail to meet the new demand made upon them, inevitably fall back in the struggle for existence, and they and their descendants are doomed to ultimate extinction.

It has been wisely and truly said by someone that the attempt at social or national advance in the present day, without the aid of the female half of society, is like a man trying to work with one of his hands tied behind his back. Now, here is a recognition of what I believe to be a truth, that in this stage of civilisation, it is in the exercise of the right influence and legitimate power of women that the renewed health, strength, and vital power of the nation depends. I believe we have come, or are coming, to that point in the life of the social body when the female element in it must be utilised to perform some new and special work required by the social organism; that from them must be developed that new force, or rather new direction of force, by which alone the nation will be able to meet the requirements of the present age. But failing the new development, or new direction of force, failing this utilisation of this—at present—unorganised element in the social body, I believe that the progress of the race has reached its limits, that further advance is impossible, that retrogression must commence, and that the turning point in our history is come.

These grave predictions may seem ridiculous to many. Some think that the fall of nations is as inevitable as their rise, and if the turning point in our history is come—come it must. Others think that such a small thing as women's influence could neither make nor mar the fate of a nation.

Looking at the history of other animals we find that some species

who exist now have existed almost as far back as we can find trace of animal life, while others have had but a short period of existence, the reason for this difference in the time which each species has kept itself upon the earth seeming to be that one was capable of adapting itself to its surroundings, and the other not capable. There is apparently, therefore, no necessary limit to the life of any species or race, if they are, and as long as they are, capable of meeting the requirements of their position.

There is also another fact which strikes us, and that is, the very minute advantage, or very minute disadvantage, which has caused one class of animals to advance, and another class to retrograde. I may, then, fearlessly repeat that this small thing springing out of women's influence in the political body, this small step of granting the suffrage to a few women, may be that one minute advantage fitting us to cope more successfully with modern surroundings, and which, being handed down to our descendants, to be enlarged and improved upon as it may seem to them right and wise so to do, may ensure the future progress of the race.

It may be said that we have women's influence already. Most certainly we have, and I have even the vanity to think that but for women's influence our country would not be in the position she now holds. But we want that influence brought to bear, not only upon individuals, but organised and incorporated with that of men as a recognised part or motive power of the body politic.

My reason for considering this a pressing necessity is that individual influence, except to the few men of exceptionally powerful minds, is becoming less and less every day; and in consequence there is a greater demand for united action, and a greater need for it.

In almost every department of life government by united action is displacing individual effort, individual influence, and individual will. The schoolmasters have got hold of us, and want to rule us all from an educational point of view. The doctors want to get hold of us, to rule us all from a sanitary point of view. Now Mr. Easton (President of the Mechanical Section) wants to get hold of us, to rule us all from

an hydraulic point of view ! He wants all the rivers brought under one united control, all the large areas of country called watersheds, which feed the rivers, or are fed by them, brought under one control, and all the people taxed or rated by this body of control, to meet the expenses of the necessary hydraulic works. And, of course, all this government of schoolmasters, or doctors, or engineers, or what not, must have its head centre of control in Parliament, with special departments, and special officers set apart to it.

Now, you will at once see that all this united action, which is to interfere so largely with our home and domestic life, is the action and influence of men only, under the not-to-be-resisted power of a Parliament of men only, and carried out by a body of male officials only. Except in the education department, where, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Grey, Miss Becker, Miss Tod, and some few others, some small recognition of the claims of women has been allowed.

But in the face of this increase in the united action of men, what are we poor women to do ? What effect can our weak, divided influence have upon this formidable array of masculine force ? None at all, I fear, as we are at present situated. So, in fact, in asking for a vote, we are not really asking for any increase of power, but only that what we have already exercised shall be preserved and protected for us, by being turned into a proper recognised channel. Is it not fair, then, that we should ask for some small share in this system of government which is to interfere so largely with our domestic and family life ?

Women's influence in the present day must be divided under three heads ; that which is rightly used, that which is wasted, and that which is wrongly used.

Of the first I need say little ; we all know it, and, I think, all appreciate it, at least, if not in reality, yet still in words and in imagination ; the only fear is that from the cause I have stated, it is fast losing all real power.

For the last two heads—namely, that which is <sup>is</sup>wasted, and that which is wrongly used, they may be taken together, for no power or

force is wasted, and if not working good is working evil, there is only this loss, that women's higher influence not being called forth remains dormant and latent.

Women's bad influence in the present day I consider to be very strong. Having no great objects in life to expend their force upon, all their energies work to the accomplishment of worthless objects—adding to the world's frivolity, idleness, and vice. Men forget that as their sex gains an increase of mental force and activity they transmit this increased force to women as well as men, though, perhaps, not in an equal degree. Women's mental force and activity has largely increased of late years, but, unfortunately, instead of its being directed, as with men, into right channels, where it would advance their own well-being and that of their country, it is sent, as it were, wild into the world, the possessors of it having no sense of responsibility as to its use, no great interest to exert it upon, and totally untrained to work with others for the general good; and so the whole of this restless force throws itself into what is called "society," and expends itself in the senseless pursuit of dissipation, fashion, pleasure so called, which often degenerates into vice. I attribute nearly all the lamentable facts which have been brought to our knowledge with regard to the class of fast women to this cause. They are women who have inherited strong passions and strong force, both good things in themselves, but from having no road open to them where they could be fast and forward to do good, they have rushed into that road, always thrown wide open to any woman who chooses to enter it, where they could be fast and forward to do evil.

Besides the bad influence exercised by fast women on society, there is a still lower depth of bad influence, exercised by a still lower class of women, into which I need not enter; we all know of it, and we all feel it, some in one way, and some in another.

Here, then, is the great problem of civilised humanity: How shall women's influence for good be strengthened where it exists? How shall it be called into active life, where it lies dormant? And how shall it be changed in direction, where it is working for evil?

This force, which we want to utilise into an instrument of progress, is here amongst us. It is close to our hands, if we know how to take advantage of it ; it is working in the midst of us, strongly, constantly, and it depends entirely whether it is organised to do its proper work, or left disorganised to do a mischievous work, whether the social body rises to a fuller, nobler, and healthier life, or whether it sinks to a meaner, more brutalised, more vicious life.

Here are the two sides, the two alternatives, placed before you, and every one here can help forward the one side or the other. The majority here would certainly help forward the right side, and let us hope that the majority of the nation will soon follow the same course, the healthy instincts of the people leading them along the right path.

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## AN ARGUMENT AGAINST "LADY HELPS."

BY INA LEON CASSILIS.

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**W**HEN the people of Paris, in the terrible days preceding the great Revolution, clamoured for bread, a princess of the Royal House (whether it was Marie Antoinette or the Princesse de Lambelle is not accurately known), exclaimed, "Is there no bread for the people? Then give them cakes." My only apology for quoting a hackneyed story is that it appears to me to bear—broadly speaking—an analogy to the idea of providing poor ladies with work by making them servants; for a great and admitted evil, the princess, in her sublime ignorance, proposed a fantastic and wholly inadequate remedy. There let the parallel end. To offer refined women the work of scrubbing floors and blacking stoves, is more like proposing black bread for wheaten flour than cakes for bread; but that is not the question. The battle must be fought on a wider platform than any consideration of what is agreeable or congenial.

First, what is the evil? A very great and crying one. Thousands of women, gently born, gently nurtured, are compelled by varying circumstances to make their own living, but have not any definite training fitting them for a business suitable to their social status, nor education sufficient for the employment of teaching; or they have found the ranks of the latter closed against them because they are already filled. What are these ladies to do? It is all very well to tell them they ought to have been better trained; or to declaim against the masculine selfishness that stands in the avenues of employments which they



might otherwise hope to enter. While philosophers wrangle, the poor ladies starve. What is to be done?

It is no matter for wonder that—brought face to face with this perplexing problem, which, in truth, like all great social questions, cannot be solved by a *coup de grâce*—certain benevolent persons, whom it might sound invidious to call *doctrinaires*, and yet I know not what other name to give them—should have conceived the idea of advocating domestic service for ladies; not as a refuge for individuals, content to lose caste rather than starve outright, but as a system, a principle to be defended on grounds of reason and common sense, and worked into a consolidated and enduring institution. Prominent among these persons—indeed, the prime mover in the enterprise—is Mrs. Crawshay, of Merthyr Tydvil, of whose kindness and zeal I am so fully sensible that I regret being obliged to state my conviction that she is wasting her energy on an impossible theory; in so far as (speaking of Mrs. Crawshay individually) the theory is altogether intelligible. Let me explain.

In the well-known pamphlet in which this lady sets forth her scheme, she argues strongly for ladies undertaking domestic service; but after several pages of such argument, one comes upon a startling phrase—to the effect that women thus taught to help themselves would not only be independent while single, but make better wives for *respectable tradesmen*. From this it is evident that the writer is not here contemplating the class of which in the outset she seems to be speaking—women of culture, women who, but for poverty, one would meet in society, whose fathers and brothers would be (by right of class, at anyrate) in professions. Women of this class do not usually marry shopkeepers, and the women who do marry shopkeepers are only ladies in the modern parlance which, in name, swamps all distinctions, and calls the duchess and the costermonger alike "lady," but are not ladies in the sense in which the word is used among those justly entitled to bear it. Certainly, in the present day, the lines between certain classes are so finely drawn that it is not always easy to define what is meant by "a lady" or "a gentleman," inasmuch as

improved education has really raised in the social scale persons who fifty years ago ; would have been, not only by employment, but in manners, thought, and speech, *bourgeois* ; but when we come to linking the idea of a "lady" with marriage in the shopkeeping class, it is not easy to be mistaken as to the social position of the ladies alluded to, since it is not possible to charge Mrs. Crawshay with believing that poverty abolishes caste, and the poor lady should be thankful for a husband who drops his h's, and would be wofully ill at ease in a West End drawing-room.

That domestic service might be better patronised by the class who would naturally intermarry with tradesmen, is an opinion I fully share. The contempt of "service" among girls whose mothers before them were servants, and whose education and surroundings in no way fit them for higher positions, is absurd and mischievous. It is considered more "genteel" to slave in a shop, even in a refreshment bar, from "morn till dewy eve," and in the last case, sometimes till midnight, than to enter a good house in the capacity of a servant. But it is manifest that Mrs. Crawshay uses the word "lady" to indicate anyone, be her birth what it may, who looks down upon domestic service.

A word for a fantastic and pretentious title. Why in the name of common sense a lady who takes service as a cook or a housemaid cannot content herself with the historic appellation of these useful and honourable offices, I cannot imagine. If a "lady-help" be not a servant, she is a useless incumbrance ; if she be, she gains no dignity by calling herself something that means nothing at all. It looks ill for the success of a movement which sets out with the worst form of snobbery—shame of honest work.

But the work itself. I hold that to offer domestic service to ladies is about as sensible as it would be to ask impecunious Oxford graduates to go out as butlers and footmen, or open retail shops. Educated men have often, under the pressure of circumstances, entered employments utterly uncongenial to the traditions of their class ; but no style of argument is more fallacious than that which draws general

deductions from individual cases. It certainly seems ridiculous that a position which the daughters of tradesmen think beneath them, should be advocated as befitting the daughters of clergymen, physicians, barristers, etc. Of all employments which lie within the range of women's work, domestic service is the least fitted for ladies—and I hope I have made it clear that when I speak of ladies I mean women to whom Ruskin's exquisitely subtle and true definition might be applied—women whose voice, the surest of all tests, shows them to be "lady—being so born." A lady, then, may engage herself in many occupations not, strictly speaking, within the conventional range of her class, and yet retain her position. As a servant, she at once, and inevitably, loses caste. She may be a clerk in a large warehouse, at the beck and call of employers in every social sense her inferiors; her associates in business may be all uncultivated persons, whose parents kept small shops, and who themselves slaughter the innocents whenever they speak English. Yet she does not lose caste. It may be said the distinction is fanciful. Granted, for argument's sake, though I do not allow it in fact. Half the laws of society are founded on positions that cannot in strict logic be defended. For example—and one example is sufficient—a gentleman may engage openly in commerce; but he may not keep a shop.

It is perhaps true enough that there is no distinction between copying letters and doing up parcels, and scrubbing floors, washing dishes, and polishing furniture, that should stamp upon the domestic employments the denomination of "menial," while the other two occupations mentioned escape the slur. It would be idle, however, to deny that we all feel and recognise the difference of status between the woman who serves as a clerk and the woman who goes out as a housemaid, and to struggle against this feeling is to beat the air. But even theory, however it may surmount some of the difficulties of the question, cannot surmount the very practical one of personal association. It will, I think, be conceded that ladies cannot fulfil every requirement of domestic service. The day is far distant when in wealthy households the footman and butler will cease to be indispensable. Are ladies, then,

to associate with these individuals as equals? Be it remembered that in domestic service, it is not merely working with social inferiors it is living with them, taking your meals with them, spending the evening in their company. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that whatever sphere a woman fills she is "but as her fortunes are." She is—and ought to be—treated according to the work she does, not according to what she is in her private capacity, or what her father was before her. If she is in a position of command, she is "ma'am" or "miss" because of that position; not because her father was a clergyman, or her grandfather owned a thousand acres in Mudshire. Are Jeames and Tummus, then, to be the associates of the woman who, in her own home, would be the companion of college bred men? Could she possibly conform herself to such a state of things, or could they be happy with her if she did? She would think them vulgar and ignorant, they would think her proud and "too big for her place." The general conversation of servants is, to an educated person, vapid and vulgar to a painful degree. Sweethearts, dress, and their employers, pretty well exhaust all they have to talk about, and their thoughts, language, and manners are hopelessly at war with the code of the drawing-room. The lady in the kitchen would soon find herself like a canary among sparrows, and she must either fly away, or be pecked to death by her enemies, who neither understand nor like the uncongenial intruder. And I cannot blame servants for a feeling of dislike to ladies who try to take their work, and are so clearly unfitted for it. The drawing-room has even less mercy on the servant who, if lifted by some *mésalliance* into a position "unto which she was not born," struts in peacock plumes, and betrays her origin in every word and movement.

Another difficulty is one which has been so fruitful a source of caricature in the comic papers, that readers will perhaps consider it unworthy of serious treatment. But, after all, it is not a mere *ignis fatuus* to represent gentlemen guests flirting with pretty parlour-maids. Certainly, I should rather commend than condemn the

prudence of a housewife who refused to engage as parlour-maid an attractive girl in her own position. There is no real social barrier between the guest and the servant. The girl who hands him an *entremet* might sit at the head of his table; and indeed the very hard necessity which compels her thus to sink to a position so foreign to her nature and training, invests her with a pathetic interest. She poses (all unintentionally) as an 'enduring martyr. Which of us would not feel awkward if a lady came to wait on us, and perform for us duties which we should blush to ask of her? And this has brought me to another rock of offence. Only coarse and vulgar-minded persons could be at their ease with lady servants, though, perhaps, they might be vexed by the instinctive perception of superiority in their domestics. A true gentleman would shrink from the familiar "Mary" or "Janet," from asking Mary to fetch his gloves, or Janet to call him early. A refined mind is cruelly shocked at the necessity of treating equals as social inferiors; and no one would willingly place him or herself in so painful a position. Many years ago, the wife of a barrister refused to take as lady's-maid the daughter of a clergyman, who, having grown sick of governing, determined to seek her fortunes in a humbler but more clearly defined position. The ground of refusal was simply on account of the social status of the applicant. "You are a lady," was the objection. "I could not treat you as a servant. It would be impossible. You may be willing to accept all your position involves; but how can I do so?" However regrettable such a decision might be in an individual case, it was the expression of a feeling, and a right one, too deeply rooted to be eradicated from our social constitution.

In effect, the well meaning *doctrinaires* who desire to provide for ladies by making them housemaids and parlour-maids, propose nothing less than a social revolution, the magnitude of which they do not appear to at all measure. Even if they could succeed, I do not know where or how the community would be greatly benefited. If ladies turned servants, how would the young women who now go out as servants gain

their living? They could not do the work fitted for educated women; they would have, therefore, to starve, or to emigrate; but emigration is not always possible, and so in the result, the servant class would be crying out for work, while the ladies polished grates and carried up coal-scuttles. And would the change be for the better? I trow not. I am free to admit that, apart from all other considerations urged in this paper, I would not take a lady housemaid. She would (be it clearly understood that I speak of majorities, not of all)—certainly dislike to be "ordered about," and would let me see it; she would inform the other servants that she was not "born for this work," and would altogether show that what she did she did from hard necessity, and was in no sense content to be considered as a servant. This is no exaggeration. The inability to understand that *you are what your work makes you*, and not what you were born to be, is the greatest difficulty with which those who desire to help ladies have to contend. They are perpetually asking for something "ladylike" something that is not "*infra dig.*," and many good situations have been spurned, and lost, when accepted, by the foolish habit of riding class pride round other people's circuses. It may be objected: "But your whole argument is a defence of class pride or 'caste.'" I think no careful reader will make this charge, and all readers of the *Victoria Magazine* are aware how continually its contributors urge ladies to trample prejudices under foot, and ask for work that is honest and that pays, because they want the money, and can do the work, instead of whining for something "ladylike," that can be done in secret "for a little pocket money." But in a complicated community, the line must be drawn somewhere—simply because we cannot act upon abstract ideas, however much we may desire to do so, and, emphatically, that line must be drawn at domestic service.

Gentlemen are often compelled to place their sons in employments which, had they the means to do better for them, they certainly would not have selected; but a gentleman must be poor indeed who would place his lad as a page, or a grown-up son as

butler or groom ; and it may be safely deduced that an employment utterly inadmissible for the son is unsuitable for the daughter. Why, indeed, should it be otherwise ? how could it be ? Men and women are on the same plane, each class in its rank. Let anyone, as an illustration, picture a man staying at a country house, and waited on by his own sister or cousin. The very idea is so incongruous as to provoke a smile. Yet it ought not to seem so, if those who advocate domestic service for ladies have the courage of their opinions.

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## CLEMENT SCOTT.

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IN the front rank of dramatic critics stands the accomplished subject of this month's photograph, combining clear judgment and fine discrimination with those scholarly attainments and that wide experience of men and things without which thorough criticism is impossible.

Clement Scott was born in 1841, and is, consequently, in the very prime of life. His father was the Rev. William Scott, Perpetual, Curate of Christ Church, Hoxton, and afterwards vicar of St. Olave's, O'ld Jewry. The Rev. Mr. Scott was a man of considerable literary ability, evidenced by the fact that he was editor of the now extinct but brilliant and learned *Christian Remembrancer*, and one of the original contributors to the *Saturday Review*, for which he wrote until his death.

Clement Scott was educated at Marlborough College, and, like so many literary men, commenced his career in the Civil Service. He was appointed to a War Office clerkship in 1860, but previous to this he had given signs of ability in a poem on the wreck of the "Royal Charter," published in the *Marlborough Times*, and other fugitive pieces.

At the War Office, Mr. Scott formed a firm and lasting friendship with Tom Hood, who worked in the same room with him, and Hood printed his young friend's first essay, in a periodical called *Saturday Night*. This journal was the production of a "band of brothers," consisting of Tom Robertson, W. J. Prowse, Tom Archer, W. S. Gilbert, and Clement Scott. From this time the young *littérateur's* progress in the realm of letters was rapid and brilliant. Besides contributing London letters to several country papers, we find him (in 1863) dramatic critic to the *Sunday Times*, and also writing tales and articles



for some of the best known magazines. In 1869, he was appointed dramatic critic to the *Weekly Dispatch*; the *Observer* followed in 1870, and in 1871 he was appointed in the same capacity to the *Daily Telegraph*. He had, however, contributed to this latter paper, from 1871, numerous descriptive articles embracing places of interest in France and Ireland, and English watering-places, and he has filled the onerous position of Special Correspondent on occasions of public interest. His graphic and picturesque descriptions in this capacity are as familiar to all of us as his careful and pungent dramatic criticisms. *London Society*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and the *Quiver* are also enriched by his prolific and versatile pen, and the best dramatic essays in the *Era* for the last ten years have been Clement Scott's.

As an adapter of French plays, Mr. Scott is so well known that it seems superfluous to point to such pieces as "Tears, idle Tears," "Off the Line," "Peril," "The Vicarage," "The Little Duke," etc., in evidence of the great success which, whether alone or conjointly with a kindred spirit, he has always attained in this direction, the latest of which, the admirable adaptation of "Diplomacy"—the most successful drama of the day—obtained the warm approval of M. Sardou himself, expressed in an emphatically worded letter. That M. Sardou has since attempted to recede from the position he then assumed, cannot in the least injure the value of his original testimony to the good work of the Brothers Rowe—the transparent pseudonym of two gifted brothers in art—Clement Scott and Charles Stephenson; inasmuch as the letter of the great French dramatist was unsought—it was a spontaneous tribute of admiration; whereas the subsequent assertion that the play was badly adapted was made in the heat of a controversy over a business matter with Mr. Scott.

It is hardly necessary for us to speak more particularly of Mr. Scott's claims to the foremost position he now occupies. His merits as critic, adapter, and writer on general subjects are widely recognised, and, like good wine, need no bush. A scholar, a gentleman, an indefatigable worker, he is also a generous friend—and—as may readily be supposed—a delightful companion. No

man better deserves the honours he has gained. He has been a fortunate man, but he did not gain fortune without steady and conscientious work ; and if his worst complaint now is that he has more to do than he can get through, he somehow manages never to disappoint his employers, and he remembers in his prosperity that the sun does not shine so brightly for all his brethren. On this last point we touch lightly ; extended eulogiums on personal character are in questionable taste while their object lives ; but so much as we have said is due to a man who, despite an exceptionally brilliant career, has contrived to make few enemies and many friends.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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ROUND GAMES.—At this season of the year, when, under ordinary circumstances, country houses are full, and hostesses are at their wits' end for means of satisfactorily providing for the amusement of their guests, great indeed would be the gratitude felt towards any one who would invent some entertainment that might supersede the ordinary "round game." For some inscrutable reason it is supposed to be impossible for people to enjoy themselves, unless they are "doing something;" though, if the majority would honestly state their sentiments, it would be found that they would infinitely prefer spending the really very short interval between the advent of the gentlemen to the drawing-room and bedtime in idleness varied by conversation. But the hostess cannot believe this in her own house, though she must, many a time and oft, have experienced it when paying visits to her friends. She is possessed by a dread that her guests will be dull and, by some curious and recondite process of reasoning, persuades herself that "Pips," "Muggins," or some similar infliction, will avert the threatened calamity, and cause her house to be quoted as a pleasant one. Every one dislikes it, every one knows perfectly well that every one else does so too; but no one will be courageous, and say frankly that the whole thing is a bore; and so, night after night, the query addressed to each member of the party, "Whist, or a round game?" is answered with smiling acceptance, and the visitors seat themselves to gamble for pence till the clock strikes the welcome hour of deliverance. Such, at least, used to be the case; but now, unfortunately, a new disadvantage attends the entertainment; it has been found so dismally dull that the young men of the party seek to enliven the proceeding by gambling, and are unmistakably sulky if any remonstrance is attempted;

the fast young married women aid and abet them, and the result is anything but pleasing to such members of the party as do not care to throw away money on what bores them to extinction. It is very hard, too, on the girls of the party. Young ladies' allowances are rarely very magnificent; the loss of two or three pounds, or even more, which may be readily achieved with "unlimited" *vingt-un* and a doubling dealer, is far from being an unimportant matter to them; and yet they are not unnaturally shy of not doing like the rest, and of saying bravely that they cannot afford it. Then the old traditions of round games have unfortunately survived the marked alteration which has taken place in their circumstances. Formerly, when with great ingenuity and infinite bad luck eighteenpence might possibly be lost in a long evening, it became the fashion to aver that cheating was fair, and all sorts of tricks and petty ruses became established as part of the "fun" of the game. Unfortunately these practices—doubtful in morality, though harmless in effect, in the ages of pristine innocence when a dozen counters represented a coin too infinitesimal for speech—have not been totally abandoned now that half-sovereigns are frequent among the current coin of the game. The code of honour evidently does not descend so low as "Pips," and any young man "banking" with a young lady does not hesitate to take advantage of his neighbours in the most barefaced manner. Rapid calculation at *vingt-un* is far from easy to any one unaccustomed to it; but when every one talks at once, gives diametrically opposite advice, and calculates the amount at a different figure, the result is positively bewildering. The partners half laughingly claim more than their due, the girl being usually quite ignorant, and therefore most vociferous in the matter; the experienced players know better, but think "unfair" a disagreeable word to use: besides, has not cheating from time immemorial been considered fair at a round game? So the evening progresses, and it is always mysterious who wins, as every one appears to lose, and bemoans the fact loudly. In some houses there is a wise regulation known as "house points," which it is a breach of good manners to exceed; and this is a great boon to the quietly disposed, though it exercises but

little influence over the faster spirits, who generally have some private understanding by which unpretending sixpences are made to signify sums of much larger amount. But the hosts have done all they can in protecting those who choose to avail themselves of their regulations ; and though they may be annoyed by hearing of large sums lost and won beneath their roof by others, they may console themselves by remembering the old proverb respecting a fool and his money, and by the reflection that they have done all in their power, and that it would have happened elsewhere if not in their house. But putting the gambling part of the question, serious as it is, entirely aside, it is surely unnecessary that a whole company, young and old, should be compelled, under pressure of public opinion, to do what they dislike, and sit down for a whole evening at cards. The whist-players generally play because they really like it, excepting in the case of some unfortunate sacrificed by civility to complete the required number ; but no one over eighteen enjoys a round game, excepting for the express purpose of gambling. If any doubt this, let them note the sullenness, the almost rudeness, that comes over young men and the fast women of the party when regulations are attempted which will insure that no one can lose a sum of any consequence, or when a game is selected, such as "Muggins," which, while really amusing, offers few opportunities of gambling. They like *rouge et noir*, *roulette*, unlimited, loo, or *vingt-un*, and think no one should venture to dislike what pleases them. A billiard-room, if lighted up in the evening, is a great resource ; pool in a country house is seldom ruinous, and there is a possibility of escape in the plea of being unable to play, impossible when the game is one so completely of chance, so patent to the very meanest capacity, as is the case with *vingt-un* or *rouge et noir*. Then, too, the chaperons apprehensive of draughts, gas, or noise, remain quietly in the drawing-room, bemoaning themselves that "those tiresome billiards divide the party ;" and the younger members of the party, having the occasion to themselves, enjoy themselves infinitely more than would otherwise be the case. Some hostesses, catching wildly at a novelty, endeavoured to entice their guests into impromptu Spelling Bees ; but the male

element at once rebelled, and the attempt came to an abrupt conclusion. The nearest approach to it which can secure the least toleration is the distribution of ivory letters on a Sunday evening ; the which gives an opportunity for the withdrawal of sundry couples into remote corners with the avowed intention of deciphering the word chosen. This, however, is, for some inscrutable reason, supposed to be an entertainment especially suited to the Sabbath, and is but rarely attempted on a weekday. But, seriously, is it so absolutely necessary that people should "do something" to be amused? Is the art of conversation so hopelessly dead among us, are our brains so utterly torpid, that grown-up men and women really require to be amused like children with games which, after all, do not amuse them?—*The World*.

FLATTERY.—Few people are proof against flattery, however broadly administered, and more have been ruined by this than, on the one hand have been chilled by unsympathetic snubbing, on the other heartened up to brave endeavour by timely praise. Indeed, there is just this difference between the two degrees of praise and flattery, that whereas the former does thus hearten up to brave and ever braver endeavour, the latter checks self-culture and destroys future progress by making you believe in attainment. According to the flatterer the goal has been won and the great plateau of perfection reached. There are no more dreary distances to traverse, no more rugged mountain sides to climb. The place of "Rest and Be Thankful" has been gained, and all that is needed now is to enjoy what you have, and be grateful and glad for what you are. Like too many sweets, flattery ruins the digestion and spoils the taste for plainer and more wholesome food. No one accustomed to it can take even exhortation with a good grace ; while rebuke is an impertinence to be received as an insult and rejected as a falsehood. "Everyone else likes me ; it is only you who find fault with me," says Araminta, half in tears of indignation, when her best friend, who loves her and sees her faults, wishes to have them corrected, because of that very love. 'If I were so bad as you make out, it is very odd that others should

care for me ! ” she adds, as the demonstration which is to prove you horribly unjust when you counsel her to more reticence of manner, to more diligence and purpose in her life, to less devotion to dress and less desire for universal admiration. She is surrounded by flatterers who fool her to the top of her bent, and she cannot be persuaded that you, who have known her from her infancy, understand her, perhaps, a little more thoroughly than they who a month ago had not heard even her name ; still less can you make her believe that the very things for which they flatter her are those most needing reform, and that characteristics which they laud as graces you are right to deprecate as dangers. That languid pose and lazy grace—some people flatter her by the hour together for the delightful refreshment of her quietness as against the turbulent vivacity of Rosamonda ! But you know that this languid pose, this lazy grace, is the outcome of an indolence which cannot meet the smallest difficulty, nor overcome the least obstacle, nor exert itself so far as to perform the most necessary duties. On the other side of the room a knot of flatterers gathers round Rosamonda, and passes its time in extolling her spirit and smartness, her energy and life ; while you, in the sorrowful recesses of your consciousness, know that all this is as purposeless and unsatisfactory as Araminta’s more confessed idleness, and that neither has any other object in view than to gain the flattery which has become like the breath of their nostrils to both, and without which it seems to them that this great and glorious gift of life is in vain. Try to inspire them with nobler views, higher aims, truer bearing, and they will turn against you—the one fretfully, the other angrily—and ask, with incredulous disdain, how it is that everyone in the world is blind but you, and so blind as to mistake black for white and good for evil ? They prefer their flatterers to you their friend. Araminta nurses her indolence, Rosamonda is satisfied with her shallowness ; while the world about them extols the grace of the one and the vivacity of the other, and whispers to them cautiously that you are jealous of their social success, and annoyed because no one praises you. Men with money, and women with beauty, are the two classes who are

treated with the largest and most perilous amount of flattery. Where the calf is fat pickings abound; and Lazarus is glad of the crumbs which fall to the ground when Dives cuts the loaf. Lavish expenditure is sure to be accompanied by a crowd of flatterers, as crows follow the ploughman's furrow; for where much flows out something is to be caught, and pleasure, at least, is to be had from association with moneyed men who spend freely, if a practical share in the pelf itself is not to be got at. Wherefore flatterers gather round the rich man as mites multiply in the cheese, and too often he finds that—

When the means are gone that bring this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.

The only way in which can be tested the sincerity of those who flatter him now as if he were a god, is by this loss of the money which attracts them. And if Timon of Athens speaks true, the loss would be a blessed one; for

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship? .  
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friend?

and again:

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

—but to misery only because they create more flattery than love—to contempt only because they show the worst side of humanity in that shameless flattery for the goods that can be shared, rather than the good that may be loved. As for kings and princes, they have not a chance. They are cradled in flattery as the poor are cradled in misery; and, like Alexander with his wry neck, their very defects are made occasions of praise and imitation. When quite little creatures, and long before their brains have acquired consistency, or their thoughts are much beyond the level of idiocy, they are treated with “respect” by the grown men and women appointed to guard and rear them; while they are accustomed to the loud huzzas of assembled multitudes, and their personality applauded as if they had really done something praiseworthy. Grown older, they find



slaves and creatures of every form. Men of character and virtue wink at their excesses; women of repute and modest bearing forget to chide or to repulse; that fatal heritage of flattery belongs to them equally with their title, their future, their estate; and save in a country like our own, where the press is free and editors are men, not worms, they never hear the faintest breath of blame, and are substantially deified to-day as they were in the times of ancient Rome, when an emperor would give himself out as the son of Jupiter or the descendant of Apollo, and statues were raised to his honour and sacrifices made in his name, all the same as if he had been the god whose paternity he claimed. It is praise and flattery all through; and if "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," it is also "the curse of kings to be attended by slaves," who, if they do not yet "take their humours for a warrant to break within the bloody house of life," yet do take their humours for a warrant of command which they are bound to obey, no matter how evil that command may be. And so with beauty. No sooner does a pretty fresh young thing make her appearance in society than all conspire to flatter her, and rob her of the very charm they praise. Now she is unconscious, devoid of vanity, considerate for others, without egotism or self-seeking; in a short time she will be made the exact contrary of all this. She will have been flattered into self-consciousness, which is the first step to vanity; and that very quality of her artlessness will be lost in the cloud of incense burnt to celebrate its charm. She will have learnt that she has fine eyes; and every look, every expression will have been chronicled and detailed; she will hear that she has fine hair, and she will learn its exact shade in the sun and the depth of its lustre in the shadow; and she will be told of her creamy skin, of her pretty mouth, of her graceful figure, of her sweetness and maidenliness, and simplicity and modesty. And the consequence of all this will be that she will study her looks and her poses, her complexion and her attitudes before the glass, till not a trace of unconsciousness is left, and she becomes as much a creature of art as if she were a paid actress on the boards. She will spend hours in arranging her hair so as best to show its curl,

its sheen, its length, its thickness. Before this time she had dressed it simply, by which all its beauties were half revealed, half concealed ; that beauty without intention which is the most beautiful thing of all. She will spend hours in learning this trick of her head, that action of her hands ; this way of standing and that way of sitting ; and here again she will lose all the grace of simplicity which first attracted to her the baleful crowd of flatterers who have destroyed what they so disastrously belauded. It is not only from the world without that we gather the sweet poison of flattery. We get quite enough at times at home, and are taught to believe that we are unique in our acquirements, and without rivals in our graces. The brothers of affectionate sisters are the cleverest and handsomest and most promising of all the golden youth of England ; the sisters to each other are the most beautiful and the most accomplished. Lina's drawings are perfection ; Nina's voice would be finer than Patti's were she to sing at Covent Garden ; May's music is as good as Hallé's ; no one dances so well as Fay ; Lily has the most splendid hair that can be seen out of a show ; Milly has eyes that would make the fortune of one whose face was to be her fortune, should chance throw her into the way of King Cophetua. So on of all they do and are—their work, their croquet, their tempers, their brains. Only when they go out into the world and measure themselves against others do they learn truly what their own dimensions really are. The loving flattery of home has made them bigger and higher in every way, and the waking to the bare truth is sometimes painful enough. But, bad as is all this flattery from the outside, that which we give to ourselves is the worst of all. "*L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs,*" says Rochefoucault, and the Frenchman was right. If we were flattered every day in the week, and yet did not accept as true what we were told, it would do us no harm ; but when we begin to flatter ourselves we have tumbled into the pit, and getting out again is the difficult problem, which not all of us are able to master. We have to be somewhat severely handled before we can say we have learnt our lesson—of how to walk in safety, free

of flattery and its lures, and how to avoid the pitfalls of vanity resulting therefrom.—*Queen*.

THE MIRACULOUS SKULL OF BUXTON.—In a small work published at the *Advertiser* Office, Buxton, in 1877, entitled "Skull Superstitions," by William Andrews, is an account of the Derbyshire Miraculous Skull, as follows :—Perhaps the most notable is the skull called "Dickie," which is kept at Tunstead, a farm-house about a mile and a half from Chapel-en-le-Frith; the place is on the north bank of the reservoir. The skull is in three parts. We find in "A Tour through the High Peak," by John Hutchinson, of Chapel-en-le-Frith, published in 1809 and dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington (afterwards the late Duke of Devonshire), that "The skull has always been said to be that of a female; but why it should have been baptised with a name belonging to the male sex seems somewhat anomalous; still not more wonderful, than a many, if not all, of its very singular pranks and services. To enumerate all the particulars of the incalculably serviceable acts and deeds done by 'Dickie' would form a wonder; but not a wonder past belief, for hundreds of the inhabitants for miles around have full and firm faith in its mystical performances. How long it has been located at the present house is not known; to whose body in the flesh it was a member is equally as mysterious, save that it is said (but what has not been said about it that is not pure fiction?) that one of two co-heiresses residing here was murdered, and who declared in her dying moments that her bones should remain in the place for ever. It is further said that the skull did not, some years back, appear the least decayed." It is believed that if the skull be removed everything on the farm will go wrong—the cows will be dry and barren, the sheep have the rot, and horses fall down, breaking their knees and otherwise injuring themselves. The most amusing part of the superstition connected with "Dickie" is the following: When the London and North-Western Railway to Manchester was being made, the foundations of a bridge gave way in the yielding sand and bog on the side of the reservoir, and, after several attempts to build

the bridge had failed, it was found necessary to divert the highway, and pass it under the railway on higher ground. These engineering failures were attributed to the malevolent influence of "Dickie," the popular name of the skull. But when the road was diverted, it was bridged successfully, because no longer on "Dickie's" territory.

HOARDING *versus* BANKING.—The successive collapse of the City of Glasgow, the Caledonian, and the West of England Banks, has naturally produced a feeling of intense distrust, especially among the poorer and more ignorant persons who have been in the habit of depositing their savings in such establishments, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that some of them have gone to the other extreme, and have resorted to the proverbial "old stocking." There are two obvious objections to hoarding; one is that the hoarder gets no interest for his money; and the second is that he runs considerable risk of losing his money by robbery. At the present time, when banks are deservedly in ill odour, the small money-saver would do well to take the middle course, and put his money in the Post Office Savings Banks. We once more urge upon Lord John Manners the advisability of opening these useful receptacles on Saturday evenings. The risk of leaving considerable sums of money in the Post Office from Saturday night till Monday morning might be obviated in large cities by removing the cash thus collected to some central strong room. The banks would, for a trifling remuneration, readily afford such facilities. And now for a word about the recent bank failures. The question is, "Need a bank ever fail, unless there has been—not necessarily downright fraud, but negligence more or less culpable?" Men are very ready to make "ducks and drakes" of other peoples' money, and, in our opinion, bank directors and managers should be held far more strictly to account than they now are. If in the event of a bank failing, from whatsoever cause, the managers and directors were, as a matter of course, liable to be criminally prosecuted, there would be far fewer failures than there now are, and that mingling of ornamental dummies with keen men of business would become a less ordinary feature of directorial Boards.—*Graphic*.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS.—An American paper has the following :— There are wonderful things to be studied in the vast laboratory where Nature has stored her treasures. The men who toil in the caverns of the ground, and tread the endless windings of the drifts, have their presentiments of calamity, and at times feel the touch of Death in the very air. A reporter was talking with an old miner, a few days ago, who implicitly believed that no death ever took place in the mines without a warning of some kind. “ You see,” he said, “ death never comes of a sudden upon the men in the mines. You reporters write up accidents, and tell how something gave way or fell quick and killed somebody. Now, this ain’t so. There’s always some warning. When I see my lantern begin to burn low down and blue, I know that there is danger ahead. If it keeps on a few days, and then begins to waver and flicker, I’ll watch it close to see where it points. Now, you may set me up for a fool, but what I’m tellin’ is the gospel truth. When the flame leans over (as if it was being worked by a blow-pipe) and points to a man, death has marked him. Some years ago, when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my lantern pointed right to him for over an hour, and when he moved the flame would turn, just as if Bill was a loadstone and the flame was a mariner’s needle. I knew he was gone, and told him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got through that all right, and got on the cage. As he went up, the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flame would stretch out, long and thin, towards Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker, and Bill reeled to one side, and was caught in the timbers. I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his brains and scattering his flesh down to the bottom, my light went out. I never lit that lantern again. It hangs up in my cabin now, and it always will. There’s more in a candle-flame than people think. I’d rather see a cocked revolver pointed at me than a candle flame; a revolver sometimes misses, but a candle-flame is sure to kill when it starts towards a man. I must start for my shift now. Don’t give my name to anybody. There are some who would laugh at me.” The man here picked up

his bucket and walked away. There are plenty of miners on the Comstock who have just such superstitions. Some believe that bad and good luck come in streaks, just as quartz and porphyry. For three years past there had been no accident in the North Consolidated Virginia, until a few days ago, when Champion had his thigh crushed. The miners said at once that a "bad streak" had been struck, and more accidents might be expected. Yesterday two more men were injured by falling thirty feet into the sump. This was caused by the breaking of a two-inch plank, that seemed able to bear a dozen men.

**CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.**—In old Scottish history several now distinguished families come well to the front. There is something interesting to be said of the Dukes of Roxburghe, as representatives of the Kers of Cessford, a family which, like that of the Scotts of Buccleuch, were concerned in maintaining peace on the Scottish border. Sir Robert Ker of Cessford was, in 1600, elevated to the peerage of Scotland as Lord Roxburghe, and a few years later advanced to the dignity of Earl of Roxburghe. The fifth Earl, in 1707, was made Marquis of Bowmont and Duke of Roxburghe. Public interest is chiefly directed to John, the third Duke, born in 1840, and who, on succeeding his father, rose high in the estimation of George III. His Grace appears to have spent most of his time in London and in foreign travel. With a handsome figure and varied mental accomplishments, he was a general favourite among persons of refined tastes. A bent was given to his pursuits, as the result of an attachment that had been formed between him, when on his travels, and Christiana-Sophia-Albertina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. There was no solid objections to the match, and the nuptials would have taken place, but for the circumstance that Charlotte, a younger sister of Christina, had just at that time been espoused to George III. Etiquette then interfered, it being deemed not proper that the elder sister, as Duchess of Roxburghe, should be inferior in station to her younger sister, as Queen Charlotte. It was an absurd

objection. In the present day, no such punctilio would have been suffered to interfere with the intended marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe, with his bride-elect. At that time, etiquette was inexorable. The Duke and Christina yielded to their unhappy fate. But both evinced the strength of their attachment by devoting their after-lives to celibacy. With feelings driven in upon himself, John third Duke of Roxburghe, became a great collector of curious old books, noted for their extreme scarcity. The pursuit became a kind of mania. No cost, however enormous, prevented him from purchasing works that struck his fancy, and which rival book-hunters desired to possess. His house was in St. James's-square, London, and here he collected his numerous literary treasures. Some amusing anecdotes of his bibliomania are given in the works of Dr. T. F. Dibdin. The Duke died in 1804. Shortly afterwards, his valuable library, rich in old romances of chivalry and early English poetry, was disposed of by auction, the sale producing an extraordinary commotion among noblemen and gentlemen with antiquarian tastes. As a specimen of the prices that were run up by competition, it may be stated that a copy of the first work printed by Caxton, in 1471, sold for £1,050 10s. The largest sum, however (and, perhaps, the greatest ever paid for a single printed volume up to that time), was given by the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, for the first edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron," which fetched £2,260. In commemoration of the interest which the sale of this collection occasioned among literary antiquaries, the Roxburghe Club was instituted for the purpose of printing a limited number of copies from scarce manuscripts found in public and private libraries.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Sally Salter was just a young teacher who taught !  
 And her friend Charlie Church, a young preacher who praught,  
 Though his enemies called him a screecher who scaught.  
 His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,  
 And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking and wunk ;

While she in her turn fell to thinking and thunk.  
He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew on till a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do then he doed.  
The secret he wanted to speak, then he spoke—  
To seek with his lips what his heart had long soke ;  
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.  
He asked her to ride to the church, so they rode,  
And so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,  
Till they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.  
Then, "Homeward," he said, "let us drive," and they drove,  
And as soon as they wished to arrive they arrove ;  
For whatever she could not contrive, he controve.  
The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole ;  
At her feet he was longing to kneel, then he knole :  
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."  
So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While time in swift circuit kept winging, and wung ;  
But sad was the thing he was bringing, and brung.  
The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught,  
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught,  
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scaught.  
So Charlie's warm love began freezing, and froze,  
And he now took to teasing, and cruelly toze  
The girl he had loved to be squeezing, and squoze.  
He cried, "Wretch !" when she threatened to leave him, and left,  
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft ?"  
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

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MOCHARA, OR CAFE DE SANTE.—The impossibility of getting a good cup of coffee in an ordinary English household has been the source of many a complaint, and not a few domestic disagreeables, and a good deal of blame is often imputed unjustly to the unlucky person whose lot it is to make the preparation, while the real cause of dissatisfaction



might be found in the fact that the ingredients which have been used are not of the most desirable description. It is a fallacy to imagine that the great desideratum in coffee is a particularly dark colour, for this can be obtained by the addition of chicory; but the properties of chicory, are heating and not wholesome, and, moreover, the flavour of the coffee is rendered harsh and coarse. Mochara, on the contrary, while imparting a rich, clear, brown colour to the coffee, renders it particularly smooth and delicious. If we would have our coffee as it ought to be, we must take a lesson from the East, where it is so largely consumed and approaches most nearly to perfection. Now, the principal cause of the difference between coffee, as the Orientals have it, and the coffee that we are accustomed to, is that Mochara enters largely into the preparation of their coffee, and until recently has been entirely unknown to us. Mochara is produced from the finest figs, roasted and reduced to powder, and as the medicinal properties of figs are universally recognised, it is scarcely necessary to add that it converts ordinary coffee into really wholesome medicine as well as a most nutritious food and delicious beverage. One great advantage which Mochara can justly claim is that of being a thoroughly economical as well as luxurious addition to coffee, adding greatly to its nutritive qualities, and thus proving a real boon to persons of limited means, by adequately supplying a restorative which must otherwise be sought in a much more expensive form. We are sure that when working men know that they can get a cup of good coffee for twopence, the temptation to enter the public-house, and spend possibly as many shillings with a very different result—as far as their health is concerned—will be very considerably diminished. The proportion of Mochara and coffee can be adjusted to meet individual tastes; that which we tested was mixed at the rate of one part of Mochara to four of coffee, and was as palatable a drink as the greatest epicure could desire; and when we say that the cost of Mochara is only about half that of good coffee, it will readily be seen that a great saving is effected by its use, and it is well worthy the attention of public institutions and of all persons interested in the supply of cheap and wholesome food.

## THE FASHIONS.

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FROM THE *Queen*.—There have been no important balls given in Paris during the last few days, but several family meetings have taken place for the purpose of signing marriage contracts. These are called “*fêtes de famille*.” They are frequently arranged on a magnificent scale, and are most brilliant *réunions*, as rich toilettes and splendid jewels are worn. In the Faubourg Saint-Germain the *fêtes* are exceptionally good; and at a gathering a few nights ago in a duke’s family the scene was really magnificent, the grandmamas and great aunts rivalling the younger members in the beauty of their toilettes. Perhaps the heavy brocades that are now fashionable, the shot silks, the ribbed velvets, and the complicated combinations of three or four materials in a single dress, help to render evening toilettes picturesque. Then there is a division of opinion between our leading dressmakers; some seek for a successful result by using a succession of shades of one colour in a dress, while others seek harmony by combining several colours; the latter are the more numerous. On the evening I allude to I remarked a dress made with a black velvet train, with two large pale green brocaded revers; the tablier was prune satin, and the waistcoat brocade. The bodice was open and low, and a chemisette or guimpe of drawn crêpe lisse was worn beneath; the sleeves were also of crêpe lisse. Other dresses were made of damask and velvet combined, the velvet being embroidered with gold, with silk, and with beads of all colours. A white silk dress was specially pretty; it was embroidered across the front with a garland worked in white chenille and gold beads; four flounces of old lace formed the trimming at the back, which was draped with sprays of gold berries and white

satin loops; the paniers were white satin, and the train of white brocade, embroidered with chenille and gold. The Louis XV. bodice was likewise embroidered, and the sleeves were lace; the headdress consisted of a diamond lizard in front, and sprays of golden mountain-ash berries at the back. Another white dress was ornamented with multi-coloured jet and garlands of purple thistles; the small paniers were white satin, and on the left there was a square pocket surrounded with thistles; the brocaded train had no other ornament save a spray of thistles gracefully arranged below the waist. It should be borne in mind that all the artificial flowers on evening toilettes are made of silk; the batiste ones are reserved for demi-toilettes and bonnets. The flowers for headdresses are now most costly, as the leaves are sprinkled with real diamond dust. The single blooms prepared for New Year's gifts with this luxurious addition are exquisite; but the price is almost prohibitory. The wedding dresses made in Paris for England and America are all satin, in the creamy-white shades; brocaded satin is occasionally mixed with the plain material. The train measures about eighty inches; at the top there is a small panier, while the front of the skirt is in the curtain or butterfly style, curving open from the front, and edged with either lace or pearl fringe. The bodice has transparent sleeves, a belt, and a square basque. Pearl passementerie and pearl fringe, in which a few silver threads are introduced, are the usual trimmings for bridal dresses. The lace on the dress always matches the veil, and the heading to the lace is a fringe or garland of orange blossoms. The waistband is made of folds of satin, fringed on the lower edge with pearls. The sleeves, formed of lengthwise rows of pearl passementerie, terminating with lace at the wrist, have a stylish effect. For travelling and walking dresses cloth is used in preference to any other material, the favourite colours being claret, sapphire blue, and myrtle green. These cloth costumes are made without drapery, but trimmed with velvet and fur; the buttons are large, and a jabot of Breton lace is added down the front. For a second travelling dress I must note one of dark blue cloth, trimmed with Scotch plaid satin.

White scarves are worn round the throat outside winter mantles, instead of the black lace scarves so long in vogue. White China crape is used for the purpose, embroidered in pale tints, such as light blue and moss green, and the ends are finished off with platings of Breton lace. The latest styles in morning caps are made of small three-cornered, lace-edged handkerchiefs, laid in folds, and intermixed with ribbon bows, in narrow widths, and brocaded patterns. These are much more elegant than the thin grass-cloth handkerchiefs, with coloured borders, and bows of plain gros-grain ribbon. Some of these ribbons are very rich, gold and silver threads being wrought in with the designs. Other caps are trimmed with a twist of soft broché silk, with an Alsatian bow of the silk over the front. There is quite a shower of birds in precious stones and enamel on the heads of those who wear full evening dress, and a shower of feathers on all fashionable bonnets. Among the novel devices in costly jewellery is the alternating or combining together gems of different colours. Bracelets, for instance, consist of a gold band, studded with several large stones, set like nails, one of which may be ruby, another a diamond, another a sapphire, a fourth an opal, and a fifth a topaz or garnet. A novelty in bracelets consists of a double coil of elastic gold, which does not unclasp, but slides upon the arm, and can be worn either at the wrist or upon the forearm. This is an advantage with the present style of sleeve. Rings are composed of many small hoops of gold, each set with a small stone, in the same way as the bracelets, and composed of the same variety. Diamonds exhibit many gorgeous devices. Small pendent collars are made wholly of diamonds of different sizes, mounted upon a fine network of silver wire. Still more delicate workmanship of the same sort is arranged to imitate point lace. A single yard of such lace constitutes a very elegant wedding present.

FROM *Myra's Journal*.—Short costumes having been adopted with very little hesitation for walking and visiting toilette, it now appears likely that ball toilettes will also be made with short skirts; these

tidings will be received with much pleasure by young ladies, for although a trained dress is undoubtedly more elegant in a quadrille than a shorter skirt, it is a most troublesome appendage in a round dance, and not easily disposed of in a manner either elegant or convenient. The most charming toilettes of this description are in the Louis XV. style, with paniers of greater or smaller proportions, and skirts short enough to show a pretty foot and coquettish chaussure. Paniers, jackets, waistcoats, are all in vogue for evening toilette; the Louis XIV. and Louis XV. are the prevailing styles, and silk, moire and brocart, trimmed with antique lace, are the favourite materials. Square-cut corsages and Louis XV. sleeves, with lace *sabots*, are modes which allow of the display of materials and lace dating from the last century, and most charming and artistic costumes are made in which these are combined.

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## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

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*The First Violin.*—(Bentley.)—If it be a very sincere, as it is certainly a very rare, pleasure to welcome a really able novel, it is equally a disappointment when, in certain quarters of more or less influential criticism, we find the book imperfectly or unfairly dealt with. We have this moment read in the literary notices of a daily contemporary, known for the prejudice of its politics, but once for the care and candour of its criticism, a notice, extending to the magnificent length of forty lines, of this novel. We are told that the book is by a young writer, with the further "Parthian" shaft, that probably the young writer is a lady, that a few German quotations and idioms are scattered through the text, that there is a great deal about music and musicians, and—*Voilà tout !* We do not hesitate to say, that whether intentionally or not, the author of this criticism has done a great injustice. There is, perhaps on the whole fortunately, no appeal from such criticism to the courts, but we sincerely trust there is to public opinion. There would seem little doubt in prophesying that the latter will wholly reverse on appeal the astute remarks of the *Daily News* contributor, of whom enough and more than enough. Reading this fascinating and powerful book, we have felt almost a regret that it should so far bend to the ordinary mortal run of stories as to reach an end. We could have wished that the deep pathos and beauty of most of its chapters should linger in the mind as successive pictures. We care less for Eugene Courvoisier with rank, title, and honour a thousands times restored, than as first violin of the musical circles of Elberthol and Lahuburg, where he bears his self-imposed cross with chivalrous heroism. There it is that the dark, mysterious Anna Sartorius confronts him with the hideous story he may not indignantly deny, and it

is here that he parts with his only loved child, Sigmund. The description of this parting is, indeed, worthy of the best effort of Dickens on a similar line, and we feel sure no one can read these passages without deep emotion. Of May Wedderburn, the heroine, we can only say she is the realisation of some fond dream—beautiful, clever, capable of deep, absorbing love, passionate, yet grandly enduring. The dark shadow of her sister Adelaide's life, the despairing love of the latter for the wondrously-drawn "Von Francius," the somewhat grim portraiture of the Gräf Bruno, the subordinate figures of Friedhelm and Carl Blinders—all is excellent. It is not to high praise to say that the author of "The First Violin" has the analytical power of Balzac, touched, nay, wholly redeemed by the angel's wing, by a wealth of humanity and fine feeling. This we unhesitatingly say is *facile princeps* the novel of the year, essentially a character novel, with a wondrous life-like setting. We are transported to these German scenes, and intuitively recognise them as drawn to life; we skim over the darkening expanse of ice, with May and her sweet love, living and breathing with them; we seem to hear the music of that impromptu meeting, where the impending shadow was about to fall. Again the truth and power of description of the Count Bruno's seat, dominating the dark frost with the awe-inspiring strength of ages of grim defiance, or May's perilous storm passage down the dark torrent of the river to her darkness before the most glorious dawn. But we cannot, except in words of eulogy, do justice to the book, or convey any fair idea of its value. Would we had more of such books. They are indeed the salt of life, a mental tonic beyond price.

*Claudius.* By Mrs. R. Knight Causton. (Hatchards).—It has often occurred to us as somewhat singular that the period of the persecution of the early Christians which offers so many facilities to the romance writer has been so scantily patronised, and those who have attempted the task have not been very successful. Wilkie Collins's "Antonina" is at best dry reading, and the only successful classical tale we know is Lord Lytton's exquisite "Last Days of Pompeii;" but this is not a story of the Christian persecutions. On that

subject, indeed, Dr. Neale has as yet no rival. His stories, though written for children, may be read by their elders with even keener delight. If Mrs. Causton has failed to avail herself of all the resources ready to her hand, she has, nevertheless, given us a gracefully written and charming tale, though we must take exception to the unnecessary sacrifice of Iola in the last chapter. The scene is laid in the days of Domitian, and the action extends over a very short period. The leading characters are Claudius, a young Greek Christian, his friend and fellow believer, Icilius, a patrician, Marcia, a patrician maiden, Antoninus, her brother, Martellus, a Prætor, Cornelius, the father of Marcia, Julia, the mother of Icilius, and Medora, a slave, who turns out to be the long-lost sister of Claudius, both being really the children of Martellus. It seems to us that Mrs. Causton makes the Christians too frank in proclaiming their faith, but the story does not depend largely upon the difference of religion between the various characters. It is, on the whole, well told, and flows smoothly to the close, and the character of Martellus is drawn with some power. In the end the Prætor perishes by the stylus of an assassin, but not till his newly-found daughter has fallen a sacrifice to the blow intended for him. The diction is pure and clear, and the printing of the book admirable.

*Social Twitters.* By Mrs. Loftie. (Macmillan.)—This is a collection of those articles principally published in the *Saturday Review*, which have for a long time delighted the reading public by their terseness, brilliancy, and truthfulness. No more pleasant companion for a winter fireside could be than this interesting little book.

*What the Swallows told Me.* By L. P. Mohun Harris. (Hatchards.)—This is a charming story for young people. But why must the delicious little heroine, Milly, die in the end? It is the only blot on one of the prettiest tales we have yet read. The get-up of the volume is very attractive.

*Half Hours with my Girls.* By Lady Barker. (Hatchards.)—It is a pity there are not more mistresses like Mrs. Wykeham, who on Sunday afternoons gathered her servants about her, and spoke to them on some



subject touching religion or morality, and encouraged them to ask her questions. Servants may well read this little book with profit, and so may their mistresses. The late Bishop of Bechin said rightly that we have lost the feudal system and put nothing in its place. Under that system employers and employed were good friends. Now-a-days the tie between mistress and maid is, as a rule, simply one of money. Far more good feeling and fellowship existed between the slave and the slave holder in the Southern States of America (abolitionist cant notwithstanding) than now exists between English servants and their employers. But let us hope there is more than one Mrs. Wykeham among us.

*The Crewel Embroidery Book* (Hatchards) contains numerous patterns for those who do this style of work.

We have also received from Messrs. Nelson, of Liverpool, the *Tobacco Plant*, which all smokers should patronise.

*The Education of our Girls* (Folger, New York), a lecture by Dr. Eaton, before Tilden Ladies' Seminary, is in all respects so admirable, that it should be read in every home and girls' school in England as well as in America, for most of the remarks apply to us equally with our transatlantic cousins. But English girls take much more exercise than Americans, consequently the average Englishwoman is more healthy than the American. Our diet, too, is better cooked, and the abominable stoves so prevalent in America are unknown here.

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## WOMEN AND WORK.

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THE SKULLS OF WOMEN.—M. Lebon, in a communication made to the Congrès d'Anthropologie in Paris, pointed out that, while the relative volume of the skull, compared with the rest of the skeleton, has increased with the progress of civilisation, the difference in size between the skulls of men and women is also much less in the savage than among the civilised races. This difference was admitted by the ethnologists present, and was explained by the president, M. Broca, on the ground that among the primitive races women led much the same lives as men, and took an equal part in the struggle for existence. According to those anthropological data the "protection" of women and their exclusion from professional struggles has ended in lessening the cranial capacity, therefore presumably the brain-power.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

Miss Harriet Hosmer professes to have discovered an entirely novel mode of employing the permanent magnet so as to cause it to produce motive power, and Mr. Browning, the scientific instrument maker, is constructing an engine after her plans.

A travelling wardrobe has been invented and patented by a lady, who, indulging in an unusual number of rich dresses, found this method of carrying them the only way to secure their freshness without constant unpacking. Like many others, she had to move from place to place, and this invention supplied her with a wardrobe go where she would. When closed they resemble an ordinary trunk, but are made strong and light, weighing less than any luggage of the same size. They are intended to be put up on

end. The dresses are hung to wooden rods, set in a frame, and there are partitions for bonnets and for various other portions of dress, so that without unpacking the things are always ready to hand.

The *Englishwoman's Review* gives the following interesting account of a young Hindoo lady, Toru Dutt. She was daughter to a highly respected and cultivated gentleman of Calcutta. Her family were Christians, and all, more or less, given to literary pursuits. In 1869 she and an elder sister, Aru Dutt, accompanied their parents to Europe, where they remained four years, chiefly in France and England, their sole instruction, besides home teaching, being a few months at school in France, and diligent attendance of the lectures for women at Cambridge while in England. They had perfect command of English and surprising knowledge of European life and thought. In 1876 appeared a volume, as the fruit of their studies, called "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," by Toru Dutt, Bhowanipore. It was a most remarkable production, consisting of translations from about eighty French modern poets, the pieces being 166 in number, mostly lyrics and sonnets. It was noticed with high praise in the *Examiner* and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Some of the poems were contributed by the elder sister, of whom Miss Dutt says in a note, "The pieces signed A. were by the writer's dear and only sister Aru, who fell asleep in Jesus on the 23rd July, 1874, at the early age of twenty years. Had she lived this book might, with her help, have been better, and the writer might, perhaps, have had less reason to be ashamed of it, and less cause to ask the reader's indulgence." The poems would be beautiful as original compositions, and yet are so faithful as translations that, as the *Examiner* says, "if modern French literature were entirely lost, it might not be impossible to reconstruct a great number of poems from this Indian version." Her explanatory notes abound with just and delicate criticism, quaintly and happily expressed, and show an astonishing familiarity with modern literature.

We extract the following from the *Citizen*:—Many of our readers may be aware that for some time past, tentative efforts have been

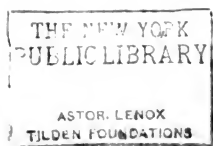
made to secure for the City of London College a larger and more suitable building than the old restricted and inconvenient premises in Leadenhall-street. It was once thought that a site in Bell-square, which had been offered by the Corporation of London, would be available, but on consideration it was thought that the rental required would be beyond the means of the institution ; and we understand that £2,000 had been offered for the surrender of the leases of premises in Milton-street, belonging to the Haberdashers' Company—of which the reverend president of the college is master—in the hope that a grant of the land might be obtained on advantageous terms, but that this endeavour was not deemed satisfactory by a number of the members of the council, who refused to regard the City of London College in any other light than as an institution which had become self-supporting, and might now take a position of independence—especially as by a careful management of members of the council, the majority of whom were in favour of its extension, £2,000 had been reserved towards a building fund, and there would be future means of paying a reasonable ground-rent in proportion to the increase of funds accruing from the contemplated admission of female students. Whatever may be their reasons, however, a large number of members having votes at the meetings were strenuously opposed to an extension of the provisions of the college—similar to that which has been cheerfully recognised by the Science and Art Department, the Society of Arts, the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, the Birkbeck, and similar institutions, and, we may add, the London School Board itself. There seems to be an inexplicable desire among a certain proportion of the members of the City of London College to refuse to recognise the claims of women to participate in educational advantages, and in this respect the institution in Leadenhall-street is now an anachronism, and will continue to be so until its removal to wider quarters, with a wholesome determination to accept the inevitable tendencies of the times towards freedom of instruction and the enlightened promotion of the claims of women to a common humanity of intellect.



VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.)

See page 329.





THE

# VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

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## *HURRYING ON.*

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**H**URRYING on in the midst of excitement,  
Pushing extravagant projects through,  
Few of us know or pause ever to question,  
Even to ask where we're hurrying to ;  
Hurrying on over blessings unheeded,  
Casting some joy, like the butterfly gone,  
What is the good of our wonderful frenzy ?  
What is the use of hurrying on ?

We have been hurrying on from our cradles—  
What else but shadows lie in the past ?  
We are still hurrying on as expectant—  
What shall we get for our hurry at last ?  
Graves are so thick that we cannot well miss them,  
Going with only the clothes we shall wear ;  
Where shall be then all we're hurrying after ?  
What shall we have with our hurry when there ?

W

*Hurrying on.*

Hurrying on in the wake of the phantoms,  
Conjured alone in the fever of haste,  
Hurrying on with extravagant projects,  
Little we reck of the treasures we waste ;  
Little we think of the diamond moments,  
Wealth of eternity planted in time ;  
The soil for its seed growing barren as ashes,  
While we are yet hurrying out of its clime.

God works but slowly—but slowly, my brothers—  
Not hurrying onward in passion and strife—  
Works with love only, and only for others,  
Not for himself in the green fields of life.  
Let us sit down, and be calm and be thoughtful,  
Lifting our hearts to eternity's brink ;  
Let us cease living alone for the present ;  
Let us cease hurrying—what do you think ?

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## MY ONLY LOVE.

BY EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE,

Author of "A Life Race," "A Crown for Love," &c.

He is no lover who loves not for ever.—*Euripides.*

But this was taught me by the dove,  
To die, and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn ;  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.—*Byron.*

### CHAPTER IX.

THE DESIRE ACCOMPLISHED.

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I HAD kept the paper unblotted by any tear of mine. My honour I would hold safe even though my life were wrung from me in the bitter drops I wept, as hot blood from my heart.

That secure, let the rest go !

Not so ; I had won my hero to my feet.

Need I tell how I watched and listened for the postman on his round, as if my very existence hung upon his approaching knock, that passed and died away four times every day, or worse, battered at the door beneath on some other's behalf, but brought nothing for me ? Two days passed thus, till my strange absence of mind drew remark from the few around me, and then, late in the afternoon, unannounced

and unexpected, there was heard upon the stairs a step I knew ; a knock at the drawing-room door, "Come in," from my companion, Mrs. Heathcote, and Arthur stood before me.

"I came the moment I received your letter," he said ; "I have been down at Woolwich for two days ; I would not wait to write and appoint an hour. I have come on chance of finding you, and am fortunate."

I was much embarrassed at this discovery to Mrs. Heathcote of my having written to Arthur in the way I had done, and could find neither explanation nor reply. She at once took in the situation in its general bearings, and good naturedly left the room. Arthur seemed in no hurry to learn what I had to tell him ; he only caressed my hand, and said he was happy we met again. "But this," he added, "is not the way you ought to be in London. Mrs. Heathcote is a very good woman in her way, but you have friends, surely——?"

"None in London," I interrupted ; "very few anywhere."

"And why did you come to London?"

"If you will not think ill of me, I will tell you all the truth."

"I could never think ill of you. Tell me, Leila."

"I came alone, and unknown to my best friend—my grandmother—for a short time only ; I have promised to return in a few days. I came away to—to try and see you this once, for the sake of your own honour and high name, because I could not bear to listen any longer to the horrible things I heard them say of you, and I would sacrifice myself in any way to put an end to the cause."

"The cause is very simple, Leila, but I am afraid, the harder to cure. Every man with a name so much in the mouth of the world as mine must expect to have dirt thrown upon his reputation. The less you believe of it, Leila, the kinder to me you will be, and I hope, the nearer the truth."

"But when one name is remarkably mixed up with yours to the injury of both, why do you not avoid the world's suspicion? Why are you for ever meeting Lady Diana Hope Trevor, no matter where you go?"

His brow grew dark, and the shadow of it fell upon my mind. "Was she at Woolwich while you were there?" I asked.

"She was. They had a ball, and could not help inviting her, nor could I refuse to go merely because she was there."

"You danced with her?"

"Yes, once."

"But you danced with no one else?"

"I was not expected to dance in general. Really, Leila, this is silly of you."

"Trifles, straws show the way of the deepest current. When you met me at Stormouth, at the ball, you did not ask me to dance."

"It would have made you too remarkable. I never dance, scarcely."

"Except with Lady Diana; you are not afraid of making her remarkable."

"I should not do so. All the world knows we have been acquainted many years, since she and I were young."

I shuddered at something in his tone. "Since she and I were young"—perhaps lovers.

"Leila, let there be no more of this between us. There is one way to end it all, and to make me happier than I have ever been in my life—with you, Leila. I do not yet see my course quite clear, but time will bring it straight. There are reasons which I cannot explain to you yet, why I could not present my wife at court, or elsewhere in England for a time, but in a few months, I expect my appointment in India, and once this is settled, the difficulty can be smoothed down. Would you consent to a secret marriage at once? and then I shall be sure of you, my own."

It came upon me like a thunderbolt; sense and motion had been almost taken away from me by the strong blow of joy. I did not answer him.

"Leila," he whispered, "you love me—do you love me? I know you do. There is no other way but to be united now, indissolubly. Once let this chance pass, and we shall be separated—perhaps for ever. You will consent to anything I wish? Is it not so, Leila?"

"How can I deny you? You know well you can do with me anything you will; you will do nothing but what is honourable; but what do you mean by a secret marriage? Will it be in a church?"

"In church or by a clergyman, what does the place signify?"

"But my grandmother must know; I am under age; we must have her consent."

"I do not think that will be requisite."

"She would give it willingly, and keep our secret."

"I had much rather she had it not to keep, for your sake as much as my own. Until I can take you away to India you must remain with her as usual: it is best that she know nothing until then."

"So I shall not write to her about it?"

"Not on any account."

"But Mrs. Heathcote, that I am staying with, she will be sure to find out."

"She must not, you must look to that; she of all others must not know that I am anything to you but a friend."

"I cannot imagine how we can be married so secretly as that."

"I cannot tell you at this moment; but I pledge my honour and my soul to find a way."

"If I were to go home to my grandmother, you could follow me, and our clergyman would make us safe, and never tell a word to mortal, until the right time came. I am sure he would, and granny would be so happy!" I pleaded, wavering in my hard attempt to meet his will.

"Leila, that is impossible: what you ask is the same as if you required me to cut off my sword arm on the eve of battle. The story would ooze out and ruin me. No, Leila, if you love me, we must be married in the best way I can settle it here; in a few days you shall know how it can be done, secretly and safely. I want you, Leila, I cannot do without you now; but if you will not trust me so far as I ask of you, I must."

I trembled and felt subdued to his purpose. Was he not my head,

my lord, the guide and protector of my life and honour ? to doubt of whom would be a crime, a sacrilege ?

"We shall be married, Leila, within a week—you will not cross me again, my own darling. I have enough—" He broke short, and was silent as to the rest.

"Anything—anything in the world you ask me," I murmured, incoherently. "Your own Leila I have been ever since the first hour we met. You can take me."

My voice broke into inarticulate sobs : I was laid upon his breast, trembling with a great and fearful joy : his lips were upon my ear, whispering, "My own love, kiss me ; will you not ?"

I did not dare, though he had taken many and many a kiss of me in those last few moments.

"Leila, you will kiss me as your husband ?"

I lifted my head a little and met those dark, resistless eyes that swayed me as it were my fate : he was smiling on my fear, in the delight of his heart ; the fond, loving smile, that brought back more than the charm of youth into that grandly-chiselled face, almost divine in its tender beauty now. It was bending lower and lower towards mine ; my soul rose to my lips with a sharp cry, and a wild clasp of lifted arms, as our lips met—oh, earth, oh, life ! I could have died in his embrace.

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## CHAPTER X.

### IS SWEET TO THE SOUL.

At last I had achieved my great happiness, the triumph that could not be taken away from me. I knew that nothing of what was to come could go beyond what I felt now : I had won it for myself by my true love and self-devotion, like the young Saracen maiden, who loved an English warrior, a captive of her father's, gained him his liberty, and then, when he had returned home and forgotten her, perhaps, followed after him, alone and ignorant of his very language, found her way with one word—"London"—to the great city where he lived, and, wandering from street to street, with one other word only

on her lips,—his name, “Gilbert”—was found by him, and became his wife, the mother of Thomas-à-Beckett. How like to her's was now my story!

But, as Matilda-à-Beckett had to be properly instructed and christened before she sank her Oriental identity in that good English title; so in my case there was a host of preliminary obstacles to be got over. Three different times did Arthur come with a different plan to propose, and, as each involved more or less risk of discovery in the execution, he had to content himself finally with the choice of the least evil, which was marriage by banns in a church, remote in the city, and likely to be almost without congregation on the Sunday when the banns would be asked, as the holy days of Easter time would remove about half of the scanty dozen or score of parishioners who usually attended. A kind of disguise was found for the arrangement of Arthur's names, mine were sufficiently obscure to attract no notice. A store room for luggage was engaged on Arthur's behalf, so as to acquire for him the requisite status as a parishioner.

Sooth to say, neither I nor the church authorities showed ourselves hard to deal with: for my part, why should I? Against another woman, a malicious enemy to both, I knew all Arthur's precautions were taken. From her snares and traps I had saved him by a generous compliance with his wishes, preferred before my own; yes, I had so saved him, and had no hesitation in setting this, the higher duty, above any former tie or worldly prejudice that could condemn me. Was he not the same as my husband now? As such I obeyed him, my honour being held as a part of his: as such I loved him well enough to marry him how he could, or to die for him.

Mrs. Heathcote began to have her suspicions, which were likely to prove rather inconvenient, in view of the short week's honeymoon, upon which Arthur insisted, so that our ingenuity was much taxed to defeat her curiosity. We were to be married at the end of the fortnight, singly and quietly to make our way, by nine in the morning, to the church appointed, and not till the next day, for fear of discovery: was I to set out, presumably on my return home, but, in fact, to stop a

week at Weymouth on the way, Arthur being at the station beforehand to join me and travel together. This intent Mrs. Heathcote did her endeavours (unconsciously) to frustrate by declaring she would see me off herself, and my luggage, properly labelled for Stormouth, into the train. We were obliged to devise a meeting at the station, *quasi* accidental. Arthur would say he was going to Weymouth for his post-Easter retirement out of town, and assume to himself the charge of my luggage, while leaving Mrs. Heathcote to choose my place in the ladies' compartment, to be vacated by me at the first station we stopped at, as the worst of our case, if Mrs. Heathcote should keep her vigilant eye upon us till the departing puff of the engine, as she threatened to do.

I did not dare to write a word to granny, lest if she knew I was in London she might set some inquiry on foot, which, reaching Mrs. Heathcote, or anyone else who might have heard of my being with her, would have ruined all; it would be six weeks after I left home before I could return, and I had to look for many chidings, and worse, much sorrow for my truant disposition, from my poor grandmother, who was sure to torment herself and me with a world of suspicions—any cause but the right one—which would content her so well if she knew—would be assigned for my strange wanderings. Probably, on the score of my residence with Mrs. Heathcote, I should be branded with the conviction of a passion for the stage, which, even worse than such for a man, would compromise my already suspected name with the Stormouth folk. Let it be as it would, in six months Arthur would take me with him to India as his wife.

It was impossible to keep Mrs. Heathcote from wondering at me. I had but one dress, a handsome travelling suit: I required another—I thought it must be white to be married in. This I had to buy somehow in Mrs. Heathcote's presence, for I could not venture out shopping in London alone, all my pluck and resolution being held in reserve for the desperate final adventure of getting to the church to be married. So Mrs. Heathcote took me to a shop she recommended for any purchases I required, but as I was going home so soon, she did not

see the necessity of just what I could not do without, and especially set her face against the white dress, as the most useless I could encumber myself with travelling. "It would make me conspicuous," she said, "and moreover look soiled after a day's wear, while a neat *écru* would be much more suitable and becoming." I had to be obstinate and stick to the white, and then there were coloured ribbons to be removed. "Have black," suggested Mrs. Heathcote. "No, white; they must be white," I blurted. "White silk bows and sash, do you mean to wear by daylight in the street? My dear, you'll be stared at as if you had a hundred heads on; nonsense!"

"But can't I have all white in some way? I don't care how, but I have a fancy for a dress all white; my grandmother told me she used to wear all white when she was a girl."

"That's half a century ago: girls don't go about in broad daylight with white dresses now—not with white silk certainly," then, appealing to the authority of the dressmaker: "Did you ever make one of the kind? I am sure you never did."

"Well, only for young ladies going to a wedding," was the meek reply, "we have made them with muslin sash and bows, the same as this dress, sometimes, but they are not often required; ladies prefer coloured or black ribbon." I contrived to seize upon the opening for a compromise; the dress was to be one entire fabric of soft opaque white. Next I had to procure, with as little observation as possible, some few dainty articles to do duty for the usual paraphernalia of a bride; as patterns, I said, I wanted them; Mrs. Heathcote objected that they could not be properly copied without taking to pieces, and being spoiled, and recommended paper patterns instead. I had to shut my ears to her arguments and take my own way. "What extraordinary fancies girls will take when they go out shopping and put on a spurt," was her opinion of me. Then for my white gloves. "Never, except for a wedding" cried Mrs Heathcote. "My dear, you're not going to be married!" The damsels of the counter smiled at one another, they evidently suspected I was, which Mrs. Heathcote observing, took offence both with them and me. "I want a nice pair



of white gloves," I said, "because I never can get the size that fits me in Stormouth, except I order them weeks beforehand; they do not keep my number, and they send for them to London, so I may as well get them myself while I am here"—little hands to the rescue! I carried off the gloves triumphantly, and Mrs. Heathcote carried off me; evidently our day's business together had set her a-thinking, none the less that she "put her tongue a little in her heart."

Next day was Sunday, the "first time of asking" it was to be, and it seemed to me as if the sun rose with another light than that of common day; as the hours rolled on, and no strange accident befel to cross their course, no shadow of impending fate went backwards on the dial of time, no moon nor star suffered unnatural change, when the evening of that morning made the Sabbath day, then did the union that day heralded become real to my perception, and certain to my hope; in a brief fortnight, thus long, and no longer, was I to be the I that I was, an unwedded maid; then should I be changed, another, though the same, to become a part of him, no more myself only; his, not my own; his wife. Truly it was a great and wonderful thing to think of, a tremendous revolution in my little life, like a death and a resurrection; a great joy and shuddering got hold upon me, as on one with bandaged eyes grasping upon the threshold of another world! His love was to be the hereafter of my soul, which he should gather unto him!

On the Monday at breakfast time Mrs. Heathcote came down in a handsome black silk dress, in lieu of her morning merino toilet, usual for receiving her pupils; she was a noted teacher of the dramatic art, no less than an able exponent of the same. Monday being one of her special teaching days when she would have much "business" to go through in course of instruction to young actresses, her pupils, this silk dress, of which she was particularly chary on such occasions, struck her husband as a peculiarity, of which he took it into his head to enquire the reason on her following him down to breakfast. She answered, putting a letter into his hand, "Look what I received by this morning's post, it was brought up to me after you were gone down

stairs, being marked immediate. You read it. I haven't made out half the words—only I'm to expect her at eleven o'clock; I must put off Miss Tudor's lesson in consequence." Mr. Heathcote took and read the letter.

"Dear Madam, will you assist me in a most embarrassing situation? I am to play Marie de Fontanges to-morrow fortnight, and my usual dramatic adviser, Mrs. Cibber, has gone to the country on a starring engagement, so that I have really nobody to coach me in the part. I know nothing about it, but I hear it is a splendid one, and I ought to make a great hit with it, being just my style, so I want you to teach it to me, as I hear you are the best in the profession—you and Mrs. Cibber. I shall want to take a long lesson every day, or two lessons, or more, if we can find the time, together. I shall call upon you early to-morrow—say eleven o'clock, hoping to catch you at that hour—and we can begin then, if convenient to you. There is no time to be lost if I am to do you and myself credit. I remain, dear Mrs. Heathcote, very truly yours,

"DIANA HOPE TREVOR."

This being dated Sunday, within another hour she would be here.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

ONE hour, and my enemy would stand in this very room, talking to the woman who was now to me as a friend, discovering me, guessing, conjecturing, I knew not what, perhaps the very truth itself, which, as my life, I was bound to guard against her envious eyes. I had to plead with Mrs. Heathcote for my all, and without telling her so.

"Lady Diana is coming here;" I said, "then I must keep away out of sight, and I beg of you, do not mention me at all, and if she does, pray tell her nothing of me."

"I should not think of such a thing. Why, what could I tell her of you?"

"She must not know that I am in London."

"Why not? she has no right to find fault with your coming to town as well as everybody else."

"She must not know why; she must not hear that I am with you; she might make a story out of it."

"Out of me? Nonsense, she might think you wanted to take to the stage. You would be ashamed of that, young lady."

"Not in itself. I should not like it to be set down that I had tried the stage and failed."

"But you didn't; you've never done anything of the kind."

"Don't you remember that spiteful attack in the paper?"

"The *Empress*? Oh, yes, that was rather severe upon you."

"That was Lady Di's contrivance, I'm convinced, to destroy my chance of acting again."

"I don't know that; the *Empress* was safe to cut you up in any case."

"But why—when they knew nothing about me?"

"That's just the reason; you're not a friend of theirs."

"But they told a dozen falsehoods of me."

"You don't expect they would stop at the truth? The editor is a woman, one of the strong minded, goes in for woman's rights; what would you have? Can't you see the feminine style? a succession of pin thrusts! Now, a man's abuse would hit wider of the mark."

"My grandmother would never consent to my appearing in public again after that article."

"My dear, it can't do you any harm; nobody reads the *Empress*, except for the fashion plates."

"Lady Diana had it written: she is jealous of anyone—of me"—

"I think you may say that, my dear."

"She is jealous of—my acting."

"Perhaps she pays you that compliment, and another as well—you are too young, too attractive—to one gentleman, at least."

"May I trust you, Mrs. Heathcote?—can you keep a secret for me? will you promise, if I tell you what it was that brought me to London—?"

"Oh, I thought you were mad for the stage. Wasn't that it?"

"It was not."

"Singular, then, your coming to me."

"I came to you as a friend. I have no friend in London, except—except him, and I did not know beforehand how he would take it when I came. Promise me, on your solemn word, you will tell no mortal what brought me—not even your husband must know." He had left the room before our conversation.

"Not even my husband? Well, that is a secret!"

"I cannot tell you unless you promise."

"Well, I promise. Come."

"Arthur was the cause—he only. I came to see him—to—I must not say any more."

"If that's all you've got to tell me I'm sorry I promised to make any secret of it. I knew that much before, by the use of my own eyes, and quite free to tell anyone I pleased."

"Oh, but you will not! That would be the same as if you were to kill me."

"My child, you take it so heart! I see you have a heart that will hurt you all your life through. There is nothing whatever in the case that you should look on it that way. You have done no harm, I hope, in coming to me."

"No, but there are things I cannot tell you."

"I understand. Be careful of yourself, my child, and do not believe all a man says to you; men say anything when they have a point to gain with a girl like you. I will do all I can for you, even without being much in your confidence. I shall not repeat anything you have said—no, not to my husband, nor speak of you at all to Lady Diana."

"But if she questions you? She may be coming on purpose."

"I don't think that likely; but I shall say I don't know anything about you. In business it is always allowable to say we don't know, when people ask inconvenient questions."

I kept close in my own room all the time I knew my enemy was in

the house ; when she was gone, at the end of two and a half mortal hours, and the door closed after her, I crept down, half afraid lest the creaking of a stair beneath my light footstep might work as a spell to recall her. I stood at the door of the drawing-room, hesitating.

"Come in, my dear, the coast is quite clear, no enemy in sight," said Mrs. Heathcote, laughing at my trepidation ; " we've had a long lesson, and I hope my lady is content with herself ; I should not be, I know, if I had to work like that only for one performance."

" You have been more than two hours giving her a lesson."

" Oh, that's nothing ! She comes at ten to-morrow for another two hours, and every day for a fortnight. It seems these amateurs have their rehearsals in the afternoon, so she comes to me early. She wanted me to dine with her, and go on in the evening rehearsing her part, but I'm playing just now, so, of course, that's out of the question."

" She wants lessons both morning and evening ? "

" Morning, noon, and night rehearsing. She wouldn't do another mortal thing if human patience could stand it. Mine could not, though I get half-a-guinea an hour. She's as good as a second engagement to me for the fortnight."

" You have to teach her everything ? "

" Teach her ! Word by word, parroting. Not a blessed idea has she of the part ; and as to business, she knows less than a utility novice could teach her until she has gone through everything with me over and over and over again. In general I tell people two or three times the same thing, and then, if they don't take it, I leave them to themselves, but that would not do with her, she would raise a laugh at every line. She must make it worth somebody's while to teach her or she could not act. Mrs. Cibber must have made a pot of money out of that lady pupil."

" She will be sick of her part before she plays it : don't you think it a bad plan to make acting such a cut and dry task ? "

" My dear, I'm an artist ; I don't care what trouble I take, so

there's an end worth gaining, no more than you would with your singing : I could understand any labour to appear before the public ; that's fame, but to play one night for one's own friends !—well, some people are mad."

Knowing the time that Lady Diana was to come next day, I wrote to Arthur by way of precaution.

"For a reason that I shall explain, when we meet, you must be cautious in coming to see me here ; to-morrow afternoon all will be safe, but on no account must you come from ten to twelve o'clock in the morning. Keep it secret that you visit at the house at all ; I shall always let you know beforehand, when it is safe for you to come. Hoping to meet to-morrow, ever your own,

"LEILA."

This sent I was able to close my eyes somewhat, but not much, that night : again I had to lie *perdue*, like a bird afraid to stir out of her nest, knowing that the hawk is overhead, disporting unconscious of her existence, but none the less ready for a pounce down upon her, if she give the chance. I knew that another pupil was to follow Lady Diana, therefore I remained upstairs till Mrs. Heathcote called me down, at half past-one.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she said ; I've actually had no time to think of you till now ; such a 'fussification' as we've had ! but it's always the way with amateurs, something essential is sure to fall through, or be forgotten till the last moment."

"What's the matter with Lady Diana now ? Is she not happy ?"

"Not at all ; at least, she was not till I made her so ; they had nobody to play her waiting-maid. Just fancy !"

"An unenviable position, I should say, either in jest or earnest."

"A very pretty little part ; must be young and attractive to look it, and they thought they had it filled all right ; but this is a 'public charity performance, so the young lady's papa would not allow her to appear, and that's all off."

"Then the part will have to be cut out ?"

"No such thing ! I told Lady Diana Miss Tudor could play it. She is studying for the stage with me, but has never appeared. I don't

care about my pupils playing with amateurs in general, but this is an exceptional case, everything will be properly done."

Here was a blow! Miss Tudor, who knew me by sight and by name, brought into juxtaposition with Lady Diana. "Miss Tudor will play with them?" I gasped out.

"To be sure she will! Five guineas and all expenses paid. I told her never to play with amateurs unless they made it worth her while; but Lady Diana jumped at the girl. I introduced them to one another, and it's all arranged."

An odd idea struck me: "I wonder how much the charity will benefit by it all?"

"The charity?—who ever heard of amateurs caring for charity, except as a cloak to hide their vanity? Charity's just a pretence for acting; that's all. I dare say they'll have a splendid house for that small place; two hundred pounds, perhaps, but then, the expenses will run up. If the charity gets fifty pounds, they'll think they've done wonders. In most of these cases, the charity gets nothing at all; I think it's very wrong."

"And so do I, and I am very unhappy that Miss Tudor has anything to do with it; she knows me, she will be sure to tell. Oh, could you not prevent—find some one else? 'Tis nothing to her to play with these amateurs."

"Nothing—five guineas, and her first appearance on any stage? not that I should reckon it as a first appearance."

"It is everything in this world to me, to keep myself out of Lady Diana's power or knowledge, until I leave London."

"I never thought of such a thing. I am sorry, but it can't be helped now; everything's settled. I'll tell Miss Tudor not to mention your name; I think I can depend upon her. But what a 'closet lock and key of villainous secrets' you are making of me, my young lady!"

Late that afternoon came Arthur. I knew by his light spring up the stairs that he was in high spirits; he came as the eagle, exulting in the renewal of youth his young love had put into his life—his very

soul overflowing in exuberant gaiety from his lips. How could I find the heart to throw a damp upon our joy?

"At last, my darling, at last! As many kisses as I want, if that could be; they are all my own now. Our banns were asked last Sunday. Hush and hurrah! Nobody suspects us."

"I hope not—but I at least am in misery at the risks I run."

"Risks! What risks? You would not let me come this morning or you would have had the good news before."

"Arthur, you don't know, but I must tell you, though I hate the sound of her name. Lady Diana comes here every day, to take lessons with Mrs. Heathcote."

"Nonsense! She take lessons! Why she's a better actress herself than Mrs. Heathcote in anything."

"Don't you believe such a thing; a parrot, a piece of monkey tricks; she has to learn her part like her A B C. Mrs. Heathcote says she only exists for the sole purpose of rehearsing."

"What a passion for acting she must have! Well, that ought to content you, if you believe that a woman is capable of only one passion at a time; if her whole existence is absorbed in acting, my darling little girl should be the last to complain." He said this with a roguish smile, that failed to confirm my confidence in him.

"Masculine vanity! I declare I believe you are piqued that I should think another woman does not care for you; but I do not think so, sir. I believe her acting is all a trick to entangle you."

"Well, then, she gives herself a world of trouble about nothing. Does she come here every day, did you say?"

"Every morning for two or three hours."

"Then I must not come so often, to draw remarks and trouble upon you. What is she studying now?"

"Marie de Fontange; she plays it on Monday week, the day of our marriage."

"That day of all others! I have heard of this performance to come off, in fact, she has invited me to be present."

"But you cannot on that day!"



"Why not? You forget we do not set off till the next morning, and it is vital to me to lull suspicion of anything extraordinary being connected with my going out of town. I am half sorry now I did not take Mrs. Fortescue into our confidence; I could have gone down and married you at home, by special license. That might have been the safest plan after all, but there's no help for it now."

"May I tell Mrs. Heathcote? and she will help me, I know, to keep away suspicion from others."

"Not for the world; she must know nothing."

"I am afraid she knows too much, or not enough already; she remarks how I blush and tremble at your name. I cannot help it when I know we are so soon to be—I cannot hide that I do care for you!"

"My darling, innocent girl! pretend to care for me only a little—that's the way when you care very much—it is safer than trying to look as if you did not care at all."

"I wish I could care for you only a little, it would be better for me, and just as well for you. I care for you too much, or you would not have the heart to give me such cruel pain—to spend the evening of our wedding day with—with her."

"Come, you're afraid she will unmarry us; is that it?"

"Don't laugh at my misery; I cannot bear it, when you are making me do what I know to be wrong, too! Mrs. Heathcote ought to know the truth, and then I should have one friend, at least, I could depend upon to help me through—indeed I want it."

"My darling child, you must let me think for you in this, you cannot know what I know, and it is my right to direct you as your guide and protector through life. You are not fit to deal with a thorough woman of the world, so leave her to me, and I will do all for the best. Think, you are little more than a child. Trust me, darling."

Still less could I resist his caresses than his words, and so gave up my own judgment, feeling still that it was better than his, as the true, right instinct of a child may be wiser than man's reason. My youth was coming against me now; alas, so it seemed. I was too young for him!

## CHAPTER XII.

## THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

THE day after this interview I received a letter from Arthur :

" My dearest love, for your sake, as much as for my own, and to disarm suspicion, I am leaving town for these next ten days ; at the end of that time I shall return to claim your hand, having left all in safe course towards that end. If you are sorry for what you have done, or feel any natural hesitation in entrusting the peace and happiness of your young life to one not worthy of you, it is not too late to retreat ; do as you will, I shall ever remain yours with the truest and deepest affection,

" ARTHUR."

Alas ! he knew me too well, and was too sure of me, his own, heart, soul, and life, or he would never thus have put me to the proof ! What change could come must come from himself ; for all such was to me impossible ; he knew it, I knew he knew it, what more could I but strive to banish the doubt that rose unbidden, the mistrust of him I loved, hateful as the infidel murmur against heaven's truth, rising up in the heart when the power of darkness casts a shadow of death and hell upon the believer's soul ! Another Sunday came, and he was absent ; this was the second time our names were asked, now safely over. Once more, and all would be well ; this confidence was growing in me ; I did not go out, not even to church, being fearful the very stones would observe me. Morning and afternoon I shut myself in my room for fear of visitors who might talk about me—not, as it proved, without good cause to fear.

Mrs. Heathcote was going out to seven o'clock dinner at Lady Diana's, her husband was bound for stageland. When they were both gone, I meditated to glide downstairs, and post a letter to Arthur, unobserved. It was nearly six, and I had begun to watch and listen for their going out, when a quick knock came to the door, and the agitation of some unexpected visitor made itself felt from the drawing-room with a stir and commotion that sounded through the whole house. I found it prudent not to move until Mrs. Heathcote's

strong voice, and the clapping of the hall door gave indication of the intruder's departure. Then, oh, how my heart leaped up in my throat! as Mrs. Heathcote screamed to me, rather than called: "Miss Fortescue, Miss Fortescue, where are you? Are you upstairs? Come down; I want to speak to you. What's to come of the girl? Leila Fortescue!"

I came down, shaking in every fibre of my frame.

"Miss Fortescue, you're going to be married—don't deny the truth: I've discovered it all, that's what you came to me for, and you never told me. Oh, what a deep girl you are! and so young, too!"

No reply from me: she had not mentioned *him*, and I had presence of mind enough to hear the end of the accusation before I would commit myself, perhaps to something that no accuser could prove against me. Provoked by my silence she went on

"You shall not stir out of this house to-night."

"I do not want to, Mrs. Heathcote."

"Miss Fortescue, you are an awful girl! To-morrow I shall communicate with your friends, and tell them I wash my hands of all responsibility. You want to make some bad, disgraceful marriage!"

What a relief! she was all in the dark, evidently. I became the questioner.

"No such thing, Mrs. Heathcote, I assure you on my honour as a lady. Who told you so? and what have you heard of me?"

"Miss Tudor has just been here, and told me she heard your banns asked to-day, with her own ears, in that out of the way church—what did she call it? I forget. She's a very religious girl, and she took it into her head to attend church this morning, and went to that church, for the sake of the walk, she said, and because there would be plenty of room there. I can't say whether she had heard any whisper of what was going on; she heard your banns for the second time of asking."

"Did she say so?"

"Yes, heard your name, Leila Fortescue, she could not be mistaken, she said, and now what are you going to do with yourself

young lady? Something very bad, or you would not want to be married by banns; no respectable people ever are."

"You are all in the wrong," I said, smiling with involuntary triumph at my noble choice, "but I cannot tell you any more; now then, find out for yourselves."

I could see or hear from Arthur before the next Sunday, and doubted not that he would find a way to bring me through this dilemma.

"I shall forbid the banns," cried Mrs. Heathcote, "I shall not allow you to be married, unless you give me satisfactory reasons before the day comes, and show me your grandmother's consent. Why, you're a child! not seventeen; you don't know what you're doing. Can't you wait and be properly married? If the man means well, he can find no fault with that. Whom do you want to marry? Mr. Arthur, Miss Tudor thought, was the name: perhaps some married man, taking you in under a false one. I don't know any Mr. Arthur."

Anything rather than that she should suspect the truth without his permission! I have called him "Arthur" in this narrative; she did not know him by that name, but by his usual style and title only. We had contrived that "Arthur" should have prominent place in the asking of banns, so as to mystify the congregation, no heed being likely to be taken of my unnoted name, and all jumbled together in a string of undefined pronunciation, it was by the worst of ill-luck that any attention had been attracted thereto. I felt I was safe so long, and so long, only as no one detailed the circumstances to Lady Diana. She would know the love-name "Arthur," I thought, only too well.

"Mrs. Heathcote," I said, "I will venture to promise, you shall know and approve of all by this day week, but upon the condition that Lady Diana Hope Trevor knows nothing, hears nothing in the meantime; I know her evil mind to ruin me as a rival."

Had I betrayed my secret? Mrs. Heathcote said. "Oh!" a light evidently breaking in upon her, which I had not intended to expose to view; then after a pause: "Well, my dear, perhaps you

are in the right after all ; you're just the sort of girl to make a great match. I've no doubt you would make scores of conquests if you were on the stage, but you're better off as you are ; if you make your hit, it's nobody's business to quarrel with you as to how you do it. I only want to be sure it's all right, and I'll not stand in your way, my dear ; I don't want to play marplot on the occasion."

"Do one thing for me—keep Miss Tudor from talking of me, from mentioning my name at all, in Lady Diana's hearing ; this is a question of life and death to me."

"Dear, dear, I hope not ! there's nothing so hard to stop as silly people's tongues, but I shall see Miss Tudor to-morrow before she and my lady meet, and I'll give her a caution ; she'll be afraid to repeat anything in spite of me."

Vain precaution ! on her return home that night, Mrs. Heathcote's face told enough for me to fear there was irreparable mischief done ; she met my questions frankly, and said—

"Well, my dear, I've done all I could. I'll tell you everything exactly as it happened, and you shall judge for yourself. Miss Tudor was there before me ; she must have gone straight from this house to Lady Diana's, but she never told me a word—very deep of her ! There's a sudden intimacy sprung up between those two."

"I see—Lady Diana chooses one woman as her weapon against another."

"Not me, she would not try that ! but Miss Tudor is a foolish monkey ; a titled lady's house is 'kingdom come' to her ; well, she was there, but I don't think they had talked much : Sir John was in the room."

"They did not talk together ?"

"Not then. I tried to draw Miss Tudor into a corner, to warn her, but there was nobody but we four, and dinner was announced almost immediately, so I had no opportunity. Sir John was most polite to me ; he handed me down to table as if I had been a duchess !" Here Mrs. Heathcote bridled up with pardonable pride ; from participation in Miss Tudor's "little sins" at least she was not exempt.

"Wait until you hear exactly what passed. Sir John began to speak of your acting in *Desdemona*, that time at Stormouth. He praised you very much, and asked me whether I had you with me as a pupil for the stage. It was evident to me you were a common topic of conversation in that house."

"What did you answer?"

"I said you were with me as a friend. I answered rather stiffly, and gave Miss Tudor a look. I saw through it then, how she and Lady Diana had been plotting together to keep me in the dark."

"Do you believe that?"

"I am sure of it. Why should Lady Diana never mention your name to me, until Sir John let the cat out of the bag? They've known you were in my house ever since you came, all through Miss Tudor. Sly, deceitful girl!"

"Did she tell them what she heard in church?"

"Every word, my dear, there and then, in spite of my winks, and nudges under the table; she would not see me. She told me afterwards, as we were coming out, that she had no idea what I could possibly mean. I don't believe her."

"But what did you say to them? Did they question you?"

"Not much, for Lady Diana was taken with a sudden, violent toothache, she said, through the window being open. I don't think that was the reason."

"A toothache! A heartache! Did she hear his name?"

"Only Arthur. Yes Miss Tudor told her Arthur. Lady Diana turned very white, and said she was in great pain."

"I daresay she was; she knows all now." I spoke quietly, in a kind of despair. The worst had come, in so far as I was betrayed to my enemy. How far her power to do me harm might reach, I knew not, but from my fears. One thing I was resolved upon, to tell nothing myself, so that let what would come, the blame with Arthur should not be mine. I kept his behest.

Next morning at Lady Diana's usual lesson time, I was in my room, my door locked, as if I could shut out my fate! I heard the knock

beneath, and the shaking of the house, as the door closed upon her within it ; a few minutes more, and Mrs. Heathcote was at my door, knocking and demanding to be let in. I did not answer at first ; I would not open.

"It is nobody but me ;" she persists, "let me in, I must speak to you."

I crept up to the keyhole and groaned out, "Keep her off—tell her I'm ill, I can do nothing, say nothing—go !"

"One minute, for your own sake ; I want to speak to you—let me in." She was resolute, and after all, friendly to me.

"Give me your word you will not bring her in upon me," I cried : she did so, and I turned the key in the lock, and fell into her arms.

"Poor child," she said, pityingly, "don't let that proud, bad woman crush you ; don't be afraid of her, or she will ! Dare her out ; that's your only chance now."

"She wants to see me—to question me—to put me to torture. The sight of her is enough to kill me. I will wait till he tells me what I must do !"

"I would not put it to that if I were you ; she would only play her game behind your back, and poison his mind, no one knows how. Take my advice, my child, I would say the same thing to you if you were my own daughter. Face her down, and tell her nothing, that's the way to make her betray herself ; she's just the woman to do that."

"To betray herself ?"

"Yes, she knows that she is a guilty woman. If she has any shame left, she will not dare to push you to extremity, if she sees you will not be trodden on. If you submit or give your own course up, do not trust to any man to be more true to you than you are to yourself. Take my warning."

"I will, Heaven help me ! Must I meet her alone ?"

"That is what she wants—but I'll be within call, my dear. Come down."

I made up my mind to go as it were to my death, and followed her down to the drawing-room, where all outward forms of good breeding were to have place between us three.

"My dear Miss Fortescue, let me present you to Lady Diana Hope Trevor," said Mrs. Heathcote. My enemy bent her proud head and smiled an evil smile, while I returned the honour by a curtsy down to the ground. Mrs. Heathcote told me afterwards I looked then the proudest of the two. The introduction over, she discreetly left us with, "I know you two ladies will like a little chat together. You'll understand one another better yourselves to yourselves."

Motioning me to sit down, Lady Diana sank, or rather crouched into an arm chair, smooth and subtle as the tigress or the snake, when meditating the swift spring, the deadly grasp, the annihilating crush of a weaker foe.

"I believe we are known to one another by sight, Miss Fortescue," she began, with a coldly, cruel ring in her smoothly dropping words. "I took an interest in you as Desdemona, but you were put into a very false position for a young girl."

"Perhaps so, in the opinion of others; I did not feel it myself."

"You suffered very much from nervousness."

"Not more than others, I fancy. You, Lady Diana, have acted so often, you forget what it is like to stand before the public for the first time."

"No, indeed; I suffer intensely; in fact, it makes me quite ill every time I appear."

"Yet you do it!"

"I am very fond of it."

"I cannot say I am, or ever could be."

"And for why?"

"I have a natural repugnance to drawing the malice of the world upon me. This I said with an arrow shot of the eyes at her, but withdrew the glance as it flew. I saw, as well as felt, her eyes dissecting me from head to foot, as if measuring me out to be devoured.

"The malice of the world!" she repeated, slowly; "yes, that is a



fearful thing to any woman who lays herself open to reproach, but utter ruin to an unprotected girl. I pity you!"

"Pity me, Lady Diana? That may be a condescension in one of your rank, to a mere stranger, but it is not a pleasant compliment. I am content to be what I am, and not conscious of needing anyone's pity." I spoke fast and eagerly, my agitation gaining upon my prudence.

"You are very young and innocent—you *look* very innocent—you have run away from your home after a man who does not care for you."

"I run after a man? Men may run after me, if they want me."

"I daresay they may, a good many of them. You are not handsome, but you are 'fetching' while you are very young, '*la beauté du diable*;' but there is not much of you." A look of contempt. "Men have strange fancies sometimes. You expect to be married to Arthur?"

"I have no right to answer any such questions; you know nothing about me, Lady Diana, nor what I expect."

"Ah, you do? Well, you're a little fool, that's all; he is only laughing at you."

I rose to my feet in the offended dignity of five-feet-four; I was not little, though slight and girlish in figure, and not to be compared with Lady Diana's inches and superb development of womanhood.

"I will not be called a fool," I said, "because you, Lady Diana, suspect me of having attracted the regard of somebody you want to keep to yourself; as to laughing at me, that any can do at another, you may, if you like, to my face; it will make no difference in what I do."

She took me at my word, and let go the mocking laughter she had hitherto half restrained, then broke out, "His wife? pah! He wants you for a mistress, you his wife! ha! ha!"

"Lady Diana, you are slandering a man as incapable of harbouring such a base design as I am of consenting to it."

"Ah, you love him—he tells you he loves you?"

"You have no right to ask such a question."

"No right?"

"No. What is it to you what I do? What he does? You are married! Why should you be jealous of him? Why interfere at all?"

"Jealous! What do you dare to suppose? My husband's interests and Arthur's are bound up together. He must not marry out of his class; he must have connection and influence with his wife, or remain as he is until his career in India is secured. I tell you his prospects will not suffer him to think of a mere nobody like you."

"You take a deep interest in his prospects, Lady Diana. You will not allow him to have a wife at all if you can, unless your husband dies. Lady Diana, you love him."

I had hit hard and true upon the mark. It broke to shivers, which she dashed away.

"Love him;" she cried, "and if I do, so much the worse for you if you dare to come between us; a chit of a girl that nobody knows. Yes; do whatever you like, whatever you can. You are fond of knocking your head against stone walls. Ha! ha! If the pot of clay will put itself against the pot of brass, so much the worse for pot of clay."

Another insolent laugh, to which I had nothing to reply, though the thought of my descent, eight centuries old, made my young blood burn to listen in silence. Boastfully she pursued, trampling on me when she had me down.

"I am of his own cast, his own sphere. I have done for him what no other in England could do. My connections, my husband's influence, my own place in the world have all been put in motion to the utmost to raise him to his high position; greatness he had in himself, but the opportunity that made him a great man came through me. He owes me what to him is far more than life—his name, his fame."

"And how would you have him repay the obligation? You love him to do him evil, to make him do wrong."

"Wrong? There must be wrong you think. Cannot a woman love a man without disgracing herself? You judge of others by your own foul thoughts, young lady."

I felt the hot stream rush scarlet to my face. Here was I, innocent, blurred by contact with my guilty accuser.

"You redden," she pursued; "you can blush, it seems. Aye, well you may. No, I am not Arthur's mistress"—a most keenly insulting emphasis on the two words—"not but what many noble-hearted women have given up all, name and rank, and what the world calls honour for the man they love. A married woman is disinterested, at least, she has all the world to lose for her love, nothing to gain. If she does forsake all for a man, she is better than you girls who sell yourselves to the best bidder in the legal and honourable marriage market, forsooth. Faugh! that is viler than picking oakum or breaking stones. What do you expect your face will fetch? eh, little girl—a peerage? Is that the game you want to play?"

I could endure no more; a lucky thought flashed upon me:

"Say what you will of me, I have done nothing that truth and honour forbid, but you—you have set a taint upon Arthur's finger, a ring of your's that none but himself must wear; you would have him keep it, reckoning on your husband's death, to claim him then—to make him marry you. You have a husband, and you pledge yourself to another man. Do you call this right, or wrong? do you call it honourable?"

"Who told you this?—he has betrayed me?"

"No; he has kept the wretched secret; it was not he that told me."

"Who then?"

"My own eyes—yourself betraying yourself, as women who are capable of these things will do."

"Woman! What do you know of woman or man either? What do you suppose you can ever be to Arthur? A stop-gap, a *bagatelle pour passer le temps* until old Sir John sees fit to take himself out of the way."

I hardly understood the hideous innuendo ; but, fain to guard my own fair fame without committing him, I said,

“ I am no candidate for any conquest, in any way but what is honourable ; I do not believe any man could doubt that, or would treat me otherwise.”

“ Oh, you believe yourself a paragon of virtue ! You would not be Arthur’s mistress, not you !—except you were a legalised mistress, and so you would be as his wife. You don’t expect he could love *you*, if you imagine he loves *me*. What a comparison ! His wife, indeed ! Men don’t marry for a fit of passion !”

Though I shrink at the horrible revelation, some grains of abhorred truth seemed to thrust itself through her words ; had he not left *me*, undefended, to meet this fury ? Was this like loving me as I loved him ? Had he not always spoken of her with provoking forbearance, whatever cause brought up her name between us ? It was plain he knew she loved him, and he was too tender of her feelings for me to assure myself *that* love could be utterly despised ? Was I not indeed a fool ? a hopeless one ? It might be so, yet if it were possible, I would keep him from her, my abhorred rival !

“ Whatever I may be,” I said, slowly ; “ you can be nothing to him, more than a friend—if you call yourself so, you cannot be his wife ; though you play dog in the manger all his life long, that gives you no claim upon him.”

“ No claim upon him ? I who have raised him to what he is.”

I grew sarcastic : “ Then you ought to be glad of anything that could make him happy ; you are married yourself. If he were to marry you would be on equal terms, that’s all ; you could wait till his wife died, you know, instead of making him wait for your husband’s death.”

“ Oh, you cunning young viper ! you think to take him from me ! from me, whom he loved all his life, since I was a girl ; I might have had him then, if I would : I might have him, if I would do such a thing, now ; the man could not resist *me* !”

There was a horrible conviction in her words ; should I have driven her desperate had I known her power upon him ? She went on—

“No man, once in love with me, ever got over it yet ; no more can he. Yes, yes, I can keep him. You think I will stick at anything, having gone so far ? That I will be thwarted by a child?—oh, no, no—or a man ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! A woman like me will pierce through stone walls if they stand between her and her will. Weak things men are to contend with. What ! their fancies, indeed ! I can laugh at them, ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

She was working herself into hysterical violence, under her simulated defiance of me. I felt, I hoped her power to keep him to a dishonourable tie was less than she assumed ; it might be that the demon in her heart should be baffled by my strong and innocent love. I would deal cautiously with her.

“I have no right to answer for Arthur in any way. You have known him long ; draw your own conclusions, as you have done hitherto. I have told you nothing.”

“Silence and discretion with a vengeance. I know what you mean to do ; to steal a match with him. Not while I live. I will stop that. I will expose him to the world. I will ruin him, utterly ; blast his career with infamy. My husband shall be his enemy and my avenger. I care not what I do to myself, if I cut my own throat. Cross me at your peril, young girl ; you shall never marry him till you kill me ! We’ll see which is the strongest, you or I. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

I thought she was going mad, but she reigned in her frenzy fit, and flung herself out of the room. Lost in terror, I had no sense left to conjecture what form her rage might take, to destroy me, to do that which I feared above all that could happen to me here or hereafter, separate me from him I loved. I was sitting still, not attempting to stir of my own motion, but trembling with a violent, involuntary seizure in every limb, that shook me like winnowing wheat, when Mrs. Heathcote came and found me.

“My child, what have you done to Lady Diana ? She will murder you if she can, or blast you before the world ; that is the way

that great ladies commit murder of the reputation. I tremble for you."

I fell upon her breast : " Oh, women are like devils to other women when they hate."

" Yes, that's like what Shakespeare says, he was a man. I say men are our worst enemies if we give them their way."

" Who would have thought it of her, with her soft, blonde beauty? I never knew there could be so much fury in blue eyes."

" They are the fiercest when provoked. Beware of her! I'm afraid you have been very imprudent. What have you done to her? Oh, I know! You are not to answer any questions. Come upstairs, and write to him, my dear, you shall do whatever you like ; only I have got nothing to say to you, I wash my hands ; you never took me into your confidence."

" I wish to heaven I could;" and I sank into her arms weeping. Was she not in place of a mother to me? To something in my misery I must cling, as in the sinking ship, or the burning house, when there is none to help, they cling to one another who are about to perish!

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE OLD MAID.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEDWIG DOHM.

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**W**HEN does a young lady turn to an old maid? Difficult would it be to say exactly. Some earlier, some later. When the mother of a marriageable girl leaves off watching her with chaperon eyes, when the other damsels titter at seeing her in a pink dress, when partners have to be hunted up for her at balls, when gentlemen have to be dragged along to talk to her at evening parties, when school-boys make loud observations extolling neither the youth nor beauty of the subject of their attention, when all these things, or any of them, have come about, then our heroine may as well go into mourning for the husband whom she will never get.

I knew a young lady thirty years of age whom no one called an old maid, and I know young ladies of four-and-twenty whom everyone reckons as nothing else than old maids.

The old maid will cease to exist as soon as woman is emancipated from the so-called "woman's sphere." All old maids will not be married after this emancipation, but there will be an end to the race "old maid," notwithstanding.

What is an old maid? When we say an old maid we mean a woman whose condition is pitiable, even in a way painful, whose existence is superfluous, whose being is aimless.

It is not the fact of her singleness which makes us sorry for an old maid. The "old maid" whom we pity, the only real old maid, in fact, is poor and held of little account, and she is the victim of many of the sorrows poverty can inflict on mankind.

There are no rich old maids. No, you say, because rich women

marry. I beg your pardon, all rich women do not marry. There is Miss C. She is not married, but no one laughs at her. She gives her guests excellent champagne, there are charming young ladies there to flirt with, all is gay. No one feels any compassion for the hostess, and there is no need to feel any.

The world pays homage to Miss C. It respects her as it should respect her for her noble character, her sweet amiability, and her excellent dinners. No one ever thinks her unfortunate, even though no gentleman sits *ex officio* at the bottom of her table.

Look at Lady Gwendolen Blueblood ; she is the friend of one of the Princesses, she is a relation of a Prime Minister, but she has never married. If she had married that young ensign Moneyless, who made a passionate declaration to her years back, she would have lost her position and gone down in the opinion of the world. Unmarried actresses and vocalists are not old maids either ; nor those brave pioneers of civilisation, few in number until now, who, though they are women, occupy an independent and honourable position. Such women, for instance, as the lady doctors in America. Who would call Florence Nightingale an " old maid ? "

As soon as a woman is indebted to herself for the respect in which she is held, and the position she fills, there is an end to the cry for a husband.

There are, too, no old maids among the people. The banker, whose rotund form retains its rotundity thanks to the excellent offices of a forty year old cook, is utterly indifferent whether the said cook is married or single. I value my dressmaker according to her skill in cutting out, and care not if she own a husband or lacks one, and my feelings for my laundress are unaffected by her title. She may be either Miss Smith or Mrs. Smith for aught that I care. Women of the working classes are, in fact, estimated according to the excellence of their work, and those of them who are husbandless are not on that account supposed to be inefficient.

The real old maid exists, as we see, only among the less wealthy members of the middle and higher classes of society.



Men do not know how hard the life of an old maid is, for no man ever gives an old maid the opportunity of telling him the secrets and sorrows of her days. But I have been the *confidante* of many an old maid.

The life of an old maid is a tragedy, a tragedy all the more tragic from the fact that it lacks these accessories which stage tragedies have: youth, beauty, and sensation. Society, which should protect the poor and the weak, condemns the old maid to this hard fate; nay, it not only condemns her, it laughs at her trouble. She has to bear her trouble as best she may. Such comfort as that which is granted to the educated is not hers, for she is ignorant. There are thoughts, great and glowing with flame, which are written in books, and which beat in the souls of living men; to think such thoughts makes the poorest life resplendent and glorious, even as the morning sun rising or setting changes the bleakest landscape into something rich and strange. But the old maid can never know such thoughts as these; her mind is untutored, she cannot grasp them; her soul is no temple of recollections, no storehouse of memories; she has seen little, and knows still less.

And what if her mind be active and restless? Woe to her then! People will drone into her ears that she is to be patient and resigned. She has a passionate desire to do active good, but no field on which she can display her activity; her heart is full of tenderness, and that tenderness can never find an outlet. Her life is little other than a long martyrdom. For what could be more agonising than this sharp contrast—eager yearning to do, and continual restraint from performance? The poor woman knows that she has a mine of happiness in herself, but it is a mine she may never use. She must dispense with the gold it contains, and live instead on the alms that are doled out to her. In her martyrdom, neither faith nor science will be glorified; it is a martyrdom which is fruitless, and at which the passers by will only jeer.

Men are afraid of old maids, they dare not befriend her lest she should think they meant to marry her. Her parents, if she has any,

have a secret grudge against the child who has disappointed their hopes.

This is all very well, says an objector, but old maids are usually by no means amiable characters. How can one respect her, or pity her? But is it easy for her to be amiable? Is the consciousness that wrong has long been done her likely to develop her amiability? If she does wrong, how much is not owing to the fact that she suffers bitter injury? It is not wonderful that she feels hatred towards mankind, for mankind has treated her with continual contempt. There are natures too noble and too much permeated with goodness to feel even such bitterness as this; endowed with intelligence, they know well how much they are wronged, but they bear no individual person ill for the injury which the world, as a whole, is inflicting on them. But the consciousness that the wrong they suffer is the wrong that makes the lots of thousands hard to bear will make them at last the apostles of a new creed.

It was no fault of the girl that she remained unmarried. It was probably not the fault of nature, who unfits but few for the marriage state. The women who remain unmarried are often not by any means ugly women. They are women of more refined and delicate natures, women who refuse to use base weapons in the fray for husbands; women who refuse to enter with other women into the contest.

The unmarried class is formed of those women who will not, from prudential considerations, marry any man who makes them an offer, women to whom it is not indifferent if a man's reputation is that of a Don Juan, his appearance of a Caliban, and his figure of a Falstaff; women in short who cannot and will not accept as an axiom that "any husband is better than no husband."

"Marry," says society to a young woman, "marry, you must marry." "Certainly," says the young woman, "but what am I to do to get married?" "Nothing" is the answer; "don't show any greater liking for any marriageable young man than you show for any of your female acquaintances for whom you care not two straws. Set all your endeavours on making your semi-existence a whole existence by the addition of a male half, but let everyone think the while that your

whole ambition is to stop at home always with papa and mamma. Chance and your good star may find you a husband ; marriages are made in heaven."

Surprising, is it not ? We, living in a century of reason and justice, make a considerable part of society dependent on fate and on destiny which they cannot rough-hew for themselves. You have no husband ; the gods have condemned you to spinsterhood ; away with you, useless chattel that you are, the world needs you not, live as best you can on the alms of society. Remark the strange illogicalness of the situation. Women are told it is their duty to marry. But it is a duty the performance of which depends on the inclination of another. For years past people have only laughed pitifully or scoffingly at old maids. In the loud din of a busy world their hushed lamentation has been little heard. But the cry of their sorrow grows louder and louder ; it demands a hearing of society. We are in the desert still ; but onward ! the dawn grows clear before our yearning eyes ; we see afar the promised land ; the land of uncontrolled, unrestricted work. And when that promised land is attained, the old maid, the creature of contempt and compassion, will cease to exist.

L. M.

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## ENGLISH WIVES—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY CHRISTINE L. SNOW.

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**I**N an article which portrays in bold outline, and finishes to the minutest point of detail, many of the chief features of the movement for female emancipation, it is nevertheless remarkable that but scant space, and (apparently) curt thought should be bestowed upon a certain aspect of the question which is, however, admitted to have furnished the first impulse towards the work. "The wrongs of married women," are, in truth, merely glanced at in Mrs. A. Sutherland Orr's paper on "The Future of English Women" (*vide the Nineteenth Century*, June, 1878), albeit such wrongs avowedly lie at the root of much of the action of the "Woman's Rights" party.

Believing that a wider study of such wrongs, a more perfect insight into the dangers which the present law makes possible, and which certain social conditions are daily making more and more probable, will be for the advantage of many English women who are wives "or likely to become so," I purpose to take for my subject the actual condition of English wives, and to enter upon some reflections as to the future results of existing marriage laws, and of prevailing custom with reference to the marriage tie. I shall endeavour to show that the inconsistencies and anomalies in the laws which regulate the relation of marriage, are so many, and so great, that no man or woman who looks the subject honestly in the face can fail to see that a change of some kind is imperative. It is indeed a matter for thoughtful inquiry, whether any other class of wrongs, any other scandal so palpable and

so glaring, would have been tolerated for the same length of time without pressure being brought to bear for its palliation or removal.

The author of "*The Future of English Women*" is of opinion that the wrongs of married women cannot be met by legislation. This is perhaps true in the sense that entirely satisfactory husbands could not, under any circumstances, be levied by Act of Parliament. Marriage is, and must ever remain, for both sexes, a lottery in which, as regards all the deeper feelings of the heart, the hungry outcry of the yearning soul, many a blank must needs be drawn until time shall be no more. Without for one moment disputing, or even taking exception to, the proposition, that "there are emotional elements in marriage into which legislation cannot penetrate," I would yet most earnestly suggest that it is precisely because marriage is so often entered into under conditions in which the reasoning faculties play but a subordinate part; because the judgment is, not unfrequently, fettered by the emotions, that strong and effective legislation is imperatively necessary. The aforesaid "emotional elements" too often give place to elements which are emotional only in the sense which would make it most desirable that the arm of the law should be upraised to warn, and, by warning, to avert. Yes; I say it advisedly, "to avert," because it will be my endeavour to show that many of the evils now present in the marriage state are preventible evils. I believe that it is within the limits of possibility to avert, by means of deterrent legislation, much of the misery in which thousands now languish; and that many of the causes which now wreck the happiness and break up the homes of English wives, might be banished from our midst. This portion of the great subject of "*Woman's Rights*" is, I submit, as worthy of attention as is any other portion which may, by reason of the number and courage of its advocates, have forced itself into prominence. "*The Future of English Women*" is as closely concerned in the fate of the wives and mothers of to-day, as it can be in the fate of the "socially independent class," the "band of maiden toilers," who are fighting in the front of the battle.

I would first call attention to the fact that, in one very important

particular, the "Woman's Rights" party do not claim equal rights for all women; it is, as I understand, a conceded point that the suffrage is not to be demanded for married women. And why? Because the married woman is supposed to possess her guardian, both political and domestic, in her husband. From the moment she becomes a wife, her individual existence ceases, she must henceforth "live, move, and have her being" only according to the decrees of the man to whom she has abandoned her liberty. "So far, so good." To any woman worthy of the name, such ready self-abnegation would be but the natural outcome of the feelings which have induced her to become a wife; a willingness to yield all to the husband of her choice must ever be one of the first fruits of a true woman's love. It is indeed, in my opinion, very doubtful whether the possession of political rights would be regarded as a boon by women, provided they were happy in marriage, blessed with husbands who were indeed their guardians. In such cases, the exclusion of married women from the suffrage would not, to the best of my knowledge, be viewed as inflicting the smallest hardship upon the women so excluded. To live a peaceful, sheltered life in a home fenced round by a husband's love and care would, I submit, be viewed by the average English woman as a more substantial good than would the possession of a vote for, or even for a seat in, Parliament; and this brings me to a somewhat painful portion of the task before me.

In the paper entitled "The Future of English Women" the triumph of the "Woman's Rights" party is viewed as being merely a question of time, and of time not far distant; we may, therefore, proceed to reason on the supposition that, some few years hence, every English spinster will enjoy political equality with the men of her generation. Not having a husband, she will have had bestowed upon her the compensating advantage of a vote; her married sister will—on the other hand—have no vote, but will be supposed to be indemnified by the possession of a husband. Now, in order to make this distribution a fair one, it is, I submit, imperative that the married woman should be as secure in the possession of her husband as the single woman is

secure in the possession of her vote; that the rights of both should be equally guarded by the laws. But how far is such equality likely to become a part of our legal system? What prospect has the English wife of to-day of an amendment in her condition, which shall correspond with the political advantage so nearly won by her maiden sister? Is there any legislative machinery now in operation which bids fair to produce such a result? Is an approaching amendment in the condition of English wives foretold by the present state of the social atmosphere? Does an increasing reverence for the institution of marriage give the hope that such amendment may ere long be brought about through the agency of popular demand?

I confidently affirm that each and every one of the above questions must be answered in the negative by any man or woman amongst us, provided he or she be acquainted with the existing laws, and familiar with the leading features of the times in which we live. Nay, I go further, and fearlessly challenge denial when I say, that, through the united action of existing legal and social agencies, the prospects of the English wife are palpably becoming more and more gloomy. In proof of what I say, take—in the first instance—the statistics of the Divorce Court, a court which came into being at about the same time, and which, during its twenty years or so of life, has run its course breast to breast with the “Woman’s Rights” party. A desire to mete out full justice to all persons weighed down by gross wrongs in the married state was—it may be fairly supposed—the chief motive which led to the passing of the Divorce Act. A desire to mete out like justice to single women, to give them the fullest scope for self help; to throw open to them useful and honourable careers by removing from their path “the fiction of a protecting sex interposing itself between them and the means of self-preservation”; finally, to procure for them the right of representation in Parliament; these, as is well known, were the inspiring motives for the action of the “Woman’s Rights” party. And now, to-day, when each patient has been under treatment for twenty years, which of the two is in the more hopeful state? Is the English wife, or the “maiden sister,” the more likely to

reach a satisfactory degree of social well-being? The single woman has—as has been shown in Mrs. Orr's paper—say, nearly achieved her object; her freedom is close at hand, her political triumph is all but won; whilst, side by side with her nearly emancipated sister, sits the unhappy wife, “fast bound in misery and iron,” watching in deepest despair the workings of the Act of Parliament which is, by a cruel fiction, presumed to protect her. In the first place—before going further into the effect of the present marriage laws—it is difficult to conceive how the Divorce Act could really work beneficially for wives, whilst the relief which it is intended to afford is less accessible to women who have bad husbands than it is to men who have bad wives. Yet this is undeniably the case; the act, in fact, provides that a husband may divorce his wife for adultery, but that a wife may not divorce her husband for that reason alone. The husband is (by law) privileged to live in open adultery; he may—if it pleases him so to do—bring his wife's rival into her home; he may place such a woman at the head of his table, lavish on her the daintiest food, the choicest wines; he may deck her in silks and satins, laces and jewels, and, all the while, force his wife to be a spectator of her insolent triumph. In each and all of these actions, the bad husband will have the law on his side; nor will he be fully qualified for the position of respondent in a divorce suit, until he has either beaten or deserted his wife. If he should select to become a wife-beater as his crowning qualification, his wife can at once petition for her release from him on the grounds of “adultery and cruelty.” If, on the other hand, wife desertion should recommend itself to him as the more prudent course, the wife has no immediate remedy under the Divorce Act, because she must show that the desertion has lasted for two years, before the law will take cognisance of it. It is needless to say that, in many cases, the deserted wife does not last the two years.

Having thus, as a preliminary, drawn attention to the particular provision of the law which places English wives at a special disadvantage, I shall now proceed to enlarge upon that and other “inconsistencies and anomalies in the laws which regulate the relation of



marriage" by citing five cases illustrative of "the actual condition of English wives." Some of these cases will be such as have come within my own personal knowledge, but, in no single instance, shall I overstep the law-defended bounds within which the British husband disports himself. I shall, in no case, seek to produce an effect by assuming that he possesses a tether one inch longer than the tether which has been deemed his just right by the legislators of his country.

I shall, as the first of my five cases, finish the narrative of the husband already mentioned, who has availed himself of his full privilege and brought a woman of bad character to live under the same roof as his wife. He has, as has been shown, placed this woman at the head of his table, and otherwise lavished on her the honours which should belong exclusively to his wife. Every hour of the day the hapless wife is insulted by this abandoned creature; through the long, lonely nights she tosses in wild anguish and invokes the aid of Heaven according to her lights. If she be of a meek disposition, and still in mental bondage to early evangelical teachings, her agony will probably find voice in some such words as these, "Oh, dear Lord! turn *her* heart." If she have been trained in the High Church school of thought, she will, in all likelihood, vex her soul by vain endeavours to reconcile her experience of marriage with the doctrine that it typifies the union of Christ with His Church. "Was ever the bride of Christ," then will she reason, "left to mourn in lone agony, her prayers unheeded, her place in His loving heart usurped by a concubine?" But, if she be a woman who dares to think for herself, it is somewhat doubtful if she will consider such a matter a fitting subject for prayer; to her mind there will, not improbably, be something of irreverence in laying before the great God of Heaven and Earth, the Father of the Universe, a wrong so completely within the scope of human agencies for redress. She would not pray that a burglar's heart might be turned from his purpose of stealing her spoons, or that a pickpocket's hand might be stayed, by the voice of conscience, ere he could appropriate her purse. She

would, in each of these emergencies, simply call the police. So, being young, and ignorant of the laws, she is carried away by an idea that her husband is quite as much her own exclusive property as are her spoons or her purse, and, drying her tears, she betakes herself to the family lawyer for directions as to the proper means of forcing the intruder to leave the house. From this gentleman she will learn that her husband is quite within his legal rights in introducing the woman under his roof. "You must be patient," the lawyer will probably urge, "you can do nothing yet, but things may mend, your husband will, most likely, soon assault you, and then you will have a case." Thus encouraged, the wife returns home, and, a few days afterwards, her husband elopes with her rival; leaving behind him an army of creditors, and an overdrawn account at his bankers. Everything is seized for the payment of his debts, and, when all is done, the wife finds herself without a shilling in the world. She dies in the work-house before any tidings are received as to her husband's whereabouts, and long before the expiration of the two years which must elapse before the Divorce Act could be brought to bear in her case.

My second case is that of a wife whose husband has acted in a manner precisely similar to the course pursued by the husband in my first case; but there have been differences in the wife's conduct under the circumstances, which bring into prominence some other phases of the law. In the instance under consideration there was one child of the marriage, a little girl, who—at the time all the misery began—was about three years old. The woman whom the husband brought into his house as a rival to his wife, was—apart from her infamous character—a person of an exceptionally odious temper and disposition. One of the first methods she adopted of distressing the poor mother was to ill-treat her little child. She also took every opportunity of drawing her lover into displays of affection towards herself in the presence of his wife, whom she gradually goaded almost to distraction, by a series of cunningly-devised insults. At last, she gained her object: in a moment of desperation the wife fled from her home, taking with her her little child. For about a year after the flight of the wife, the

husband allowed her a small yearly sum towards the maintenance of herself and child. He then withdrew the allowance altogether, but, at the same time, entered into a correspondence with his wife, with the alleged object (on his part) of arranging their reunion: he expressed the deepest contrition for the sorrow he had caused her, and represented that his one desire was to rid himself of the woman with whom he was living, but that there were difficulties in the way which could not be hurriedly overcome. His poor wife, being deeply attached to him, was only too ready to believe all he said. Time went on, until more than three years had gone by since the wife left her home; the husband had neither fulfilled his promise of making it possible for her to return to him, nor had he renewed her allowance: his letters, moreover, had become very scarce, very short, and very cold in tone. At last the wife fell into sad straits from want of money; her child had a bad fever, and the mother had to give up work in order to nurse her. All her little hoard of savings went in the extra expenses entailed by illness. Then, giving up all hope that her husband intended to return to her, she sought the advice of a solicitor, and, to her amazement, she has been told that, having *left* her husband, she cannot *compel* him to maintain her; and that, on the other hand, having *accepted* maintenance from him for a time, she has forfeited her right to seek redress in the Divorce Court! It is, in fact "checkmate," and (by a strange combination of anomalies) this husband is free to live with another woman within a stone's throw of his poor wife's door. Added to her other woes, the poor woman is in hourly dread that her little girl (now nearly seven years old) will, in the exercise of the father's legal right, be torn away from her to be brought up by her successful rival.\*

The third case which I shall mention, will be one growing out of a certain provision of the law, which I shall give in the words of a well-known legal authority, who establishes his case by reference to *the*

\* In this last case the law provides a remedy. If the husband claimed the child, the wife could appeal to a Court of Equity, which would, on her proving the husband to be an unfit guardian for his child, grant the guardianship to the wife.—[Ed. *Victoria Magazine*.]

*Law Journal Reports, Queen's Bench, and Espinasse's Reports.* Here are the words of this gentleman :

"If a man has permitted a woman to whom he is not married to use his name, live in his house as the mistress thereof, and pass for his wife, and in that character to contract debts, he will be liable to pay them, whether the tradesman who furnished the goods knew the circumstances to be so or not,\* and it matters not whether the man so acting is married or single. And, having recognised the woman as his wife, the reputed husband, in order to escape from the future liabilities of the woman, must give notice to the tradesmen and others in the usual way, and to the effect that he will not be responsible for her debts."†

In proof of the gross wrong entailed upon English wives by the above enactment, I shall instance the case of the wife of a professional man, he may be either a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor, to whom a lengthened rest from work, combined with change of air, is pronounced to be an imperative necessity. This man is the father of nine children, his wife not yet convalescent after the birth of the ninth. She is, therefore, for the present, physically unable to be her husband's companion at the health resort chosen for him ; and, even were she quite strong enough to accompany him, his means do not—by the light of her wifely knowledge of the same—admit of the transport of the entire family, and their maintenance in an expensive locality for several months. She knows that her husband's paying powers will be taxed to the utmost in finding a substitute during his absence, in providing his nine little ones and herself with the plainest fare in the place where they then are, and in carrying out his medical adviser's orders for the re-establishment of his own health. So, like a good wife as she is, she resolves to make the best of things, and to stay quietly at home, attending to her children, keeping down expenses, and looking forward to her reward in the return of her husband. That happy day is, however, not destined to dawn for her. When he has been absent some five or six months, there comes upon her one morning a deputation of three or four strong-minded neighbours ; horror and doom in their faces, ill-assumed carelessness in their tongues. "Well, yes, poor fellow ! he is not quite so well, a slight return of the

\* *Watson v. Threlheld*, 2 Esp. 637.

† *Ryan v. Sams*, 17 L. J. Q. B. 271.

graver symptoms." Thus do they perform their task of "breaking it to her gently." In a few more minutes she knows that she is a widow, her nine children fatherless. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," croaks one of the deputation. There has been no marriage settlement, and the widow and children have nothing to depend upon but the residue of the estate, after the payment of the just debts of the deceased. The executors to the will soon find they have sad work before them; it would, indeed, be impious to associate the name of the Most High with the details revealed, for it is "the flesh and the devil" which have "taken away" the widow's and the children's bread. It comes to light that, for years, the husband has been unfaithful to his wife, and that latterly, during his last illness, he has had for his companion a woman whom he has allowed to use his name, to pass for his wife, and to do all other things which make her debts a legal charge upon his estate. The whole property of the man barely suffices to meet the demand, and the modest competence which—under the widow's thrifty management—would have been enough to start the children of his marriage in useful and honourable careers, is all pitilessly swept away to swell the pride and vanity of a courtesan. I submit that the existence of this law is a premium upon immorality.

The fourth case which I shall bring forward is one founded upon the existing condition of the Marriage Laws, combined with the existing condition of the Lunacy Laws. It is, as I gather from press reports, an established fact that the present Lunacy Laws are unsatisfactory for many reasons; but mainly because they afford facilities to unprincipled persons, to rid themselves of the society of troublesome or distasteful relatives. What, then, can be easier than for a faithless husband to get his wife transferred to a lunatic asylum in order to enjoy his liberty to carry on some intrigue? How easy to exaggerate any display of temper on his wife's part, or over the natural excitement and indignation consequent on her suspicions or discovery of his baseness; and, little by little, to bring the family doctor over to his side. This once accomplished, the rest will follow readily enough. In this instance the wife's case is peculiarly hard, for she will be a

sufferer in exact proportion to the love for her husband which impels her to resent his conduct. The more "emotional" the "elements" which have entered into her marriage, the more will she, be enraged at being thus cruelly betrayed. A woman burning with just wrath and enraged love, does not mince her words, and each fresh outbreak will be—in the skilful hands of the husband, the wife's rival, and the pliant doctor—made to assume the appearance of additional proof of her alleged malady. She will be in a hopeless minority, it being to the interest of all by whom she is surrounded to play into the husband's hands. Indeed, it is not improbable that, by reason of the wiles of her enemies, the poor creature may soon find herself shunned by all with whom she comes in contact. It will have been cunningly reported in the neighbourhood that the chief delusion under which she labours is an idea that she has a rival in her husband's affections ; and thus each repetition of her pitiful tale does but forge a new link in the chain which is to bind her. In an inconceivably short space of time, the cruel dastardly work is done, and her prison walls close around her.

The fifth instance to which I shall call attention, is one which may be disposed of in very few words ; not because it does not merit the fullest treatment, but because such cases are already the subject of severe comment in many portions of the Press, and are, also, of such frequent occurrence that one or more of them will, in all probability, be familiar to every reader. I allude to the scandalous practices of "collusion" and of "connivance" by parties to divorce suits. Of course such infamous compacts (when discovered in time) are an insuperable bar to divorce ; but it is much to be feared that many such escape notice, and that a very large proportion of the cases tried are, practically, arranged between the parties before they come into court. Thus a husband, who has tired of his wife, and is himself living in carefully-concealed adultery, narrowly watches his wife's conduct ; and, should he find that the attentions of any particular man are agreeable to her, he cultivates the friendship of this man, invites him to his house, and takes every occasion of throwing him in his wife's way. Should

the wife yield to the temptation, her husband forthwith institutes a friendly suit in the Divorce Court, having, probably, previously arranged with the co-respondent that he will meet all the costs of the same. Only a short time ago a suit of this kind was tried, and the petitioner and co-respondent were seen leaving the court arm in arm !

Having thus shown "the actual condition of English wives" with reference to "the dangers which the present law makes possible," I pass on to the consideration of the "social conditions which are daily making such dangers more and more probable." First and foremost amongst these "social conditions" I place, without the smallest hesitation, the growing tendency amongst all classes, from the very highest to the very lowest, to palliate every kind of immorality ; but, more especially, that particular kind which ruins the happiness of married life. Through every grade of our society there is, I fearlessly affirm, a spirit abroad which places a virtuous woman at a direct disadvantage with the woman who lives by her vices. Fame and notoriety have come to be looked upon as interchangeable terms ; to women of doubtful character (or rather as to whose character there is no doubt at all) doors are now thrown open which would once have been closed against them in pious horror ; men who are living in the open breach of their marriage vows, are the honoured guests of princes and of nobles. "Ten to one there is something wrong about *her*," "Deuced bad taste to pry into a fellow's private affairs," "No business of ours," "Such subjects are best left in obscurity," "Who shall cast the first stone ?" Such are the sops with which the troublesome conscience is kept quiet, and a good reception secured for the adulterer, the wife beater, the wife deserter. Meanwhile it is upon the wife thus treated that "Society" wreaks her vengeance ; stones in plenty are cast in that direction ! "Ten to one there is something wrong about *her*." So far from the Divorce Act having proved a check upon this section of human vice, the evils which it was intended to remedy are daily shown to be stronger than ever in our midst ; and I believe that many of the best and most learned men in the land will be in accord with me when I

say that the act is "false in principle" and that it has been "mischievous in effect." As to the other "social conditions" which jeopardise the position of English wives, one or two may be named as meriting a few words of special notice; although they are, in reality, but mere subdivisions of that vast cause of danger which is to be found in the lax morals of the day. I cannot, however, leave the subject without adverting to the prevailing fashion in female attire as being calculated to blunt the delicate edge of a young woman's modesty, and to attract from men attention of a kind of which no sensitive woman would care to be the subject. The other point I shall mention has reference to a most extraordinary fashion which has, so far as I know, been introduced for the first time last London season; and which would seem to indicate that, "the fiction of a protecting sex" is not confined to the spinsters of England. The private English gentleman has, until very recently, looked upon his wife as the sharer of his privacy; if she be beautiful, he has not sought, for the display of her charms, a field wider than may be found in the society in which he and she move together. The exposure of a woman's photograph, at a price which places it within the reach of all, has, hitherto, been viewed either as a penalty of greatness, whether of rank or fame, or as an advertisement of infamy. Now the photographs of the wives of private gentlemen are freely offered for sale, accompanied by the recommendation that the originals are immensely admired by several married men in the highest society.

And now, as to the possible amendment in the actual condition, and in the prospects of English wives. One or two of the speeches in the last Parliamentary debate on "The Women's Disabilities Removal Bill" would appear to encourage the hope that—in view of the concessions about to be accorded to the spinsters of England—the wrongs of married women may, ere long, receive the thoughtful attention of our legislature. A disposition to discuss the rights of women, by others than those who are usually recognised as "The Woman's Rights" party, was conspicuous in the remarks of three, at least, of the members who took part in the debate. Here are the



words to which I allude, with the names of the gentlemen reported to have used the same :

Mr. HANBURY. "It was a somewhat remarkable fact that if women were to be enfranchised, the right should be restricted to the unmarried, and denied to the married, many of whom were suffering under the greatest wrongs."

Mr. SMOLLETT. "What, then, ought the promoters of the Bill to do ? They should drop it—(cheers)—and bring forward in a future session an abstract resolution describing the grievances of the women, and calling on the Government to relieve them at the earliest possible moment." (Cheers.)

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE. "Referring to the Bill being confined to unmarried women, he remarked, ironically, that as the Bill disfranchised a woman when she married, it seemed to follow in the estimation of the framers of the Bill that a woman shed her intellect as soon as she put on the ring, and the most intellectual of them sank down into degraded, unintelligent, and uncultured workers of samplers and mothers of children—(laughter) . . . The House had no opinion from the mothers and the general body of the women of England upon the subject of the Bill."

Truly may it be said, that those hopeful words must have brought a gleam of sunshine into many a suffering woman's heart ; for they show that a desire to do justice to the wives of England has already entered the minds of some of those who have power to stir in the matter : that the "No remedy," "Nothing to be done," "Grin and bear it" school of comforters—who now crush out the life, and deaden the working powers of the zealous few who see the wrong—may soon be put to silence. What to do, and how to do it, must, of course, be subject for deepest thought, and for action at once temperate and decisive. What appears to be a crying want of the times is that conjugal fidelity should be more strongly enjoined by law than it now is ; that the breach of marriage vows should be, in some manner, guarded against by the State. I have endeavoured to show the almost hopeless condition of a wife, when once her husband has been enticed away from her ; it would, indeed, appear that the only legislation which could really serve her would be legislation of a preventive or deterrent character. The great increase, of late years, in this particular form of wickedness, would seem to show that much of it is the offspring of impunity. Might it not, therefore, be possible to inaugurate a wholesome reform by making it a punishable offence for any person *knowingly* to enter into an intrigue with a married man or a married woman ?

As a rule, the women who do these things are strangers to every nobler aspiration of a woman's heart; they are actuated solely by a greed of gain, by the cravings of an insatiable vanity, and, not unfrequently, by a fiendish desire to torture the wives of the men whom they select as their victims. Any legislation, therefore, which would have the effect of diminishing the profits of this infamous trade would, of a certainty, diminish the numbers of its followers. I would, therefore, earnestly solicit that the law which now makes a courtesan's debts chargeable upon the estate of her married paramour should receive the early consideration of Parliament, with a view to its repeal. Not a few of the laws which have to do with the marriage tie, would appear to have been framed under the belief that, where legislation is least exacting, there would honour most strongly guard: and that, in rare cases of gross misconduct, the delinquents would receive their due at the hands of offended society. But now, honour and social feeling alike are daily shown to be but miserable champions of the rights of the English wife. I would submit that it is legislation alone which can give her a sense of security, a saving faith that, for her, there is, indeed, a refuge from the storm, a majestic rock of defence against which the wildest waves of human passion may dash in impotent fury, a mighty tree, in whose shade she may safely rest, knowing that the sheltering branches are the growth of roots firmly imbedded in the accursed ground of a sin-polluted world.

The author of "*The Future of English Women*," prophesies, as one result of the success of the "*Woman's Rights*" party, the extinction of the passion of love between the sexes. She says, "Not only the power of love in women, but, for either sex, its possibility, will have passed away." I would suggest that human nature will, in all probability, remain unchanged, come what may; that there never will be a "*Female Emancipation*" from the bondage of love.

"No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness."

Not only the English woman, but the woman of the future, will—even as the woman of the present—love with a woman's love, and be loved

“after the manner of men;” the “things which belong unto her peace,” may be “hid from her eyes,” but, nevertheless, that mad leap in the dark will be taken so long as time shall last. The danger towards which the various forces of the age are tending seems to me to lie in another direction. It is, I fear, to be dreaded that the English woman of the future may have been taught, as well by observation as by association, that marriage is the least favourable of the conditions under which the passion of love may be gratified. From this fearful peril, it is in the power of the legislators of to-day to guard her; it rests with them to decide in what manner she shall gird herself with her chains. Love she must, for no better reason than that she is a woman; shall she be encouraged to love as a law-defended wife? or shall she, in all things pertaining to her love, be cast forth—the disinherited child of the State—to meet her woman’s doom where she may?

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## MOTHER'S GRAVE.

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**R**EAD softly, stranger, would'st thou know  
What sorrow stirs my spirit so ?  
'Tis here the best of earthly ties  
In one long wasting slumber lies.

From busy haunts I steal away,  
At morn, or noon, or close of day,  
By sad yet loving memories led  
To hold communion with the dead.

Ah ! at that stone, that simply tells  
Her name, my throbbing bosom swells ;  
And there I sit in pensive thought,  
And muse on all the good she taught.

Yes, Mother, though in death's embrace  
Clasped firm, yet still I see thy face ;  
I hear thy voice, its accents flew  
To cheer me as through life I go.

Shall Time efface the vows we made,  
When watching by thy side we prayed ?  
Or more, those tears but vain that flowed  
When thou wast laid in death's abode ?

Though in the silent grave she sleeps,  
Her spirit still its vigil keeps ;  
It moves beside me every day ;  
It bids me choose the better way.

I often wonder as I tread  
Above thy cold and narrow bed,  
If thou, unseen, hast power to see  
The offerings that I bring to thee.

Upon thy grave I lay the rose,  
The jessamine, and each flower that grows  
Within thy little garden, where  
We loved to watch thy tender care.

And tears have moistened every stem,  
As I have stooped to gather them :  
For thou wert loved, and thou art gone,  
Thy life's allotted task is done.

Mother, within that name there lies  
A charm no other name supplies.  
Who feels it more than one who weeps  
Beside the grave where mother sleeps ?

EVERARD IRVING.




## HINTS FOR SICK-NURSES.

BY MRS. LEITH-ADAMS.

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### PAPER 4.—DRESS.

FTER the publication of an article of mine on "Sick-room duties," in *Chambers' Journal* for September, 1875, which was favourably noticed by the *Lancet*, a perfect hurricane of controversy raged on the subject of "dress in the sick-room." All the *pros* and *cons* as to black, coloured stuff, or cotton were expatiated upon, first by one paper, and then another, each writer giving capital reasons for holding this or that opinion.

Almost everyone combined to differ with me as to the advisability of wearing *black*; the *Lancet* recommending coloured cottons, both because of their washing qualities, and of their bright and clean appearance.

Here I wish to discuss the various objections made to my suggestions contained in the article before alluded to, and to consider them impartially. And first, a medical man of high standing and great experience told me that his objection to black lay in the fact that it might be a "concealer of dirt:" and I feel bound to allow, that, as regards hired professional nurses, this opinion carries weight. I cannot, however, entertain such an idea in connection with our Sisterhoods, the members of which are, in all respects, the most perfect of nurses: moreover the religious habit is often the means of inducing those among whom their work lies, to listen to religious teaching; but I am aware that this is touching upon an aspect of sick-nursing that is

quite outside the scope of these papers. To continue, then, the objections made to a black dress for the amateur nurse :

“ Some patients dislike it.”

This would be indeed a weighty reason ; for no good nurse will ever irritate a sick person in trifles, but even this objection will only apply in certain cases. I once saw a case in which a patient was suffering from a low form of fever, with delirium, and constantly complained of “ something blue ” that annoyed and troubled him. This “ something ” was at last discovered to be a blue flannel wrapper worn by one of the watchers, and being changed for a black dress the irritation of the sick man disappeared.

“ A black dress is gloomy.”

I cannot see why this should be ; for a nice clean linen collar, and a bright knot of ribbon make a pretty “ toilette ” of it at once ; indeed I must confess, that in spite of all the objections urged against it, I still consider a black dress the best for a sick-room, and would unhesitatingly choose an alpaca, which makes no rustle, and yet has a surface sufficiently shiny to render any stain easily taken out. I would have it made to fit closely and neatly, not floppingly and shapelessly, like a bed-gown of the olden times ; and it should have sleeves clasping the wrist, and allowing of nice linen cuffs. A pretty apron, with good sized pockets, is an admirable addition to this costume, and handy for trifles that are often wanted, and often missing ; such as needles and thread, small scissors (in a case), bits of fine soft linen, &c,

*The Lancet* expressed an opinion in favour of cotton dresses, both because they wash well, and because they look cheerful.

So they do ; but they are not remarkable for warmth or comfort, and would be suitable only for the tending of those relatives and friends obliging enough to be ill in summer time ; for who would like to face the dull, grey, chill morning hours in the unsubstantial product of the Manchester looms ?

It is all very well to say you can wrap yourself up in a shawl, but no shawl gives the comfort of a warm, close fitting dress.

Then as to the washing question ; when the duties of the sick.

room are onerous, you can hardly be running away to change your dress, and we all know that "accidents will happen in the best regulated sick-room."

A restive patient gives an unexpected lurch, and down goes a glass-full of orange-coloured or pink medicine over the nurse's dress.

Under such circumstances the black alpaca has a decided advantage over the Manchester cotton, pretty and charming as that fabric is at the breakfast table of a country home, for a towel is all that is needed in the one case to efface completely every trace of the untoward "spill," while in the other the nurse must either go and don clean attire, or rest content to present an uncleanly appearance for the rest of the day.

Of course amateur and casual nurses do not have a costume expressly made for sick-room use ; therefore the only advice needful seems to me to be this—choose a plain, dark dress, with close sleeves ; keep yourself as neat and nice as possible ; your collar and cuffs should be clean every morning, and no chains or chatelaines hanging and jingling about you.

If you are nursing an infectious case, select a dress you do not care to save, and when your work is over, *burn it*.

Surely it is needless, in a series of papers written for gentlewomen, to mention clean hands and tidy hair as necessities for the toilette of a nurse ?

The eyes of the sick are easily vexed by what is unsightly, and the idea which some people seem to have, that grief, to be sincere, must endeavour to render itself hideous, is an altogether mistaken one.

That which is familiar is pleasant for the eyes of the sick to dwell upon ; and it is *not* a familiar sight to see one of his or her attendants, perhaps the nearest and dearest of all, with a head swathed in what look like grave-clothes, and a form rendered shapeless by innumerable shawls and wraps.

"Why does she look so nasty ?" whispered a poor dying child to me as her little hand pulled at my dress to attract attention ; and



then she pointed to her mother, crawling about the room attired in such fashion as brought to my remembrance an old picture I had once seen of Lazarus rising from the dead in all his funeral habiliments.

But enough on the subject of dress.

I should now like to say a few words as to how small an amount of surgical knowledge may enable a woman to spare and alleviate much suffering, when slight accidents occur, and no medical aid is immediately forthcoming.

Thus, in a scalp-wound—*i.e.*, a cut on the head, such as might be inflicted by an axe, or a kick from the hoof of a horse, great after inconvenience and pain may be spared the injured person, if anyone has knowledge, and presence of mind enough, to bathe the wound with water, and *at once* take a pair of sharp scissors and clip the hair away for some distance round the place. Then lay upon it a piece of lint, soaked in nature's best balm, fresh cold water, and wait until the doctor appears. You will then find him to be well content with what you have done; and for these reasons:

The edges of a wound are not so tender when that wound is first inflicted, as they rapidly become afterwards; and the hair is easily cut away before the blood has had time to coagulate; but once this has taken place, greater difficulty naturally results, and pain is caused to the patient, and annoyance and delay to the surgeon.

Again, in slight burns or scalds, I hardly think the alleviating effects of cold water are properly understood. The pain of this class of injuries is peculiarly hard to bear, more especially for children, or delicate, nervously excitable women, and it *entirely* disappears if a small stream of cold water be kept trickling upon the injured place.

To give an instance of this:

A poor woman, a soldier's wife, exceedingly weakly, and in a state of health just then in which any irritating pain was likely to be followed by bad results, upset a kettle of boiling water, and severely scalded the upper part of her foot. Flour and oil, the usual remedies in such cases were employed by her neighbours, but the pain did not lessen,

and on seeing her about half-an-hour after the accident, I found she was in a high state of fever and restlessness. Not thinking it needful to trouble a doctor for such a trifle, I undid the bandages, removed the applications, made one of the women fetch me a bucket, placed the injured foot so as to rest on the edge, and then, by means of a sponge held at some distance above, kept a stream of fresh cold water trickling over the scalded surface. In a few moments the pain grew less acute; then altogether disappeared, and by availing myself of that ready-handed help to each other, always found among soldiers and their belongings, I managed to keep up this treatment until the inflammation subsided.

In the same way the pain of a burnt finger which causes a child to "make day hideous" with screams and cries, will at once be relieved if the injured digit is held under a tap, and the water turned gently on. These are, however, perhaps hardly hints for the sick-room, but rather should be called "hints for domestic use."

One or two words more on the administration of opiates.\* I have already spoken elsewhere of the *unjustifiable* taking of narcotics. Now I want to speak of the *right* use of the greatest blessing medical science has given to suffering humanity. Sleep is a necessity of life. Pain causes the loss of sleep; weakness is often an almost equally distressing cause of the same thing. The wise medical man then sees that nature needs help, and that art must step in and give rest to the weary sufferer. He, therefore, orders a dose of whatever sedative seems best suited to the case. He orders it; perhaps he stays to see it taken, but he cannot remain longer. (Of course, in one of those very urgent and almost hopeless cases we sometimes come across, a medical man will hardly ever leave his patient, and even take upon himself the supervision of the active nursing required; but now I am speaking of more ordinary cases, in which the doctor gives the orders, and then leaves the patient to the care of others.)

The opiate is taken. A delightful sense of coming rest steals over the weary brain; the heavy eyes gently close, and the hands that have

\* See *Chambers' Journal* for December, 1877.

been so long hot and restless are still at last. The night-lamp gives a pleasant shaded light ; the fire, carefully tended, keeps the temperature of the room equable. All is well so far ; but hush ! what is that ? The door opens slowly as though to admit some ghostly visitant, a cautious step steals across the room, making each distinct and particular board in the floor give a distinct and particular creak ; a form bends over the sick-bed, and a voice says, in that blood-chilling whisper some people think the correct manner of speaking under such circumstances :—

“How are you feeling now, dear ? *Does the sleeping draught seem to be doing you good ?* I’ve been down to get a little supper, and now I’m going to lie down in the next room, and try and get some sleep.”

Oh, well-intentioned, but foolish sick-nurse—you have driven the healing angel of sleep away !

*You* may go and lie down, and “sleep the sleep of the just,” but the chain of rest is broken for that weary sufferer, and the very opiate given to soothe, now begins to irritate and disturb the brain. The patient sits up in bed ; insists upon knowing “what time it is ?” “if the children are all right ?” “if you are sure there is coal enough in the coal-box to last the night ?”

You are troubled now, and would like to undo the mischief you have done ; but it is too late, and before morning you are terrified by wandering words, and a strange, hazy look in the eyes that are dear to you, as if they hardly recognise what they rest upon.

When the doctor comes next morning, you tell him that the opiate “didn’t suit the patient ;” or “you know that particular form of sedative never *did* suit any of your family ;” and you speak in perfect good faith, for it is in ignorance that you have erred. You gave the sleeping-draught, but you did not know—you have never tried to learn anything about such things, in fact—how needful *absolute* quiet was afterwards.

Maybe all this seems rather far-fetched to many minds. All I can say is, that I knew of a case in which just such mismanagement resulted in mania of a very distressing character.

## MADAME D'ARBLAY.

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THE past opens, and voices speak to us. Eloquently speaks that of Frances Burney, Madame d'Arblay. She speaks to us now and then from dusty bookshelves, and we take down her pages and read. She appeals to us through our common humanity, and our instincts respond to hers. But, despite us, whether we of to-day have time or taste to give her works attention or not, her immortality is secured. The galaxy of great men who shed a lustre upon the close of the last century will descend to future times, taking "Little Burney" under their wing. They were her friends; they esteemed and admired her.

Judging the past by the light of the present, we cannot form a just estimate of the amount or kind of popularity that fell to the share of successful writers a hundred years ago. The differences lie in the conditions of things. The literary firmament of our time is charged with fiction; but that which breathed over England during the early part of the reign of the third George was not so. Then, novel writing as an art was in its youth, a youth rendered vigorous and promising by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. The mind of the age was tintillated but not surfeited with fiction. Hence the soil was fresh to work upon. Let but a startling novel appear, and the world was ready to take fire. Such a novel did appear, and the world did take fire with enthusiasm and excitement.

We should be inclined to think that the person who caused this phenomenon was one of the learned ladies of the time, one of the literary lions, a Mrs. Montagu, or a Mrs. Carter, or a Hannah More. Not so. She whose fame was soon to blaze forth north, south, east and west, to extend to the confines of Germany, and percolate through

the *élite* circles of French society, knew neither Latin nor Greek, and had not delved deeply into scholar's lore. But wisdom was with her, and the broad book of human nature before her.

Frances Burney was a shy, diffident, unpretentious little person, and her first book had not higher hopes or aspirations than herself. It was not heralded forth by trumpets or clarions in the form of newspaper puffs and paragraphs. On the contrary, it crept quietly and even surreptitiously into the ranks of published novels, and for a while its author's name was unknown even to that author's father. Such was the first appearance of "*Evelina*." But the world received it well ; it praised it, it laughed over it, and it wept.

Soon the secret oozed out, and Frances Burney became famous. In every direction the news of the new novel flashed forth as if sped by electric currents. There was hardly a drawing-room in England in which it was not read ; proprietors of circulating libraries could not procure copies in sufficient numbers wherewith to supply their customers ; and the highest intellects in the land were charmed and riveted by its pages. Edmund Burke sat up all night to read it, Sir Joshua Reynolds did the same, perhaps to the detriment of his eyes and pictures the next day, and Sheridan, when he met the author in society, could hardly find words wherewith to compliment her upon her production. Was ever spell like this contained in a book before ? We in our age almost fail to realise it. Amid the mass of fiction that is every day presented to us as food for our minds, gleam forth here and there, resplendent jewels of art. Yet even for them we can only produce a certain amount of enthusiasm. Neither "*Romola*" nor "*Adam Bede*" can excite us as did "*Evelina*" her readers.

The circumstances of the time combined with the powers of the writer to bring about this success, which was of a kind, perhaps, unprecedented in the history of literature. Yet of itself this might not have been sufficient to secure for its object the attention of future times. Other writers of promise have, like gorgeous but ephemeral flowers, blossomed in the morning, and, like them, have died ere nightfall. But Miss Burney was the friend of the great men of the age,

and, holding them by the hand, as it were, she will descend to posterity.

It is not singular that master minds should have pored with delight over the pages of "Evelina;" but it is singular that one little woman, unremarkable for beauty, and without social distinction, except of her own making, should have managed to draw to herself so much affection and genuine interest from the cream of the intellect of a most intellectual period. Those who swayed by their eloquence the British senate would leave their official toil to come and speak with her, Burke and Wyndham hung upon her words, Sir Joshua Reynolds felt for her an affection paternal in its solicitude, and dear she was to the heart of Samuel Johnson, who, upon his death-bed, with the throes of approaching dissolution before him, grasped the hand of his little friend, and said, "*Priez pour moi.*"

But not only the great in intellect and moral worth did she draw within the circle of her attraction: her influence extended even to the circumspect and circumscribed radius of Queen Charlotte's court. For Miss Burney, at the age of thirty-four, in the full blaze of popularity, the author of two novels, "Evelina" and "Cecilia," with fame hers, and affluence within her reach, changed the tenor of her life by accepting an appointment in the household of the Queen of England, at a salary of £200 a year. Her father, a worthy man, but misjudging his daughter's true interests in this matter, was dazzled by the prospect of court patronage, and urged Frances to close with the offer made to her from royal quarters. This she did. When we think of the sacrifice of bodily and mental power thus induced, we say, alas! When we think also of what Miss Burney must have suffered during this period of her life, we can compassionate her sincerely, although nearly a hundred years have passed between us and the time when she stood in the dressing-room of Queen Charlotte, handing to her Majesty fan and gloves. But, apart from the duties of her new position, for which she was not fitted, apart also from the temporary severance of the ties which had hitherto bound her to life, those of family and friendship, she had to endure the

insults and caprices of her elderly coadjutor in office, Madame Schwellenberg. This woman was a German, and one who had mistaken her vocation in life, nature having fitted her to be scullion-driver in a kitchen rather than keeper of the robes to the Queen of England. The stings she managed to inflict upon the sensitive Frances, who was the destined companion of her evenings and of her board, were envenomed by malice, jealousy, and ignorance. She would have long since sunk into the oblivion she merited, had she not been rescued thence to live in the pages of Miss Burney's Diary.

If, while attendant upon the most correct of queens, the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" breathed another atmosphere than that which had surrounded her as the darling of her home circle and of a brilliant society, her heart withered not. Nay, more, it blossomed and expanded, and put forth tendrils of interest and affection which twined around other hearts. So that at the end of five years' weary, gilded service, when, with shattered health and spirits, Miss Burney bid adieu to the scenes of Windsor and St. James's, tearful eyes met hers, from those of the house-maid who swept her rooms, to those of the English princesses who stood about the throne. And when, just previous to her final departure, she adjusted the cloak on the shoulders of her royal mistress, Queen Charlotte, allowing for a moment her feelings to thaw state etiquette, placed a hand on the bare arm of the little person beside her, and whispered, "May you be happy." Moreover, the gracious Majesty of England bestowed upon her ex-attendant a pension of a £100 a year.

There was a subtle charm about Miss Burney which, we may infer, consisted in the combined attractions of intellect and heart. Her books made her famous: her moral qualities made her loved. It is not every day we find, either in the domain of fiction or that of real life, a character the unities of which, form such a perfect whole. Success will sometimes turn old heads as well as young ones, and strong ones as well as weak ones. But success unprecedented did not turn hers. The ovation of popularity and praise which met her upon emerging into public life, left her natural modesty and simplicity of character unsullied.

Among the many qualities testified to by her friends and writings is one that especially proclaims itself, viz., her capacity for friendship. Her heart was like to an ever-fertile garden, always in full bloom. And the blossoms it put forth were perennial: they never withered from youth until the last day of a ripe old age. She was, as she herself says, "the most faithful of friends."

Her novels teach us much: they open to us the ways and manners of mankind, and show us what society was a century ago. They give us pathos, humour, and wisdom. But her Diary does more. Besides introducing us to celebrities who, while we are reading of their sayings and doings, seem almost to shake hands and make friends with us across the lapse of time; besides acquainting us with the customs and punctilious etiquette of the Court of George III., and placing before us scenes of history which stirred the world when they occurred, it gives us the life-like portrait of an individual—that of Miss Burney herself. The writer's object was not to describe herself favourably; far from it. When she wrote letters, they were the outpourings of her heart; when she jotted down her everyday experiences, her joys, sorrows, and weaknesses, for the benefit and amusement of her friends, she recked not that out of these, posterity would build together a character, grand in its integrity, beautiful in its self-denial, and pure in its simplicity.

So much for the essence of Miss Burney's books, the thoughts and feelings contained therein. The clothing in which they are presented to us is parti-coloured. The author's young style is charming, and her language fresh, pure, and natural. The style of her middle age is less so, because, in the interim, she had sat at the feet of the great Johnson, and learnt from him his trick of winnowing the short terse words from our vocabulary, as the husbandman winnows the grain. The style of her later years deteriorates still more, as, to Johnsonian defects it adds those well-nigh inseparable from a lengthened residence on the Continent. Her writings are replete with literary faults and literary beauties. The faults are fewer in the Diary. The greater portion of this work is written in its author's own fascinating



manner, and it is only as we near the end that we are reminded she has studied Johnson, and lived abroad. Humour, piquancy, and a nameless charm greet us from its pages ; also deep wisdom underlying light words.

A life so ripe and full as had been that of Miss Burney in its youth and maturity, deserved to be illumined by a calm sunset of happiness in its decline. It was so to a certain extent. The light within her reflected itself upon the outside world, and she drew happiness therefrom. But, upon this background of a contented, joyous nature, great shadows were thrown.

The romance of love encountered the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" at a period in life when it usually forsakes its votaries. Frances Burney became Madame d'Arblay at the age of forty-one. The husband of her choice was a gallant French officer, an emigrant whose fortunes had been wrecked during the first throes of the Revolution. This little marital episode in the life we are contemplating forms an argument in favour of young people who approve the idea of love in a cottage, and are content to commence life upon very small means. The "Chevalier" d'Arblay's income at the time of his marriage amounted to *nil*, and that of his wife to £100 *per annum*, the pension of Queen Charlotte. But the pen that had written "Evelina" could write more.

After a time a son was born unto this couple, and after a time also another novel made its appearance in the world of fiction. The boy was christened Alexander, and the book "Camilla." The result of the latter was not ultimate fame, but present money. Funds came to hand, and "Camilla Cottage" was built. An interesting spot this little house must have been, for we read of the poet Rogers wandering about in the neighbourhood, trying to get a peep at it, or into it. There the happy family dwelt, and for a time, perhaps, a happier one was not to be found in his Majesty's dominions. But a change came. The French Revolution and its consequences, which upheaved homes as well as thrones spared not "Cottage Camilla." The Peace of Amiens having been proclaimed, M. d'Arblay felt it incumbent upon him to re-

pair to France. Thither his wife and son followed, and there they remained during ten tumultuous, eventful years. Madame d'Arblay went not as a stranger to the new land; her books had preceded her, and it appears that even Napoleon, despite his many avocations, was not unacquainted with "Cecilia."

She revisited England with her son in 1813, published the "Wanderer," tended with filial devotion the death-bed of her aged father, and returned alone to Paris in 1814. There she was when news arrived that the tyrant-hero had escaped from Elba, and was on his way to the French capital. The Hundred Days followed, during which, her husband led the life of a soldier and she that of a fugitive. After the Restoration of Louis XVIII., M. d'Arblay was crowned with Bourbon honours for having defended Bourbon fortunes, and returned to England there to reside with his family. They fixed upon Bath as the place of their abode.

Years followed, during which maternal and conjugal anxieties beset the heart of Madame d'Arblay. She had already been smitten by death. Her father was gone—and a beloved sister who had been the light of her life in times gone by—and friends. Other blows awaited her. M. d'Arblay's health failed. She saw the trouble looming in the distance, but thought it farther off than it really was. The end came, and she had to watch by the placid death-bed of the husband she still loved with the romantic affection, and with more than the passionate ardour, of youth. As the sun-light fades from the land on a summer evening, so did life depart from the breast of the chivalrous Frenchman, in whom her existence had been merged for so many years. She watched the change, but knew not when it took place, so gentle was the severance of soul and body. Perhaps no more beautiful episode of its kind in the history of human hearts can be singled out for our edification than this death-bed scene. It presents us with the very blossom of youth's tenderest feelings, blended with what is most venerable and dignified in those of age. It shows us the quintessence of human suffering, mellowed by faith, hope, and love.

The blow which fell upon Madame d'Arblay at this period of her

life was well-nigh crushing. But her brave heart, too strong and much-enduring to succumb, rebounded after the first pressure of grief. Friends remained to her on earth. She lived for them, and especially for the son, who shed light on the remnant of her days. We behold her an aged woman travelling down the eighth decade of life, with failing powers of body, but preserving the beauty and freshness of her mind, and a heart still young. At eighty-two years of age, she published the "Memoirs" of her father, Dr. Burney. The work was condemned by many critics on account of its deteriorated literary style, which was the result of accidental circumstances rather than of impaired powers of intellect. On the other hand, it was received by some of the leading men of the time as a vast compendium of useful information, and as unfolding an important page in the history of the human mind. One of its most earnest admirers was the poet Southey. Years passed, and with them the few remaining friends who had almost travelled with Madame d'Arblay to the end of her pilgrimage. It was hers to see these time-worn pillars fall around. But the cruellest blow had yet to come. It struck her in the death of her only son, the Reverend Alexandre Piochard d'Arblay, who died in London, 1837, at the age of forty-two. One much loved younger sister yet remained, and death took her the following year.

Madame d'Arblay was left alone. Generations had come and gone since she was young, and she was so old that she could look back and survey the century. But the spiritual spark still burnt brightly within her, although, alas! its channels of communication with the outside world were well-nigh closed, for sight and hearing nearly failed this great woman during the last year of her life. At length her time came. In the year 1840 she died. At the age of eighty-eight her body sank gently into the grave, as a ripe fruit falls to its mother earth. Her death was the sunset of an exemplary life.

Thus departed the whilom Frances Burney, one of the most distinguished women of her age. We need no better testimony of her worth than the golden opinions of the greatest of her contemporaries; not only of those who lived when she was young, but of those also

who lived when she was old ; they all hailed her as a kindred spirit. Her remains lie with those of her husband and son in a now deserted cemetery of the fashionable city of Bath. And in a parish church near, are tablets inscribed to their memory. On Sunday mornings, the plumes of ladies' bonnets wave very near these tablets. Do the fair wearers ever give a thought to the woman who delighted her generation with her talents, and has left to posterity a grand example of how to live and how to die ?

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## MISCELLANEA.

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MRS. GROTE.—Another distinguished woman has passed away from our midst ; and among the many notices which have been published, few strike a truer key-note than the following, which we quote from the *Spectator*: A few recollections of the late Mrs. Grote, by one who was admitted to some intimacy with her during the last five years of her life, may be interesting to such of your readers as have not been similarly privileged. Circumstances upon which I need not dwell brought us into communication not long after her husband's death, and lead her to speak with less reserve to me after a short acquaintance than she would have done to an ordinary stranger. I had been prepared from report to find her a shrewd, masculine-minded woman of the world, highly cultivated in all departments of thought, but an avowed unbeliever in religion. My pre-posessions were fully justified in all points but one. For acute sense and knowledge of the world, I have never met a woman who was her equal. She must always have been exceptionally vigorous, but her faculties can scarcely have been clearer than they were at the age of eighty-one, when I first knew her. This clearness she seemed to retain almost to the last, in spite of the increasing decay of her physical strength. For more than half a century she had been the centre of a large circle, comprehending the choicest intellectual society of England and the Continent. Her intimacy with some of her most eminent contemporaries had been close and frequent, and it was an enjoyment not to be forgotten to draw out her reminiscences of their doings and sayings. Her sketches of character were very incisive, and set off to the utmost advantage by the raciness of her language. She was a great reader, and the latest books of any note were always to be found on her table. Her mind was essentially masculine, and with the view of keeping *au courant*

with her husband's pursuits, she had cultivated it deeply, if not widely, politics, history, and political economy being especially favourite subjects with her. She united with these tastes a genuine love of art, more particularly of painting and music. In the latter she was herself an accomplished proficient. Her pianoforte playing of Bach, Corelli, and Clementi was exquisite, and she continued the practice of it within a year of her death, if not later. I gathered from one or two conversations with her that she had the more sedulously pursued her artistic studies during her husband's lifetime, from a conviction that he had too much neglected to develop the imaginative side of his mind, and that it behoved her, as far as possible, to supply the deficiency. I was surprised to find, however, that since his death she had become conscious of a still greater defect in his development, and lamented that her own blindness to the need of religion had tended to confirm his. Of sympathy with a devotional temperament her biography of Ary Scheffer attests that she had not been destitute, but hitherto it had been merely intellectual, and unattended by any sense of need. The stirring of emotion occasioned by the loss of a beloved companion seems to have awakened that sense in her nature; nor did she fail to obtain satisfaction. It would probably be too much to say that she ever became a devout woman, but her recognition of the divine will was habitual, and found expression in phrases which were especially significant on the lips of one so naturally abhorrent of cant. I shall not easily forget one Sunday night, at Thiere, when our conversation turned upon the grounds for hope in a life beyond the grave, how simply and earnestly she avowed her trust in it, and in the reunion for which she longed. The softening influence of sorrow upon her nature showed itself, I think, in other ways also; but the effects to which I have referred were not likely to be apparent to those who, meeting her only in society, might easily be misled by her tone into thinking her the worldly, sceptical *esprit fort* which report had prepared me to find her.

**HARRIET HOSMER.**—Harriet Hosmer is well known as a sculptor of the highest rank, but she now comes before the world in another

character, and, if the testimony of some of the best-informed scientists of England is worthy of trust, she has placed her name on a level with those of Fulton and Morse. One of her discoveries is of a kind which, it is said, will enable us to dispense with the present methods of obtaining power for machinery. The facts have been kept secret from all except a few friends and scientific experts, but wherever made known they have caused an undoubted sensation. . . . Last August Miss Hosmer arrived in London from Rome, bringing with her the model of her latest statue, "The Pompeiiian Sentinel." This work of art was briefly noticed at the time ; but, the season being over, there were too few of the *beau monde* in the city for the statue to receive the attention it deserved, and Miss Hosmer sent it back to Rome to be cut in marble. In the preparation of this model Miss Hosmer adopted a novel method of workmanship. Instead of using the traditional clay, she first constructed a rough shape in plaster of Paris. This was handled while soft, and with little difficulty the foundation of the statue, so to speak, was laid. When it had been brought into a general conformity with the idea existing in the artist's mind, it was coated to the depth of about one inch in white wax. The delicate touches of the modelling knife were then all applied to this outer coating, and when the model was completed it retained its shape, to the finest line and furrow, without the constant care which a clay model requires. Miss Hosmer regards this method of modelling as far superior to the old. It gives much less trouble and can be worked with far greater ease, besides giving the effect of marble instead of the dull, gloomy effect of clay. Miss Hosmer is below the medium size, but is active and graceful. She has a broad forehead, clear grey eyes, very cheerful, winning features and short hair. With regard to her age I should say : " Whatever it may be she does not look it." I say this in no spirit of empty compliment. When interested and a little excited she might pass for thirty years of age, though usually she might seem near forty. Distinguished people, particularly artists, are apt to excite strong likes and dislikes. As with powerful magnets they have opposite poles, which attract and repel

with equal force. Miss Hosmer, however, seems to have no "negative" characteristics. She is so earnest, straightforward, and unaffected that it would seem almost unaccountable that any one should fail to be strongly attracted toward her. And then she is so blithe and merry, so entertaining and kindly, that even the veriest misogynist would be charmed out of his crustiness in her presence. On this occasion she wore a grey hat with a bird's wing stuck jauntily in one side, a grey suit—plain sack and short, plaited skirt—and American walking gaiters. We had barely begun to skim the surface of the artistic subjects which I wished to discuss with Miss Hosmer, when she suddenly asked: "What do you think I have been doing? No, you never would guess, so I am going to tell you all about it. Nothing on the subject has been printed anywhere, and you shall have the first chance of making it public. Well, I have turned inventor," and her eyes danced so mischievously that I felt sure she had some joke to tell me. "Yes," she continued, "I am going to surprise you—make you think I am a little unsound mentally, perhaps. You must, however, promise not to publish all that I tell you, for there are some points I wish kept secret for the present." Seeing that she was quite in earnest, and that she really wished to give me some valuable information I readily promised to publish no more than she was willing to have me. "Well, in the first place, I have invented a contrivance to enable a player to turn the leaves of music, either on a piano or on a conductor's stand, and it works beautifully." "Great Cæsar!" said I to myself, "here is a genius, an artist, wasting her time and thought on some twopenny contrivance that a machinist apprentice might have invented; and, because it is quite outside the line of her own great gifts, she will probably think more of it than she does of her finest statue." "Yes, that is a very nice little invention," Miss Hosmer went on, "but that is a mere toy. I happened on the idea and worked it out. What I am going to show you now will astonish you. You may think I am crazy—most every one does at first—but you will change your mind when you see my discovery applied." Miss Hosmer then went on to describe a discovery she had



made. The machine now in process of construction for Miss Hosmer by Browning, of the Strand, is not dissimilar in its general design to an electro-magnetic engine. The important feature consists in an absolutely novel application of the permanent magnet. There is no electric battery, and consequently no induced magnetic action. The magnets are permanent magnets. They are arranged, as before stated, in a general manner similarly to those used in electro-magnetic machines, and the whole power is derived from them; but there is no battery nor any other device for creating or conveying an electric current. The power derived is due solely to the force contained in the permanent magnet. "But this is impossible!" exclaims the scientific student. "There is no known property of the permanent magnet which would permit such a result." Exactly so; there has been no such property known until Miss Hosmer discovered it. Herein lies the whole secret and the whole of her claim to originality. The machine to which the principle is applied, ingenious and valuable though it is, is not an absolute novelty; but on the other hand, this machine is only one of a thousand applications which can be made of the principle. If I were allowed to mention the method adopted to maintain this result—I could cover the whole explanation in ten lines—the cat would be so effectually out of the bag that every one would wonder that the animal had never been released before, and many an expert would feel like hanging himself for having left it unexamined. "When I knew that I had succeeded in finding what I had been seeking for by study and experiment for fifteen years," said Miss Hosmer, "I first asked the opinion of a well-known American engineer, Mr. Clarke, a relative of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston. I asked whether it was possible to accomplish a certain result with the permanent magnet, and he replied, 'No,' emphatically. By the way, this is the question I have asked every one of the experts to whom I have shown my secret, and it is too funny, after hearing their positive negatives, to see the expression of their faces when I do for them exactly what they have just said was impossible. Mr. Clarke, having seen the impossible accomplished,

assured me that I need have no doubt as to the value and importance of my discovery. I then came to England, and here I have consulted a few men whose reputations are almost world-wide. Mr. Newton, of the well-known firm of Newton & Hales, told me at once that my question involved an impossibility, almost an absurdity, and added: 'Why, Miss Hosmer, you are seeking after perpetual motion, and that has made more lunatics than——' 'Yes, I know,' I interrupted, 'more lunatics than love or religion, but now wait until you see what I will show you.' Well, he could scarcely believe his own eyes, and I had to repeat my demonstration several times. Then he made the magnet accomplish the work himself, and acknowledged that his confidence in the apparently impossible was quite gone. Henceforth he would never say anything was impossible without the qualifying statement 'by any known process.' His partner, Mr. Hales, came in, gave the same negative answer to my question, and then dropped down on his knees beside the table as he saw me repeat my experiment. These gentlemen and Mr. Browning, the well-known maker of scientific instruments, are all enthusiastic over my discovery, and are thoroughly convinced as to its practicability." Miss Hosmer said further that among others who had been shown the new principle applied was Mr. John Penn, Junior, of the well-known works at Greenwich, and she had a letter from him saying that the discovery actually frightened him, so great would be the revolution in machinery. Professor Tyndall was away in Switzerland, but he had had the principle described to him, and in a letter from Mrs. Tyndall to Miss Hosmer he enclosed a message testifying to the importance and absolute novelty of her discovery, and saying that he should give it careful consideration on his return to England.—*New York Evening Post*.

SISTER DORA.—A remarkable woman has lately passed away from us, and her life ought not to be wholly unrecorded beyond the densely populated district of the Black Country, in which she lived and worked, and where, by her genius and her love, the limbs, the life, and the

happiness of thousands of her fellow creatures have been preserved to them. The veil, which she herself desired should be kept closely drawn over the details of her own private self-sacrifice, must not be lifted, even although we shall thereby lose some of the lessons taught us by that life. Fourteen years ago, Sister Dora was sent by the Sisterhood, calling itself the Good Samaritans, to nurse in the town of Walsall, which then numbered about 35,000 inhabitants. A small accident hospital was set up, of which she took sole charge. At first she was looked upon by some with suspicion, and by others with bitter mistrust. She was hooted, and even stoned in the streets, where her plain black dress was considered sufficient cause for ill-treating her. Through these same streets, filled with silent crowds, her body was borne by eighteen railway servants, between whom and herself the accidents on the line had made a special bond of sympathy, followed by representatives from every class of society, from the highest to the lowest, the very scum of the population of Walsall and the neighbouring towns. As the need for it increased, so the hospital grew, and every year brought more experience, more work, and more responsibility to Sister Dora. A new hospital was built, with twenty-six beds and with arrangements for receiving the crowd of out-patients, who daily applied to be treated there. During twelve years, Sister Dora, under many difficulties and discouragements, both public and private, laboured in the spirit of her Master, and in His strength, to heal the bodies, and through them to reach even to the souls, of the many thousands who came to her. All her great gifts, her personal beauty and strength, her charm of manner and personal intercourse, her cultivated mind and brilliant intellect, her wit and humour, and last, but not least, her gift of healing were dedicated to one object, the glory of God, and the bringing of her sinful and suffering fellow-creatures, through her own deep love and sympathy for them, to the practical knowledge of the love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Those who had the privilege of seeing her at work will never forget the impression which her genius produced upon them. She seemed almost inspired as she touched one poor creature after another, often

bringing healing by her delicacy, tenderness, and, above all, her patience, where a doctor might have given up the case in despair. Her own words to one of her pupils were, "As you touch each loathsome wound, think and believe that you are touching Christ Himself, and strength will be given to your own feeble hands." To this same pupil she said, "I never set a limb, or touch a wound, without praying over it;" and to this, and this alone, she attributed her almost—why should we not say quite?—superhuman success. She worked almost alone. Her helpers were few, and she hardly ever took a holiday, for hers was a work which could not be left—there was nobody else who could do it. The frightful and wholesale colliery and machinery accidents, which must occur in such a district from time to time, were made less ghastly in their results, not by her work only, but by her sympathy with the sufferers and their families. When the hospital was overflowing, and no more beds could be made up, she silently sacrificed her own night's rest, and went to nurse those left at their homes; and her right hand did not know what her left hand had done—she told no one, and worked on just the same by day. The smallpox broke out about five years ago, and with one accord the Mayor and all the leading citizens of the town prayed Sister Dora to leave her work, and go and nurse the epidemic hospital for them, as by no other means could they hope to stop the spread of disease in the place. For no other consideration would the people have sent their friends who were attacked to a hospital; but when they found that their dear Sister Dora had agreed to nurse them, the cases poured in, and in three weeks the epidemic was over, and the town was saved. During this time the Accident Hospital was left in charge of nurses, but Sister Dora herself occasionally came back to it, went through a tedious process of disinfection, saw that the patients were going on satisfactorily, gave her orders and advice to the nurses, and returned to her temporary work. Two years ago it was found necessary again to enlarge the hospital to meet the ever-increasing needs of the larger population. It was pulled to the ground, and while the new house was being built, Sister Dora's

labours were doubled—nay, trebled, or multiplied tenfold. There was room for very few in-patients in the small, temporary house which was engaged, and those who could not be admitted she nursed at their own homes—going out at all hours of the night, in all weathers, to all places, not only in Walsall, but in the towns round about, sometimes carrying with her a heavy load of necessary instruments and dressings. For nearly two years she carried on this work, till at length, in June last, the temporary hospital was of necessity closed, and as the new building could not be opened for three months, Sister Dora's one long holiday began, and little as anybody thought it, her work ended. She employed her holiday, indeed, chiefly in studying all the new and wonderful improvements in modern surgery—going to Paris to take notes there, and finally, in her own words, “seeing Professor Lister perform some marvellous operations” in London. She burst a blood-vessel on the lungs almost immediately on her return to the Midland Counties, and she begged to be taken to Walsall, “to die among her own people.” There is no doubt, humanly speaking, that her valuable life might have been prolonged, but for her exertions during the last two years. She herself looked upon them as the most practical years of her life; when she went about among the people, and, as it were, carried healing of body and soul into their miserable homes. Her death was very slow, and, terribly suffering. She lay for weeks unable to move, but able to speak many precious words of help and comfort to her rich and poor friends who came to visit her in numbers on her death-bed. Her suffering was so great that one of her nurses described it as “torture.” “Yes,” she replied; but I want it all; the more I suffer, the more I feel I need it; I am in God's hands now.” Her life was one long self-sacrifice, and her death-bed was the same; no one was refused admittance who loved her, until the last day, when she said—“I have lived alone, let me die alone”—this being the key to her whole life, which was, in spite of her public work and her many devoted friends, a lonely and isolated one. “I never saw such faith and patience,” another of her nurses testified. Certainly, none of us

who knew her will see her like again ; but the responsibility of having known her and seen her example will be ours. Her life has been a testimony to thousands of the truth and practical power of the Gospel of Christ. She never preached, but a look from her was a sermon ; and her whole life preaches now that she has entered into her rest. To her, to live was Christ ; to die, is gain.—*Guardian*.

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## VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.

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**E**IGHTEEN years ago a book of Eastern travel, written by Miss Emily Beaufort, attracted a large measure of public attention. The author, accompanied by an elder sister, had spent three years in Egypt and Syria, thoroughly exploring the country, and the work showed that nothing had escaped her unusually keen powers of observation. She was no ordinary young lady; for in pursuance of her objects, she braved hardships from which most women—and especially those gently nurtured—shrink; in short, she travelled as an explorer and not as a tourist. In 1862, Miss Beaufort married Lord Strangford, perhaps the most accomplished Eastern scholar of the century, and certainly no man was so well acquainted with the political and social history, past and present, of Turkey and her dependencies. In this accomplished nobleman, Miss Beaufort found a congenial spirit, and she entered heartily into his projects for the advancement of the principalities, in whose welfare—Bulgaria especially—he took the keenest interest. But alas! the union was short-lived. In 1869 Lord Strangford died, in the flower of his age, to the grief of all who knew his name and fame, and to the irreparable loss of the Eastern Christians, to whom he had been a wise and steady friend, and who regarded him with intense affection.

His widow henceforth devoted herself to the task of carrying out her husband's wishes. She carefully edited the works he left unpublished; she founded a medical scholarship at Beyrout, and a geographical scholarship at Harrow, where Lord Strangford was educated; lastly, in the autumn of 1876, she initiated the fund raised for the relief of the Bulgarian peasants, and offered to take charge of it.

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Subsequently Lady Strangford proceeded to the East to organise hospital relief for the sick and wounded. To this task the viscountess did not come as an amateur. She had devoted four years to the study of hospital nursing, and was technically qualified, as she was in every respect, for the noble work she unflinchingly undertook. As the widow of Lord Strangford she had, in addition, strong claims on the confidence and affection of both Turks and Bulgarians. They welcomed her as a friend, and she retained throughout her arduous and heroic labours the trust and love of those for whom she worked day and night, with an unflagging zeal that won for her the admiration of all Europe.

The broad outlines of the great work done by Lady Strangford in the East are well known. Our space does not permit us to enter into them; still less to speak of the details; the difficulties bravely faced; the struggle to make inadequate means meet the daily increasing needs of the wretched sufferers; the long and toilsome journeys; the horror of scenes that made the hearts of tried warriors sick, but while they wrung this brave woman's soul, never palsied her hand or made her resolution falter; even—and this Lady Strangford felt more than any other trouble—misrepresentation; for it was said by some, most untruly, that she had endeavoured to proselytise among the patients. To do this would have been contrary to the spirit in which Lady Strangford undertook the work; to her the sufferers were neither Turk nor Christian, "Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free"—they were in terrible need, and she went to help them. Her charity was not bounded by creed; she had no politics in her work, whatever her private opinions might be. The people, wounded, sick and homeless, said to her, and said in her husband's name, "Come over and help us;" and she went.

By the work thus carried on amid enormous difficulties, Lady Strangford has enrolled her name among that "noble army" of women of whom Florence Nightingale was the pioneer, and we may add that, without detracting from Miss Nightingale's merit, Lady Strangford had far greater obstacles to contend with.



We trust that a complete narrative of this lady's labours in the East may be published. It would form a volume of surpassing interest, and give also a valuable lesson in organisation and management, for Lady Strangford is a thorough woman of business. She would have much to tell of the domestic life of the Turkish peasant, so little understood here because so little known. And she would be able to show how much the regeneration of Bulgaria might be hastened by the better education of the Bulgarian women and the development of "Woman's Work" in Bulgaria.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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LADY HELPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "VICTORIA MAGAZINE."

MADAM,

Will you allow me to beg that your contributor will do me the justice to read my little work on *Domestic Service*, which can only be procured at my Office for Lady Helps, 163, Oxford Street?—when she will see that, in every instance, excepting one, she has misquoted my scheme; and in the one exception, by omitting the context, and not even adhering to my words, she has given but half my opinion.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

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## THE FASHIONS.

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FROM *Myra's Journal*.—Evening toilettes are at present rather complicated: the mode of moderately sized *paniers* is pretty, but they require to be constructed by a skilful hand. A certain quantity of material is arranged on an under skirt in upward and downward folds, spreading to right and left, and puffs and folds are fastened down in an invisible manner. Lace, pleatings, and *coquillés* are placed over these, but if the arrangement is not graceful and carried out with the greatest taste, the effect of *paniers* is ludicrous rather than elegant. Toilettes for the theatre frequently take the lead in Paris, and a well combined costume seen for the first time on the stage of one of our best houses will give the key-note for the style of toilette most likely to be general throughout an entire season. A description of a few of the most striking of these toilettes will be useful as a guide to coming fashions; some of the dresses are clinging, and have long trains, others are short, with long waisted laced bodices over puffed skirts, and are very pretty and original. One of the most elegant toilettes is of white cashmere and moire; the skirt is trimmed in front with a pleating of white Indian cashmere and pleatings of moire; at the sides are *revers* of cashmere ornamented with a bias band of moire and Breton lace. The square train of Indian cashmere is trimmed with a thick ruche of frayed out *faille*, Breton lace and white moire. The puff of the skirt is fastened by a bow of white moire. The corsage is of cashmere, with a waistcoat of moire ending in two Louis XV. basques, one of cashmere the other of moire. A large collar and *revers* of moire, fastened by a bow of the same, ornament the neck of the dress, and the cashmere sleeves are finished off with small parements of moire. Another charming toilette is composed of pale-blue *pekin* which harmonises well with bands and a waistcoat of seal-brown velvet brocade; the train is richly ornamented with chenille to match. Amongst visiting

toilettes the most elegant we have lately seen is a costume designed by Pingat, and composed of seal-brown *faille* and brown and cream-coloured satin *pekin*. The front of the skirt is arranged in large double pleats of alternate brown *faille* and *pekin*; on each side large *revers* bordered with a bias band of *pekin*, are joined at the back with a bow, and keep in place the puff of the tunic. The train is trimmed with a wide bias band and a fluting of striped moire.

FROM *the Queen*.—Cream or ivory white (with a slight yellow tinge) will be replaced, it is said, by lead white, a blue-grey shade. This is already shown in tulle and tarlatan. Dresses for very youthful wearers will have plaited bodices; but these will not dethrone the long clinging bodices, some of which have a very long point, and are laced in the back. Moreover, nothing will dethrone its neighbour; hereafter there will be room for all styles and satisfaction for all tastes. The beautiful brocaded and embroidered materials, the *pekings* of satin and velvet, have come to furnish their contingent to the variety for which the world seems insatiable. Admirable toilettes are composed of brocaded materials and plain satin, the satin being employed for the front of the skirt, the waistcoat, and the trimming. The brocaded material forms the long skirt with majestic train, which opens over the satin skirt in front and the waistcoat. White lace is used with great prodigality in all widths for flounces and *revers*—that is to say, set on plain and producing the effect of embroidery on the material. Toilettes are also frequently trimmed with embroidery worked with silk, and above all with chenille, which is more novel. This embroidery defines all the outlines when the dress is open, or else is confined to literally covering the bodice, being continued on the hips and between the trimmings to define their lines. It must not be supposed that the chaussure remains stationary; ball shoes are always made of the same colour as the dress. They are trimmed with buckles or buttons of Rhine quartz (Strass), or else with a very small bunch of flowers to match those of the toilette. When the toilette is designed for a dinner or for a *soirée* without dancing, the shoes are of black kid, as soft and glossy as that employed for gloves, and the upper part is cut in bands on the front,

which are trimmed with flowers of Rhine quartz. In this case silk stockings are *de rigueur*, and should always match the colours of the toilette. When the latter is grey, with red bows and trimmings, the stockings should be of grey silk, striped or embroidered with red, and so on. This style of chaussure is also adopted for balls, but only by ladies who do not dance.

FROM *The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*.—*Sorties de Bal* are made of the richest materials, such as satin, plush, brocade, and damask. The Dolman and *visite* shapes are the only ones fashionably worn, they are edged with swansdown or chenille fringe. The brocaded satin opera cloaks are *quelque chose de magnifique*, especially one I saw the other evening belonging to the Duchesse de G——; the pattern of the brocade was outlined with tiny pearl beads, the fringe was of chenille, headed by a chenille embroidery of leaves, veined with small pearls, and the whole cloak was lined with swansdown. That reminds me, *velours frappé* (stamped velvet, don't you know?) and brocaded silk or satin, makes very effective and *distingué* waistcoats, *revers* pockets, *quilles*, or even entire bodices (such as coat habits); *Mousquetaire de Louis XIV. vestes*; with the pattern outlined in fine gold threads, and it is so easy to do and so quickly done. Try a little piece, and you will be sure to like the work, and it is so much cheaper than buying it ready outlined. *Pèkin* is very fashionable for portions of dresses, day dresses, the striped materials, this included, are not considered so *habillés* for evening wear, as the more elaborate patterns. Black velvet is *the* material for a dinner dress, there are so many ways of rearranging it, and making it represent ever so many different dresses. Black satin or rich silk, embroidered with Pompadour bouquets, are used for *gilets*, scarves, side trimmings, for such dresses.

FROM *Le Follet*.—The New Year's fashions confirm thoroughly all we have written on the subject of toilettes and materials during the last month or two; yet slight alterations, and an artistic touch here and there, have, in most cases, been a decided improvement on the original style. The *robe* "Princesse" still preserves its sovereignty, but is

decidedly more elegant for its concession to the present *mode* of making the back and sometimes the side breadths, more *bouffants*. The *mode* is not *absolute* even in this, and a clever and artistic *couturière* will so dispose of the fulness as to show each figure to the best advantage—thus arranging the back in *pouffs étagés*, and by this development of the *pouff* diminishing the outline of the hips; or, for figures that are too thin, or without graceful curves, disguising these imperfections by placing on each side draperies, *paniers*, or rounded *revers*, or scarves forming *baldaquins*, and gracefully raising the centre of the back breadths. It is also to obtain this more graceful amplitude that the lower edges of “*Princesse*” dress and *polonaises* are cut wider round, so as to allow of these draperies being formed without diminishing the proper width. These dresses are made of two—sometimes three—different materials; for instance, the *corsage*, with full length sides and back, reaching half way down the skirt, of satin and velvet *brocade*, the added train of velvet cut in deep scallops over a *plissé* of satin. Velvet waistcoat, over a satin *tablier*. The sleeves, to the elbow, of velvet, ending with scallops over *plissés* of satin under sleeves of satin. *Draperies écharpes* are very fashionable for these dresses, made in different material, such as embroidered silk and satin, satin and velvet, velvet and *moire Pékin*, and *velours frappé*. Some of these are arranged across the front, with *pans* behind on the train-breadths; others, more in the form of the square *tablier*, are draped or plain across the front, the upper edge reaching to the height of a *cuirasse basque*, and opening over the train or ending at the side-breadths, sometimes fastened in with them; but if left loose, edged all round with fringe, lace, *plissé*, or any hanging trimming. It must be borne in mind, in disposing the trimmings of a skirt, that *draperies*, scarves, &c., half way up the skirt, are unsuitable for short ladies—the longer the lines from the throat to knee, the taller the wearer’s appearance. Every trimming in a contrary direction breaks this line, and shortens the figure; skirts plaited the full length, and *tabliers* without trimming at the bottom, being infinitely more *séyants*. Tall ladies, on the contrary, find the *draperies* round skirt very becoming.

## THE DRAMA.

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COURT THEATRE.—In reviving "A Scrap of Paper" at this Theatre, Mr. Hare has shown that he did not reckon without his host. The public received the play on the opening night with as much enthusiasm as was evoked by its original production, and the interest has in no degree diminished, crowds nightly resorting to Sloane-square to witness the extraordinary adventures of the burnt remnant of a lady's *billet doux*. Some notable additions have been made to the company since the Autumn recess. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Gaston Murray retain their respective parts as Colonel Blake, Susan Hartley, and Mrs. Penguin, but the rôle of Lady Ingram is filled by Miss Kate Pattison, who earned her laurels in the trying character of Zicka, in "Diplomacy;" Mr. Mackintosh—an actor of provincial fame, is Dr. Penguin, and Mr. Wenman, a character actor of established ability, but hitherto unknown to London audiences, is Sir John Ingram; Mr. Younge as Archie, and Miss Grahame, a charming *ingenue*, as Lucy Franklin complete the list of principals, subordinate parts being admirably sustained by Messrs. Cathcart and Chevalier, and Mesdames Cowle and Cathcart. The merits of Sardou's comedy, which Mr. Palgrave Simpson has so admirably adapted for the English stage, have already been amply discussed. Intrinsic absurdity of construction is, however, gilded by such brightness of dialogue, and such vivacity of movement in the rapidly succeeding events—there is something, too, so diverting in the boldness with which the impossible is grasped—that one almost forgets to criticise. That is—for the qualification is important—when the piece is played as it was played in Paris and is at the Court Theatre.

Certainly hypercriticism could not ask for a more perfect *ensemble* than is presented at Sloane-square : every actor and actress an artist, and every artist doing his and her best to make a harmonious whole. The Susan Hartley of Mrs. Kendal is a wonderfully effective portrait ; every point is clearly brought out by the artist, and we see to the life the frank, tender hearted, but (in the best sense) strong minded woman, who can feel for her friend like a woman, and act for her with a man's boldness and firmness, joined to feminine subtlety and readiness of resource. The famous fencing scene with Colonel Blake is superbly acted ; and Mrs. Kendal's powerful impersonation possesses the advantage of association with the brilliant acting of Mr. Kendal, who, as Colonel Blake, fairly divides the honours with his gifted wife ; and his success is the more remarkable, in that he has to contend with the difficulty of making more than tolerable a character really mean and detestable. The part of Lady Ingram is a small one ; although she is the pivot on which the play hangs, she is a mediocre if not vapid young lady. Yet Miss Kate Pattison, by her very clever acting, endows the character with a new charm, and without exceeding the text, succeeds in showing how much a genuine artist may do with an inferior *rôle*. The agony and terror of the wife fearing discovery of her secret by a jealous husband is admirably depicted by Miss Pattison. Mr. Mackintosh has made a decided hit in the portrait of Dr. Penguin, which is a most excellent piece of character acting ; and Mrs. Gaston Murray is simply inimitable as Mrs. Penguin. In a part so easy to exaggerate, this accomplished artist is never betrayed into undue emphasis, and the result is that, while exquisitely humorous, there is nothing overdrawn in the representation. Mr. Younge could act the part of Archie Hamilton better if he were in truth that much badgered hobbedehoy of uncertain age ; and Miss Grahame is so attractive a Lucy Franklin that Archie may be pardoned for falling in love before he has finished his Virgil. The Sir John Ingram of Mr. Wenman is carefully acted, and if it affords little scope for an actor whose *forte* lies in another direction, it nevertheless



presents many points worthy of commendation. We have only to add that the piece is placed on the stage in the most sumptuous manner; the dresses being not only rich and appropriate, but selected, apparently with an eye to effective blending with the background—a matter too little studied in general either on the stage or off it. In the afterpiece, “A Quiet Rubber,” Mr. Hare once more gives us—with if possible, even greater perfection than of old—the finished picture of the testy old Irish peer. In this piece, too, Mr. Wenman, in his congenial element, appears to the best advantage in an admirable delineation of Sullivan, the kind-hearted, devoted Irish steward, and Mr. Herbert—one of our best *jeunes premiers*—renders valuable assistance; while the acting of Miss Cathcart as Mary Sullivan is full of promise. Certes, although the “Scrap of Paper” goes through many misadventures in the play, its career as a play has been fortunate beyond all precedent, and, there is no prospect of its disappearance from the scene for a long time to come.

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## WOMEN AND WORK.

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In a sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon Liddon said: To take one point among many. The position of women in Christian society is directly traceable, not only to our Lord's teaching, but to the circumstances of His birth. Before He came, woman, even in Israel, was little better than the slave of man. In the heathen world, as in Eastern countries now, she was a slave to all intents and purposes. Here and there a woman of great force of character, joined to hereditary advantages, might emerge from this chronic oppression, might become a Deborah, or a Semiramis, or a Boadicea, or a Cleopatra, or a Zenobia—might control the world or its rulers; yet the lot of the great majority was a suffering and degraded one. But when Christ "took upon Him to deliver man He did not abhor the Virgin's womb." In the greatest event in the whole course of human history, the stronger sex had no part; the Incarnate Son was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary. And, therefore, in Mary woman rose to a position of consideration unknown before, in which nothing was forfeited that belongs to the true modesty and grace of her nature, but by which the larger share of influence in shaping the destinies of the Christian races was secured to her in perpetuity. It was the Incarnation which created chivalry, and all those better features of modern life which are due to it; and they are no true friends, it seems to me, to the real influence and usefulness of women, who would substitute for the Christian idea of womanhood another, in which woman is to compete with man in all the activities of his public life, and in the end to be relegated to some such social fate as would inevitably follow upon unsuccessful rivalry.

There is near the City a Home or Boarding House for Women and Girls, which was opened under good auspices, and is, so far as we (*Citizen*) can gather, a very useful institution. Bedroom, with use of bath-room and sitting-room, 1s. 9d. or 2s. a week; breakfast, dinner, and tea, Sundays included, 4s. 6d.; with many comforts thrown in for the money. So we hear. But we also hear that because this is not called a Boarding House for Ladies it is condemned and looked down upon in the City by the sort of "young lady" you may meet in regiments going "home," or somewhere else (too often somewhere else) on Saturday afternoons, at about two o'clock, and making the streets vocal with ladylike slang and snatches of comic verse—nay, by young ladies of a much better class. This *is* interesting—as the young ladies would say; and perhaps there is a gleam of light in it. When the girls do really cling to the old-fashioned idea of a private home, however homely, and flinch from the thought of a "common hall," it is well; or at least it *may* be well. But it is a queer world.

A new hospital, built by the Begum, has just been opened in Bhopal. The building contains six large rooms, the principal wards being 40ft. long and 22ft. high, and 18ft. wide. The supervision of it falls to the residency surgeon, who declared when he went over it that it was the best hospital he had seen out of Calcutta. A first-class native doctor has been borrowed from Government for it. It is already made use of largely by the people. The present ruler and her husband have done a great deal for the improvement both in appearance and in the sanitary condition of Bhopal. The Begum offered all her troops and the Bhopal battalion quartered at Sehore (which took the place of the contingent which mutinied in 1857) for service on the frontier. It is more than probable the battalion will go, as it has received orders to be in readiness to march in twenty-four hours' notice. The Begum has offered to advance 35 lakhs of rupees for a railway to Bhopal on 4 per cent. guarantee. She is making a first-rate road from Bhopal to Hoshungabad.

We clip the following from the Boston *Woman's Journal* :

Miss Selma Borg, of Finland, Russia, recently gave the New York Sorosis a very interesting statement of her views on woman's education and on the status of women in Finland.

Miss C. Alice Baker, of Cambridge, has been recently elected corresponding member of the New York Historical Society. If Miss Baker had written nothing more than the papers read before the P. V. M. Association, and published in the papers, this appointment would be a well-deserved testimonial of her faithful painstaking research and elaborate narrative.

Madame Veneri Filippi has been chosen to fill the recently-vacated place of the famous Lamperti, at Milan. A private letter says: "The appointment of Madame Veneri Filippi as Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire of Milan is the great musical event of that place. This lady has been elected to the professorship left vacant by the retirement of the great Lamperti, by the unanimous vote of the Council of Administration." The Paris *Menestrel* says that she is of French origin, being the daughter of M. Colmache, Secretary of Prince Talleyrand.

Miss Isitt's excellent collegiate school at the Cape continues to flourish. The Christmas distribution of prizes showed that great progress had been made during the year, reflecting the highest credit on the energetic lady principal and all concerned. We extract the following from Miss Isitt's address: I am thankful that women of culture and helpfulness are practically recognised in the present day; and instead of teachers' energies flagging in face of the prospect of becoming a dependent under the title of a "decayed gentlewoman," or at some home provided for her class of sisters by benevolence, righteous economy has stepped in, and she is more adequately remunerated and allowed, like her brothers, to realise the dignity of labour with its honourable reward; and, like him, despise dependence and idleness while strength and opportunity pave her way to the labour field.

Mrs. Henry S. Trego, of Illinois, writes: So many women stand in their own light when they say they believe in the advancement of women, but shrink from the name of "Woman's Rights" because it has been placed in a ridiculous view by a few boasting men, and would rather sit idly by and let others do the work.

Mrs. Croly writes in *Woman's Words* (an admirable American publication, conducted by Mesdames Teresa Lewis and Sara Spencer): A friend of mine advertised the other day for a "Lady Help," in other words, for a refined and educated woman to teach and take partial care of two little children. She received by letter and personal application two hundred and forty-eight answers. Two-thirds of these were from married women, or widows with one or more children to take care of—some of them women who, a short time ago, were living in luxury. The letters, many of them, were, to use her own expression, heartrending, and as a result of her effort, she not only has a nursery governess, with a baby to complicate matters, but is furnishing a temporary refuge to a lady and her boy whose peculiarly hard case excited her sympathies. The number of women now earning, or endeavouring to earn their own living, is simply marvellous to those who remember society here twenty-five years ago, and the rare cases in which women or young girls, whose families made any pretensions to respectability went outside their own homes to earn a living. Nor does this show the real aspect of affairs. Women scarcely ever voluntarily leave their homes to seek their fortunes. They have no resources, and they are not often permitted until compelled. This destitute and helpless army, therefore, who have no knowledge of remunerative work, no tools to work with, no work within their reach, represent a great convulsion which has shaken the whole country, and are not asking for bread for themselves alone, but for still weaker and more helpless persons who are dependent upon them.

We extract the following sketch of the Princess Louise from a letter of an Ottawa correspondent: Have I seen the Princess? Yes, and no. I have seen her in the street; but, when walking, she

is always heavily veiled. I will tell you something of her habits, but you must understand that in doing this I tell you only what is generally known in Ottawa. One of her chief characteristics is her love of exercise. She may be seen in the dull, grey mornings, of which we have had so many since her arrival, at as early an hour as 8.30, vigorously walking in the romantic neighbourhood of Rideau Hall. She comes to town nearly every day, not in a carriage, but in good stout English walking boots, in which she tramps through the mud and slush with a bold, firm step, which puts to shame the mincing ladies who, if they venture out at all in bad weather, pick their way as tenderly as if they were walking on eggs. I met her last Sunday at about four o'clock, near the Chaudiere. I must tell you that Rideau Hall is about a mile and a half from the Parliament Buildings, and the Chaudiere Falls are but a mile further west. She was walking with His Excellency, and Sophia MacNamara—recollect that she is Lady Sophia, not Lady MacNamara. The Princess was dressed in black, over which she wore a long, grey ulster; her head was wrapped in a white cloud, and she carried a small cane. She always appears in the street with a cane. You ask why she carries a cane. I do not know; but I suppose she is guided by the good common sense which tells her that such an appendage is useful on slippery streets, and that the extension of the muscles of the chest is promoted by the swinging of the arms, which the use of the cane increases. You may be certain there is some simple, sensible reason for it. I know ladies who would think themselves degraded by wearing heavy walking boots—boots fit to keep out the wet, and with which muddy, slushy roads might be traversed with impunity. She delights in them, and is apparently as much at home and as happy while doing her six-mile walk on any indifferent road as she would be in her drawing-room, and—I suppose—more so. The party had walked from Rideau to the Chaudier, and when they reached the Government House, on their return, they would have covered at least five miles of a rough road. This was a Sunday afternoon constitutional.

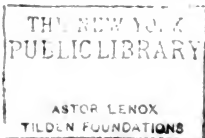
NEW YORK



MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.)

See page 493.





## TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

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WEET child, whose softly-streaming hair  
Makes beautiful the breeze,  
Like some light wave that rippleth fair  
In summer o'er the seas;—

There is no mist of sorrow  
In those clear eyes of thine ;  
No shadow of the morrow  
Beclouds thy joy divine !

Thy face is sunshine in the air,  
Where'er thy footsteps glide ;  
No place is dark if thou art there  
With beauty by thy side ;  
As gently as the snow-fall  
Thy tiny feet I hear ;  
The joyous Graces know all  
Their little dove-eyed dear !

And music dwelleth in the flow  
Of thy light lisping words,  
Like moving melodies that glow  
From hearts of warbling birds.  
In thy pure breast no sad things  
May linger, little Nell !  
All beautiful and glad things—  
All bright things love thee well !

*To a Beautiful Child.*

Thy brow is beauteous as the snow  
That glorifies the lands,  
And lovely as the blooms that blow  
Are thy white lily hands ;  
Thy cheeks are radiant roses,  
Their silver leaves thy hair ;  
Meek innocence reposes  
In thy blue eyes so fair !

Yea, surely flowers of God's own love  
Are such pure hearts as thine ;  
Transplanted from the vales above  
A moment here to shine ;  
Not long they linger lonely  
In this dark earth of ours ;  
For He can keep them only,  
Who formed these gentle flowers !

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

## MY ONLY LOVE.

BY EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE,

Author of "A Life Race," "A Crown for Love," &c.

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He is no lover who loves not for ever.—*Euripides.*

But this was taught me by the dove,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn ;  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.—*Byron.*

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MAN PROPOSES.

**N**OT with impunity to me, it seemed, had Arthur wandered into the paths of virtue for my sake ; his backsliding once discovered by this terrible married woman, she would contend for him with his honourable love, as devil with angel, striving to degrade and destroy him body and soul. He being absent, I could do nothing to defeat her purpose but write to him in the way of warning. My great and intolerable fear was, that on his return she would see him first, and prejudice my cause. I wrote :

" You must know at once from myself that our secret has been suspected, if not discovered, in the quarter where concealment was most desired by you ; that misfortune has occurred through no fault of mine ; so come to me and consult how we must shape our courses in the first place, as soon as you can come back to town ; decide whatever you wish, but do not be angry with me, I could not bear it now.

" Your ever devoted

" LEILA "

When I wrote I knew he would not be back for several days, unless my letter were forwarded: I was doubtful about that, and nervous lest it might fall into wrong hands; his public character, I knew, brought bushels of letters through the post, besides his private correspondence. I asked Mrs. Heathcote to send this by a messenger, with special request that it should be forwarded. She did so, half vexed at my anxiety, then lectured me: "My child, you are going the way to lose him; use him ill, and you will have a better chance. Why, I've heard my husband say, the worse we use a man the better he thinks of us—before marriage, I mean. I wish you could marry some one else—a young man, nearer your own age; that would be the way to serve him out."

"No; I should behave ill myself to do that."

"Behave ill to a man? And if you did; no matter what we do to men, we may always be sure they deserve it thoroughly on some other woman's account, if not on our own; we can't do anything too bad to them; mark my words, they may yet be useful to you."

"I thought him the noblest of men—I think so still. Is there no truth, no trust among them?"

"I don't say that altogether, either; he is too old and artful for you, my dear; some young man that had his bread to earn would make you a much better husband; hard work is the only thing that keeps men out of mischief."

"Your husband—you can trust him?"

"Yes, my dear: we were both very young when we married, and both poor, and we've worked hard together. I will say that for the men in this profession, compared with men of the world, they are not so bad. I can judge; I've seen a deal of both; it is the greed of money, or the care of what the world will say, that spoils the matches. A girl had best look on her admirers as so many fishes that will prey upon us, unless we prey upon them; we have a right to do it, we are the more generous foe of the two."

One day all this worldly wisdom might serve; it was useless now.

After three days of wretchedness and suspense, Arthur came, late

in the evening, when it was dark. Did he fear being seen? As I dreaded, it had come to pass; she had seen him before me, and forestalled my tale. His tone was one of the deepest disappointment—bitter vexation with himself, half reproach to me.

“How could she know?” he complained, “she may have had a suspicion through some tittle-tattling fool; she could not have been certain. Why, Leila, did you talk of our marriage?”

“I did not.”

“Why did you talk to her? why see her at all?”

“She insisted; Mrs. Heathcote put it upon me not to refuse.”

“Mrs. Heathcote? Why did you tell her?”

“I told her nothing; I obeyed you, Arthur. Had I been allowed to take Mrs. Heathcote into our confidence all this might have been prevented; but it’s not my fault, punish me as you will for my misfortune.”

“How could I punish you? how could I bear you to suffer? You are not to blame in any case, but for loving me too well.”

“Am I to blame for that? Oh, don’t tell me so; it is too late, I cannot unlove you now!”

“Well, it cannot be helped; it was a great misfortune for both we ever met at all.”

“Oh, don’t say that, I cannot bear to think I have caused misfortune to you.”

“Yes; I think worse of it for your sake. What is to be done for you? We cannot marry now; she would ruin my fame and name, blast all my career; she told me so; she means to do it; she has the power.”

“The power to ruin you?”

“Unhappily she has, and some cause to use it, as women reason. Leila, I loved her once; and women hate to yield their power upon a man to another woman.”

“Oh, Arthur! you never told me this before.”

“So much the worse for me now: I should have told you. We loved each other as boy and girl.”

"Your first love ?—oh, Arthur !"

"I suppose so. Do not give me those agonising looks, Leila. I never loved her as I have loved you."

"As you have loved me ? Then it is all over now ?" And I turned away from him, weeping very sore.

"Do not despair, Leila ; but we must be patient. I will tell you the whole truth from the first ; you must know it now, and I will make it as gentle to you as I can."

"Oh, it is all very dreadful to me, and so strange ! I thought you above such things ; but tell me—you meth er long ago ?"

"Before you were born, Leila. You have heard I was the architect of my own fame and rank. I was the younger son of a younger son, and went out to India, like Wellington in his day, and many others, to build up our Indian Empire and my own fortunes at the same time. I was then a subaltern in the army, having the *entree*, as a young officer of family, into the highest circles. I met Lady Diana as my superior in the social scale ; she was the Viceroy's daughter."

"You became intimate with her ?"

"Well—no ; I first saw her at a great ball at her father's palace : I had the presumption to walk up to her and ask her to dance without an introduction."

"Just like you, Arthur."

"I was a daring young fellow. Some brother officers were talking about her, and one of them made a wager that I should get snubbed for my impertinence. I forget how it all came about. I went in and won."

"She danced with you more than once that night ?"

"She did, until we were remarked and separated."

"She was very, very beautiful ?"

"The most beautiful, the most fascinating, altogether the most attractive girl I ever met in all my life—she was then."

"Oh, Arthur, you never could truly love any one else. You did love her ?"

"I thought so at the time, but it came to nothing. I never proposed

to her—a man does not, when he has no chance, unless he is a fool.”

“Unless he is in love; then a man can always find a way to do it. She did not encourage you?”

“Yes, she did; her preference for me could not be mistaken, but we never met except in public, when she was surrounded by hosts of admirers. She evidently cared for none of them, yet she treated all too much alike through love of admiration. She never seemed to draw me nearer to her than the others, though I knew she did like me best, and I was too proud to thrust my attentions upon her when I knew it would be no use.”

“Then, you did not truly love her. How could you know she would not have you unless you tried?”

“In our relative positions it was impossible I could present myself to her father as a suitor; and I should have thought it dishonourable to tempt her to a runaway match. I had no means to keep her in her station, and she was not a woman to endure poverty.”

“You would not wait until you rose in the army, and then try your chance with her?”

“If I would, she did not; she married, in her own sphere, a man her father’s equal in age as well as the rest: that was the worst of the bargain.”

“She did not care for him long?”

“She never cared for him at all, it was a mistake; he was too old for her, and she pined for a lover of her own years, as was but natural.”

“That was unfortunate. General Hope Trevor is a man to deserve a better wife. To me it would make no difference that I was younger than the one I love.”

“She was unlike you in that, Leila: you loved me for my fame.”

“I did at first—but now for yourself only.”

“Not for my face, Leila?”

“Well, yes—no—I cannot tell for what; but if you were to turn as black as Othello, it would make no change in me.”

"I believe it, Leila : but she fancied me when I was young, and—well, I had the name of a handsome fellow, the next best thing to being it, and she never fancied Sir John, though she married him with her own free will."

"You met her after her marriage?"

"Very often, and on much more intimate terms than before."

"But that was wrong, very wrong of you, Arthur."

"Why so, when she sought my society? Nothing had ever passed between us that we could not be friends, and no more."

"Did her husband know?"

"There was nothing to know. He grew very friendly with me, and to his influence, joined with her father's, I owed my rapid advancement to a post which enabled me to fight my way up to the position I have achieved; I believe her family knew of her inclination for me, and felt indebted to my reserve on the occasion."

"Did they approve of your intimacy with her as a married woman?"

"Oh! they never interfered: Sir John was clever enough and old enough to look after his own wife, I suppose. Perhaps they persuaded themselves they had made all safe when the knot was tied; we were both too honourable to be suspected." A slight sarcasm tainted his deep voice with gall as he spoke these last words.

"You saw her very often after her marriage?"

"Yes; society was indispensable to her, she said; and, situated as she was during her husband's frequent absence, she was often deprived of any other congenial companionship, and when left much to herself she became a prey to loneliness, *ennui*, and a morbid longing for a more stirring existence; she suffered from the unwholesome Indian life, with its long intervals of monotony, when a woman, waited upon by a swarm of attendants, has literally nothing at all to do; and the dull current is seldom broken, except by short hot fits of gaiety run mad. Then you have a couple of great balls, or so, and relapse into ditch-water calm again; I mean the women, of course; we men had no such humdrum time of it, with the Sikhs and Afghans to manage."



“Do not English ladies ride through the country ? ”

“Yes; that is the only change they have. Lady Diana used to ride, she said, until she grew sick of going out alone, that is—with servants only; so I rode with her whenever I was stationed near at hand.”

“You used to act together sometimes ? ”

“Sometimes; not often. It was a kind of wild excitement with her, and became too painful to both at last. She took to acting with passion, but without judgment, which is one way of making a fool of one's self; it was just a substitute for anything else to do or to think about, a vent for uncontrollable emotions. She can command herself better now than she could then: I could not keep it up at that time as she wished; in fact, I ceased playing at all as my responsibilities increased. Had I not had this much firmness, we might have been led into what we should have been sorry for.”

“When she could have married you she threw away your love, like a heartless coquette; when she was married herself she was without excuse to lead you wrong.”

“You are hard upon her, Leila: believe me I would rather my tongue and right hand were cut off than I should say there was wrong between us.”

“She kept you from forming an honourable tie, she looked for her husband's death for your sake. You call this right ? ”

“I do not: but, like most husbands in his position, Sir John seemed disposed to thwart any such hopes as his wife may indulge in contingent on his death: though an old man, I believe he is likely to live long enough to see us both out—me at least; I am not one of those iron constitutions.”

“She has spoiled all your life—you will never love another so well——”

“I gave proof to the contrary, Leila, in seeking you: I was weary of my hard bachelor's life when your affection came to me like an angel's visit, and I longed to attach to my side so sweet a companion I hesitated, I own, in view of the obstacle, but by thinking and thinking

my plans were laid—first of all to make you my own, by a secret union, then, on my return to India next autumn, I intended you should come out under the protection of a lady and her husband, friends of mine, and live with them, not known to be my wife, but often together—very often.”

“You would have made me your Amy Robsart—poor Amy! she had a cruel end—but I should have consented to a like death to have known her happiness.”

“God forbid! Leila; I have enough to answer for already: you would have been content to return to your native land of the sun, to live in silence and secret, as in a dream, with me to give you every hour that I could spare from ruling its destinies? You would have been happy as my wife, to lose all the world besides?”

“Oh, too, too happy! You could do this?”

“I told no one—but my friends would not refuse to protect you: until we were married safe, I did not dare to trust our secret to them: it seems my caution was needed—too sorely needed!”

“I suppose, then, it was not to be! I ought not to have consented. Had I been your wife, with any doubt about me, what would my father say to me, if he lived?”

“True, true! You had no right to run any risk, because you were an unfriended orphan; I should not have asked that of you I could not have expected of another; but I meant all well, all in honour! I trusted to achieve so secure an eminence, that in time I should overcome any mortal's power to injure me or mine; ultimately, I hoped to lead you through the world at my side.”

“You say so to me as if you knew it could never, never be.”

“I cannot tell at present; I would not draw upon myself, I dare not draw upon you, the revenge of a woman in her desperation.”

“What is it that she can do?”

“I know not what she can *not* do—she has the will. If I outraged her feelings openly by marrying you she can expose all that has passed between her and me, and in that case the worst construction is what the world always puts upon every indiscretion; her husband,

now my fast friend, would become my deadly enemy ; she would do that, if she were to blast herself along with me ! This would involve my fall from place, power, fame, all I have won so hardly, and make my name a title of execration—just the same as happened to Byron in his time ; the people of England have their indignation fits to punish such high placed offenders.”

“Lady Diana would bring this upon you—and herself ? ”

“She would do anything. If there be no other way to conquer me, she will fight me with fire, like the princess in the Eastern story, who fought the enchanter with his own weapons, until both perished in the flames—but she was conqueror. The woman always is who will sacrifice herself to destroy her foe.”

“But, Arthur, she cannot divide us for ever without your will—with my will she shall not.”

“Judge me out of your own heart, Leila ; you love me too well to desire my ruin, involving, too, yourself ; no other result could follow, were we to marry now.”

“Not now ; but even if never to marry, I could be content, happy, more than happy, if I felt sure you loved me.”

“That, Leila, you wrong us both to doubt, after all that has passed between us.”

“But must we be parted, whose hearts God has joined together by circumstances so wonderful, so strange ? must a false bad woman have the power——?”

“Hush, Leila, have some respect for one of your own sex, who has suffered as I trust you never can suffer.”

“Don’t say that, you know not what I am capable of for your sake.”

“A passionate, utterly disappointed woman, who for her worst errors has herself to blame—there is no sting like that to embitter failure.”

“I am to blame that ever I gave myself to you heart and soul. Oh, do not throw back this fatal gift now ! If not as your wife, let me cling to you as your devoted friend—like a child to a father—like a dog

to one who has shown it kindness—at least let me see you sometimes, let me not be thrust away from you—not far away, and you gone to the other end of the earth. Let me follow—if not your wife, I am—I am—your love.”

He knew I spoke in innocence, thinking no harm ; he smiled tenderly, sadly, but with a firm voice, made answer, “ That cannot be.”

“ Then, there is nothing more to be said, but I must die.”

“ Die, Leila ? ”

“ It is better for me to die than to live, deserted and miserable. It is more than I can bear ; I long to die ! ”

“ That is madness, Leila ; you, so young, so brilliantly gifted. Leave misery to those who have deserved their own misfortunes ; the world is before you yet.”

“ The world is nothing to me ; I have no father, no mother, no friend but my poor old grandmother, who, if I were to die to-morrow, would shed a tear for me. Oh, God, I wish I could ! You—you were all my world, and I have lost you, Arthur ! ”

“ Don’t say that, my own Leila ; with time and patience we may overcome all things.”

“ But you will not let me go with you to India ? ”

“ No, darling ; you must return home ; you are better disposed there, until I can honourably claim you ; until then the less we meet the better. If you could bear to meet day after day, as we have met these weeks past, and be no more than that to each other, if you could bear it as an innocent girl, I as a man could not ; it is best that we should be parted ; God knows that in all that has passed between us you have had enough of wrong.”

“ But her—you will not meet her ? There is a ball at the palace to-night ; she will be there ; but you—you will not go ? ”

“ Nay, I must, my official position makes it an obligation ; but what of that, Leila ? amongst a thousand people, what harm can one woman do to a man ? ”

“ Oh, Arthur, you will meet her there, where I am excluded——

“ In public what can it matter ? I am not in a position to shun her

society like the plague. Forgive me, Leila ; I did not say that to give you pain, unreasonable child."

He caught me to his breast in one embrace—one only. Oh, how unlike our parting as it was wont to be ! A kiss upon my forehead, a passionate, despairing kiss, and he left me to my grief alone !

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### WOMAN DISPOSES.

AFTER he was gone I began little by little to realise, to see clearly through the horrid situation ; then I knew that his influence had bound me with a strong spell to submit my will to his ; in his presence, it would seem passion slept, the awful fire that should consume my life's springs, subdued and satisfied for a moment by sight of him, sprang up anew to torture me, and could not be quelled by my effort. Now was the truth sensible to me, I had misread my course with him, I had been too tame !

My own will and judgment I must not so easily give up ; if he went to India, thither I must follow ; I had the right to breathe the same air, if not to see him, rather than put half the world between us. No need of that. We at least were not divided by a gulf of sin and shame, such as he must wade through to reach her. I could go to India and seek a harbour with my mother's kindred : was I not born there ? That right of birth should stand me in stead now ; and the bright inheritance of my dear father's name, I could not doubt, was remaining there for me !

The room shook with the rolling of carriage wheels. I heard and felt them night after night since I came to town. And we lived in a nook of a street close by a fashionable neighbourhood. I had not yet grown accustomed to the perpetual noise, rolling and rolling continually, as they bore the gay throngs from scene to scene of festivity, to banquet and ball, where those two might meet one another, where he might meet all the world as it lay at his feet, and whence I was

shut out. Those wheels rolling and rolling as if for ever—they bore upon my brain now!

I called to mind, involuntarily, every word I had heard said by Mrs. Heathcote and others, of her, of him. There was no shutting out the conviction that, whatever I might believe the truth to be, the world's condemnation had been passed upon the *liaison*, silently, and without scandal, inasmuch as the husband was quiescent; but if he were to add his voice, then indeed it would be the ruin of Arthur's fame and name. It might be there was no guilt accomplished yet, only the suspicion of it clinging to him through her. To ward off such suspicion he might be led—heaven knows to what. Had not that woman boasted to me of her power over him as if she gloried in her very shame?

Jealousy, yes horrible jealousy, entered into my breast like the possession of a demon. I took measure of her, as she had done of me, in hate and loathing; every detail of her face, form, and manner of speech, became present with me. Now, even now, was she spreading for him the snare of her beauty and fascination, with every allurements of pernicious charm to betray a man to death and perdition. I could feel the wondrous texture of her milk-white arms, round and soft as a babe's, emerging half seen from their ruffles of rich lace; her bosom's rise and fall I could perceive through the mist of vaporous gauze—like bright clouds floating before the moon's fair orb, that men's eyes should the more desire the full lustre of her loveliness. My thoughts shaped an image of her form, grandly moulded, like the statue of a Roman Empress. Oh, me! I had no beauty to contend with hers!

It was ten o'clock when my resolution took shape; something I saw, probably, before me was leading me on to do it. The step was a desperate one—to go that very moment and seek him out, wherever he might be, to forbid him meeting her again on the peril of his soul and mine!

Prudence, reputation, consequence, I forgot them all, meaning no ill. There was no one to advise or detain, no one to accompany

me ; Mrs. Heathcote and her husband were both on duty at the theatre. I reasoned with myself : Arthur was, perhaps, gone to the ball, and I should be too late to find him. No matter, I must go !

I went ; I reached his abode, chambers apart from his official residence, where he had given me of late his private address ; a carriage was at the door ; I recognised on it the Hope Trevor arms ; was it waiting there for her or her husband ? If the latter, what would he think of me ? I could not stop myself now ; my attempt had passed beyond my own control.

I obtained entrance, and stood upon the first landing, before his door ; there was a demur to my coming in by the servant who opened it ; someone was speaking in the room within. Through a closed inner door beyond I recognised her ; I grew actually bold, that had trembled like a falling leaf till then. What right had this evil-hearted married woman to come between me and my love ? Oh, how I abhorred the thought ! I would dare her out to the bitter end ! I glided past the servant, and—I know not how—passed through the obstacle of the inner door. I stood before them like the spectre of their own dead conscience ; pale as a spasm of remorse, the accusing angel who will keep no silence ; I stood there uttering not a word, as I smote him with my eye.

He neither spoke nor moved, but to lay his hand across his brow, as if in sharp pain ; she—she glared at me, like the wild cat from the hollow of a tree, measuring the length between her and her victim's throat, yet doubtful of her own strength to spring so far ; her brow grew black with the wrath pent within her heart ; her blue eyes darkened, while she hissed from between her teeth, rather than said, " What brings you here, young lady ? "

I was past all fear, all respect of consequences to myself or others. Arthur looked at me with imploring signs to be silent and to go. It was in vain, he had lost all power upon me now ; I answered, as it was borne in upon me to answer, calm and proud, as she was fierce and beside herself with wrath, " My Lady Diana, I am come for reasons of my own, with which no stranger has the right to take concern ; as to

meeting your ladyship in this company, I did not expect the honour, nor certainly should I have aspired to it."

"Oh, I quite understand! You came to enjoy the gentleman's society *en tête-à-tête*. My presence is inconvenient, not being a chaperon of your own choosing; yet I think, for a young lady of your birth and position, you venture a good deal. Suppose I were to tell our mutual friends and acquaintances of this pleasant little encounter? What should you think of that, Miss Fortescue?"

"Please yourself, Lady Diana, amongst your own circle. I am quite sensible I do not belong to it, neither do I hold myself answerable for what others may say of me contrary to truth; I have done nothing of which I ought to be ashamed. Can you say as much? Suppose that I, or any one, spoke of you to your husband, as I have a right to speak?"

I was carried out of myself so far, and there I stuck in the slough of shame; I could not utter the black thought within me, but she, being guilty, understood me well, and braced herself to assume the boldness of the desperately bad among women.

"What do you dare to hint at? Take care what you say, young girl; remember your station is beneath me; you have no right to speak a word of what I choose to do, nor conjecture about my conduct. Aha! at your peril provoke a blow between us."

"You are not at the Queen's ball to-night," I said; "you make General Hope Trevor believe you are there; your very dress betrays the game you play."

She glanced in alarm at the marvellous pile of azure satin, pink gauze clouds, and folds of lace, lighted up with a huge wealth of jewels, all so combined as to make her beauty a wonder and delight to the eyes of men. The room felt faint with the rich scent of many coloured roses blended with her adornment; from the cunning intricacies of her hair, down to the edge of her airy *draperies*. She looked at herself and then at me, trembling, I know not whether with rage or fear; she turned upon me:

"I shall be at the Queen's ball, if I am not there yet; I choose my



own time, and my own movements ; I refuse to have you set yourself as a spy upon me. You, sir, call this young person your friend, I suppose. If you are not my enemy, order her to quit your house."

"I will go myself when you go, Lady Diana, but not before," I cried ; "otherwise I tell your husband."

She burst into a horrid laugh. "What can you tell my husband? you think you can make him believe your word against mine and Arthur's? We shall deny every syllable you can say."

"He shall hear the truth, whether he believes it or not ; you came here, Lady Diana, to corrupt and ruin, if you can, your husband's friend ; are you not ashamed ? I blush for you—a woman to tempt, seduce a man—it is too horrible."

"Go, go away—away! I cannot suffer this. Arthur, am I here to be insulted in your presence, and you stand by ? Turn her away, turn her away ! Let me not look upon her !"

What a face Arthur turned upon me ; that broke my spirit with my heart ! He forced me out of the room, I know not how, with a faint promise to see me on the morrow ; "Oh, Leila," he whispered, "you have ruined all ; undone yourself and me !"

I know no more, shall never know ; I had a dream that night, although I never closed an eye, I saw in spirit—

I arose with the morning, yet not I, Leila Fortescue ; it was another—a broken thing, a strange, older face that met me in the glass with a look I recognised not as my own ; it was as though ten years had gone in that one waking night.

I had thrust myself in where I should not, and he would hate me now. I dressed my hair as usual mechanically ; among its dark depths I found some grey hairs scattered like untimely snow upon the buds in their April bloom.

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## CHAPTER XV.

## LOVE, THOU ART BITTER.

AND Arthur kept his promise, to the letter that killeth, if not in the life giving spirit of hope. That first day of my despair he came early in the forenoon; his first look of estrangement was enough—I knew, yes I knew.

No question did I ask him; tenderly and reverently as a father had I ever thought of him; though the deep tone of his voice as it softened to me, and the magic of his eye had stirred my heart to its utmost depths with the thrill of an unknown passion—my first and last. This was the love that lives through life into eternity, passing with the soul within the gates of death, and rising pure as immortal light upon the angel's eyes. The virgin veil that trembled upon my heart enclosed his too in its tender embrace, until now that this suffered profanation. I blushed for him as a part of myself; I burned with shame at the outrage that another woman had beguiled his love. Let me doubt, if possible, rather than believe the worst! If this were true, let me be deceived! Had the marriage vows been "as dicers' oaths" to them? or, while the heart lapsed from virtue, had the feet kept to the narrow path of honour at least? Let there remain a doubt upon it for ever! I remember how, when a child, I had heard my grandmother tell the story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton; in no measured terms of reprobation did she speak of "England's darling hero" on that theme. I did not understand then, but as I grew up to read history, the early deep impression led me to examine for myself the justice or falsehood of the aspersion that blurred one of England's brightest glories. I found it recorded in the truthful page, how Nelson owed to a woman's helping zeal the first victory that made him great; that the woman was beautiful exceedingly, and in her unfriended youth had been tempted through that beauty into error; that she married an honourable man, and as his wife met Nelson, her husband's friend, and as such, served his interests together with England's welfare. I

learned how Nelson loved this woman, with a grateful love, so honourable in itself that the whole story of their friendship, and how much she had done on his behalf, was written by him to his wife, act by act and word by word—I read how this love grew to a devouring passion, how Nelson yielded up his heart, estranged from his wedded wife, to her whose gift was fame. I marked how suspicions arose, in private, in public, all over the world, yet how the recording pen says, if that great heart wandered, we must deplore the alloy of human weakness in the noblest horn of England's worthies—that error led to guilt was doubtful at the worst, so must be left for ever. The chaste virgin muse of history would blush to tell a sadder, more ignoble tale!

And so, as England felt for her Nelson's fame, the like did I for my hero-love. That he had betrayed his friend's trust to rob him of the honour of his wife—no, anything but that! I could not look in Arthur's face and believe such a thing of him!

It was long—how long I know not—before either of us could find a word to speak to the other; and, when his utterance came at last, how faint it sounded in its inexpressible sadness! “Leila,” he faltered, in hoarse whispers, “Oh, Leila, we are both undone; yet spare me and yourself what would do no good to either now.”

“Spare you?” I cried. “You have come to me to ask—What? My silence? You have not deserved it from me; you have trampled on my dearest feelings, and for her, that woman! You remember my dead father! Should his daughter's heart be poorer than a worm's, think you? I was not born to be the abject slave, the plaything of a man!”

“Leila, you are very bitter against me.” I could not be that; I bowed my head and sobbed in agony—he saw his power. “Leila, if you would have your revenge of me, take it. God knows you have the right as surely as you have the opportunity; go, if you will, to that woman's husband and tell him you found her closeted with me alone last night, when he believed she was at the palace: repeat to him whatever you overheard.”

“No; I shall not do that. I heard nothing but the sound of her voice, and I rushed in—perhaps I had a right—but, Arthur, I am no

listener, and if I were I could not bear to hear——” My voice was choked in my throat by the hard grip of pain.

“Leila, it is in your hands to make the world my enemy; there is no man’s heart but would take your side, who have no father, no protector——”

“Oh, true, true! You were the safer in betraying me.”

“No! I tell you, no. There I am most without excuse, without chance of mercy from those who out of my fault would feed their envy to my ruin. Set me at issue with Sir John Hope Trevor for that worthless woman’s sake, all England looking on at the tragic farce, and this day six months I shall write myself, not Viceroy of India, but knave, impostor, fool, or what my enemies’ worst malice will. Be it so, if you are my enemy, Leila; but for you, and you alone, remember, all this had never been.”

“You mean that I was wrong to love you, Arthur, or if I could not help that, even to dare hope when you bade me hope. I did not seek you unmaidenly, Arthur; had you never spoken I could have suffered in silence, I knew you were so far above me!”

“Leila, you would be a wife for a hero or an emperor, if he were but free. I am not; that is the poison of the curse upon me!”

“Not free, you say, because of a married woman, your friend’s wife? Oh, Arthur, it was hard not to tell me at first the bitter truth. What had I done to you that you would not spare me this? This quenching of the hope you yourself kindled, till it grew to be all my life—you tear it from me, when to part with it I must die! Why, why did you not save me from this misery?”

“I thought not to go so far as I did; I was charmed with you, Leila, fascinated without knowing it: I did not expect you to love me to your hurt at my age; to me you were a child.”

“Not such a child as to be content with a half share in your affections, halting between me and a woman I cannot speak of but with a stain upon my lips; rather than that, I will rend my heart in two, and cast you out of it; am I child or woman now?”

“Leila, to your own heart’s content you have power to wring mine;

I have deserved the worst you can say or do to me, only too well. Not to excuse myself, who am without excuse, I tell you I did not reason, I loved you, when it was only madness to yield to such passion; I loved you, as a man, not naturally prone to evil, loves the one woman who could bring an earthly heaven into his arms in her purity and devoted tenderness. I saw but the rapture of the end, and seized the readiest means, roughly, and without reflecting enough upon the risks to both; what a man longs for too much, too ardently, becomes reality to his hope—though with that hope deferred or crossed another's innocent heart must sicken as well as his own. I have deserved that your love should turn to hate."

"Yes, if I could hate, loathe you, that would be something less wretched than what I suffer now! Oh, Arthur, how you have humiliated me, broken my pride in your true nobility of soul; you have defaced, as you only could, the image of your own glory in my heart; you have covered my love with shame and dishonour in my eyes!"

I had spoken too much; he could not bear to hear any more: my words were sharp daggers, driven home by his own conscience, whose strength, not mine, thrust through his heart. Mechanically he rose to go. I saw it, I sprang forward as if to stay him with one wild clasp. Shame held me back. I fell upon the ground at his feet, for my spirit had well-nigh gone from me. He rang the bell, called Mrs. Heathcote, she raised me up, while he bent over me, but did not touch me: that was all I know, and so I was left to my despair.

I believe I took it very quietly, after reluctant hope had given her last death throe: anyhow, I did not go mad yet, and, being asked by Mrs. Heathcote what I meant to do, whether I would not return to my grandmother at home? coolly answered—"By-and-bye, after the performance next Monday."

"My dear, what have you got to do with that?" remonstrated Mrs. Heathcote: "you don't want to go to Woolwich surely: you're too ill for this extra fatigue."

"I am not—I mean to see her *ast*."

"What! to go in front? You can't go alone, and who is to take you?"

"Are you not going? Why can't I go with you?"

"My dear, 'tis impossible. I shan't be in front, I'm only going to direct the performance and keep the amateurs together, as I've got the chance to be out of the bill here next week. You can't sit and be stared at alone in a crowd, and before your friends, too. What would Arthur think of you?"

"True; he must not see me there. Are there no private boxes?—I would give any price—no place where I could see and be hid?"

"Nothing of the sort; unless you want to make a public show of wearing the willow; that's just the interpretation all the world will put upon your poking your little face among those people, a young girl like you."

"Then I must not; but I shall remain here till it is over, and remember, I trust to you for a true account of the whole business."

"And so you may, my dear; that's the most sensible thing you can do under the circumstances, unless you would go home at once and drive the whole concern out of your mind?"

"I will do so afterwards. I could not stir from this, in any peace, until next Monday night is over, and I know whatever you have to tell me afterwards."

"All right, my dear;" and so we settled it. I remained in town until over the Monday, and Mrs. Heathcote's story of that night was mixed up in a grotesque jumble with the preparations for my journey, altogether like the ugly mocks of an impossible dream, less absurd than the derisions of our waking sleep of life.

My first question to Mrs. Heathcote was about Arthur. Was he behind the scenes during that night?

"Never saw him at all, good or bad, or in front either."

"Was he not there?"

"Of course he was bound to be there, but he was not proud of the position; he hid himself among the audience somewhere. Sir John came round before we began, and complimented me on my part of the business. Oh, he was quite delighted!"

"Indeed! I have heard him say he wished Lady Diana would give up acting altogether."

"Very likely, but his wishes have nothing to do with what she chooses; and, as Lady Diana must act, it is quite right her husband should feel his obligations to the professionals who help her not to make too great a fool of herself. Oh! she'll act as long as she can stand. Sir John is a brave, dear old duck; any woman could turn him round her little finger. If I were a young lady to be married I would choose him for my husband."

"Did she please herself, and her audience?"

"Not worse than usual. All the men on leave in her husband's old regiment had free tickets for the gallery, and, of course, they would applaud the general's wife; that's her idea of a 'great success.' Well, there are women on the stage just as bad."

"As bad actresses? or as unfair in the way of applause?"

"Both one and the other. Lady Diana has talent—decided talent. If she had gone on the stage at sixteen, and worked her way up, she might have made a great actress; as it is, I consider she does me more credit than any pupil I have had for so short a time. I should like to teach her for twelve months. I never knew she had so much stuff in her. Mrs. Cibber has been spoiling her, and has taken such a lot of money for it. Well, I never say anything against another professional. I should have taught her to walk first."

"Taught her to walk?"

"Yes, to walk, not shambling along as if her knees were tied together under her train, and twitching it every now and then out of her way. An actress has no business to touch her train, or to know that she has one. 'Tis odd how ladies who go to court can be so awkward with their trains on the stage. She could not even carry her dress; I don't know how she could dance in it. One of the officers told me he saw it on her at the palace ball."

"The ball at the palace last week? Then she did go after I saw her in his own room, with Ar——?" I caught myself on the slip of the tongue, and was struck silent; so, for some moments was Mrs.

Heathcote, but after a long stare at me she got out, "Oh! ah!" then, after another pause filled up in the same way, "I thought that gentleman had something to do with your nocturnal expedition. You saw her with him? at his chambers, you mean? and she went to the ball afterwards, of course; people do strange things sometimes, but a young girl like you at a man's chambers! The very last place she ought to have seen you in. I don't wonder she made her account of you there."

"What business had she——?"

"You've got nothing to do with that; she would know where to stop, how to save appearances; besides, she's safe as a married woman, whatever she chooses to do. So long as her husband's eyes are shut it's nobody's business to interfere."

"What! then you think he would put up with——?"

"Anything at all, he would, I declare I believe, and think no harm of his wife. Oh, he's a noble old fellow! I hope he's not deceived in her; she did go lengths with the young fellow who played De Neuville, the lover—it was Mrs. Cibber's business, she said at rehearsal: Mrs. Cibber, indeed! Whatever she makes her pupils do is sure to be disgusting; why Lady Diana kissed the man three times; not stage kisses either. Business is business, but when amateurs can't draw the line, they run into downright impropriety."

"She had a motive, perhaps, to make some one jealous—not her husband."

"I know what you mean. I think De Neuville took it she was smitten with his charms in earnest. Any vain young fellow would; she drove him mad over his part; he got up in the night to rehearse, and walked up and down his room repeating his words in his night attire; Mr. Heathcote could not sleep in the room beneath him. She has a great deal to answer for there; if she only did it to make some one else jealous, she went very far with him."

"Did the public—did her friends like it?"

"Her friends, as you say, not the public; she would have been hissed for such indecorum if she were an actress on the stage; her friends enjoyed it. I heard a titter in the stalls, and they did laugh at



her exit up the steps ; she would have six steps, and the lime light, if you please, to throw out her diamonds and make up—she would have anything that cost more money. Well, as she got up the steps her train rolled down them, like a jack in the box coming out, and set the audience in a roar ; it was irresistible."

"That must have put her out very much, what with the excitement she had before ?"

"Not a bit worse than every time she acts ; she always manages to keep some hold on her senses, like a half mad woman out on leave."

"She does not forget what she has to say ?"

"Oh, no ! she speaks her words all right, but she can't walk, and Mrs. Cibber can't teach her——"

"Perhaps Mrs. Cibber did not try ?"

"Perhaps not ; I should if she were twenty years younger, but she's too old to be taught, that's about the end of it when all's said and done."

Cruel Mrs. Heathcote, how I loved you !

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## CHAPTER XVI.

SWEET IS DEATH TO ME.

READER, have you ever noted in the official death returns, how many suicides every year occur amongst the young ? How many in the opening flower of their age, seventeen and eighteen, ay, fifteen and sixteen, find the burthen of life so intolerable at its dawn, as by their own act to cut it off rather than strive to reach its noon hours of rest, that pause on the path of weary labour, the reward of patient endurance in strife which conquers all mortal obstacles, and melts the obduracy of fate itself ? These children of sorrow know not by experience of the effect of Time's slow but sure healing hand. Their first affection, their first trust deceived, the one blow leaves them with the broken spirit that mortals may not bear and live : it seems to them as



if there were nothing left worth living for, no cause to renew the struggle beyond their strength to suffer, being not accustomed to the world's misery. Thus, after one fatal mistake, will rash, bright youth fling away its future—so easy is it then to die—much to the wonder of the old, who cling with such tenacity to the poor remnant of mere existence, with no pleasure in it left, when the last flicker of life-fire is just dipping beneath the brink of the open grave.

It seemed as though I too were about to die. I came home changed in manner and in face, the health and elastic spring of youth had gone away from me; my industry and cheerful ways all lost, my step was heavy and languid, as if my weight were more than my feet could bear, though my slight, girlish form had lost all roundness, and the slender bones were peering through the wasted flesh on neck and fingers. I was a spectacle and a marvel to the keen observation of our little world, a provoking object to my grandmother's surprise and angry pity.

"What can be the matter with the girl?" she puzzled herself to discover one day, having been irritated by the remarks of Mrs. Nightingale, the jealous, as to my extraordinary "going off" in bloom and spirit, and dark hints as to the possible causes, various complaints being first enumerated as incident to young girls, finally, dissatisfaction at being still without a husband, was hit upon as a reasonable excuse for my "wasting away as thin as a whipping post;" and for this mischance, both Mrs. Nightingale and my grandmother agreed with some inconsistency, I was myself chiefly in fault, having shown the disposition of a little coquette, by whom men dislike being made fools of. But granny added I was quite a child, and she hoped would know better next time, and not throw away a woman's only chance of any happiness in the world.

"What is wrong with you, my child?" she asked in kindness, when we were alone together; "do you wish to marry, now that you have put it out of your power to make a conquest as you ought to have done? I'm afraid we must be content with a humbler match now."

"No, granny, I will never marry beneath me."

"I do not wish that you should ; you are not fit to marry anyone but a gentleman of good birth, but we can never expect such another match as George Mauleverer. I knew at the time you would be sorry. I told you when you were doing it there would come a time when you would give the whole world, if you had it, to undo the fatal mistake of throwing such an offer away. Is that what you are feeling now ? Oh ! how well I knew you would ; how I prayed, and lowered myself more than I ought, to sue to you for pity for your own sake, and I might as well have reasoned with a stone wall, or an iron gate, and now when it can't be helped, you have no patience to bear what you brought upon yourself and me with your eyes open."

"Granny, you are mistaken, I am not fretting after George Mauleverer ; if he were free to renew his offer now, I should refuse him again. I am glad he's married."

"Then you ought not to say that to me. How can you expect ever to do any good, when you fly in the face of a parent ? You ought to have been married to him, it was very bad for me you are not—I should have had peace then."

"I could not love him, I never could."

"Pah ! I've no patience with such stuff. What's the matter with you then ? You're killing yourself with grief ; ruining your looks, and spoiling your voice, the only two things that a woman can advance herself in the world by. Is it for a man you are doing it ? Oh, Lord, there's nothing so dreadful as girls in love to anyone who has the care of them ! Oh, what an unfortunate old woman I am ! But surely if you were in love, at least you would tell it all to me ! That's impossible."

So much the better that she concluded so. She was the last to whom I could bear to tell such a thing. Between her world and mine lay the gap of a generation, she could not be to me as a fond mother, to pour my grief into her bosom and be comforted, to bear life for her sake who gave it ; I had frustrated her desire to force happiness upon me after her own views of woman's chief good, and she could have no patience with my reasonless, causeless sorrow, which

she took as an offence and reproach to her own bringing up of me. Struck with another idea through my silence, she exclaimed of a sudden :

“Is this a passion for the stage? If so, Lily, I had rather consent and let you try to do the best you could than see you die! perhaps you would not be allowed to act—you ought to tell me what happened to you in London, and I could give you my advice.”

“You are wrong there, granny—I have no wish for the stage—I had rather you left me to myself; there is nothing the matter with me indeed.”

“Nothing the matter with you! and you shedding tears from morning till night? That would be a bad tale to be told of me—I will not live in the house with you—I shall lose my character through you, as well as the rest: you have ruined my peace of mind and broken my heart already, that’s all the thanks I have got—no mother ever sacrificed herself to a daughter as I have done to you, and to be made feel, ‘how sharper than the serpent’s tooth is an ungrateful child,’” and, with this misquotation against me, she rushed out of the room.

I went to bed, where I could weep my fill unquestioned, and take my miserable pleasure in hot tears. I knew there would come hours when I should refrain, when all the water in my eyes should be shed and they needs must dry up in their sockets, until nature should replenish their fountains: I dreaded the dark, and left my candle lighted upon the foot of my bed—I did not expect there was any sleep for me. I lay awake several hours, but at last fell asleep, the candle still burning: it must have burned on till it came down to the paper in the socket of the candlestick, and after lighting that, the flame communicated itself somehow to the bed clothes and mattress: not to burn up conspicuously, but a dull smouldering, such as a breath would blow into a blaze, and set the house on fire: as it was, the room was filled with smoke when I awoke out of a dream of strangling and suffocation to see the red edges of fire creeping like worms in the dark through the coverings of my bed—another moment and I must have been stifled. I found my way to the window and flung it wide open: then a

flame rose, but I flung a jug of water upon it, dragged the bed clothes over and crushed it down into darkness : then I could not see, nor find my way out of the room, and the thick smoke was struggling with my breath. Though the door was shut it filled the house with the smell of burning. My grandmother was aroused by it, and rushed about in her loose night-dress, thinking the house was burning down : she came into my room, with a lighted candle in her hand, to look for the fire. I told her I had just put it out, which she did not believe till she had searched every corner and cupboard and found no fire, but the remains of my burnt bed clothes, and some marks of fire on my night-dress : then I told her how narrowly I had escaped being burnt to death, and how thankful I felt there was so little mischief done.

This was not her view of the adventure : " Nearly burnt in your bed ! Is that the tale you have to tell me ? O Lord ! What a disgrace ; if I had not been here to watch you, the house would have been burnt down, I suppose. O Lord ! and the servants will see you've burned all the bed. I'm well punished for your not being married. O Lord ! O Lord ! What a curse it is to have such a child ! "

" I am sorry to be alive to trouble you, I might have died for want of air, without the house being burned, if I had waked a few moments later. I am sorry it was not so since you take my escape of death as you do."

" Oh, Lily ! Lily ! you are killing me ! how can you say such a thing to me ? My character will be taken away from me, along with the rest, if I live with you any longer—there must be a separation—there is no other way to have any peace with you."

I took her at her word as if she meant what she said. I would not keep a hateful life by eating her bread any more ; I knew not what I should do ; I put on my hat and shawl and went out, wandering away alone by the sea shore, with no fixed intent but one—never again to return to my home ; my grandmother would think better of me if I were dead—we should vex each other no longer.

Through the death of mortal love, as through the death of mortal life, the bruised spirit is fain to pass, under the hand of God, alone ;

we are like the wounded bird, or the fawn with an arrow in her side, on broken wings or nerveless feet, dragging itself out of sight of its former companions, ready to shun it in its misery, laying itself down, amid some hidden covert beneath the leaves to perish in secret.

Not seventeen, and longing to die ! Yes, the strong and terrible desire of death was upon me now, and seemed to draw me back into the earth, from whence the fair beauty of all things springs—as Cyrus, the great King, when dying, told his sons, and bade them bury his royal corse in the universal grave. I looked upon the grace of my young form that I wished to destroy, and let the dust return to the earth as it was ; it pitied me for that, until I matched in imagination my pale girlish charms against her radiant beauty. What were all my poor attractions beside that Lamia's dazzling wealth of them to reduce a hero to her will ? her's—that evil hearted, terrible woman—who had corrupted the noble nature to which all my being clung. Are stolen waters so sweet to man ? would she entice him to set at nought her marriage vows, the only oaths a man may violate without infamy ? I never believed she could, while I was near him, I could not lift my eyes upon his face to think foul shame of him, but now that she had parted us, a hideous light was forcing itself into my eyes, and turning my love for Arthur into heart-hate and disgust, more bitter far than the sting of my own humiliation. I knew that he would never write to me again, after I left London ; nor did he ; I had nothing except two or three letters of his, and a camelia, faded but tenderly preserved—his gift in exchange for my living heart ; I drew it from my bosom where I kept it, and the cold earth felt gently to me, as the sweet bosom of the mother that bore me, her only child ; the evening fell upon me as I lay, and the moon threw open her pathway of light upon the shining sea, as it were to bid my spirit pass up the ladder of vision unto God.

Could I meet Him now ? Was it my destiny or my own sin that bade me despair and die ? Across that wave and sky, from beyond the stars, I heard loving voices call me, who had none to love me on earth, "Leila, Leila——." I remembered my father's voice, unheard

since early childhood ; I knew it now, deep and tender, for evermore ! and a whisper came beside it, from the mother's heart that ceased to beat when mine began. Why were they taken and I left in misery behind them ? Yes, they were calling me now, with clear voice from the world of spirits—did they know of my sorrows, and even in the mansions of the Highest could they weep for me ? And I looked again into the far horizon of the deep sea that separated me from the bright distant land where their earthly troubles slept beneath yonder light now shining on my wretchedness alike. How could I have their rest ? I asked myself ; in what manner would death come and take me ? I felt him very near, and trembled not. Was he coming to woo me with a bridegroom's kiss, more faithful and true than his which burned my brow and lips with fire, and had left upon my soul the ineffaceable mark of that baptism, eternal as its own existence ? I was reminded of a story my ayah told me, when I was a little child, of the lovely princess, " Krishna Kumari," for whom the countries of Rajpootanee were plunged in fratricidal war by the claims of rival princes to her hand, and how, to stay the cruel slaughter, and give peace to the land of her birth, the royal maid accepted the poisoned cup tendered to her lips by her wretched father's own hand, and, as she said " this is the bridegroom foredoomed for me," drank it, and speaking, trembled, sank down, and died—the theme of an heroic story, early in our nineteenth century. I fell asleep, and dreamed I was an Indian princess, and that a cup of poison was held before me by an invisible hand. I bent my head down to drink, and saw her face, my rival's, in the bottom of the cup, as it were reflected in a glass—I awoke with a cry, and saw that another day had risen on the sea. I felt faint, and it came to my mind that I had been wandering for a day and a night without food. But I suffered no common hunger ; the deep passion-thirst of the soul had quenched the sense of bodily need ; the tenderness and anguish of love came upon me, and I moaned, a loud, wailing note, that startled and pierced me through, as it were some strange voice of nature's unspeakable pangs—the sigh of the wind among the dark waves, or the murmured moan of the

troubled waters ; then the memory of a dear voice came whispering peace to my ear and heart, like the birds love-note of wooing to its mate ; it could not be denied or resisted by any strength that was in me—I felt myself sink into his arms to die with joy—but then—the thought flashed upon me like lightning—to divide his affections with her ! I spurned the poisoned delight untasted from my lips. Oh, God, my jealousy ! that pang was as teeth of fire within my bosom—how had I been infected with such horrible feelings, as in my ignorance I dreamed not of ? Had I fallen asleep in Paradise, after tasting of the apple of the fall, and awaked with ten years' sin and sorrow laid in one night as a pall upon my young life's days ?

I thought of the Shunamite, the mystic bride of the great king, of the pains of her bliss ; was love, then, in itself a pain ? What must it then be to me, deceived, betrayed, abandoned ? Was there no remedy for such wretches as I ? Yes, one ; I thought of it now, looking upon the bright blue water, glittering in the early sunlight, cold and beautiful, and upon me the desire was very strong to allay the awful fever of the heart as “ burning Sappho ” allayed it, in the old Greek days, when women loved as women can love now. I was lying upon the scanty grass mixed with sand, which made me not too smooth a couch, upon a headland, not so high, perhaps, as the rock of Leucadia, from which the Lisbian leaped down to make her eternal rest in the deep sea's bed. But I could see the waters risen to a height more than would cover my head, and roll over it, as the tide came in ; and down beneath, through their clear depths, the shells and shingles showed distinct and beautiful as the floor of a siren's chamber. I looked long, and with keen and piercing gaze, and a resistless impulse came upon me—I knew no more.

I was beneath the waters, shut out from air, though not from light. I could see and realise the horror, while I could not breathe ; my life was being torn from me in dumb agony ; all the torments of strangulation were upon me. I struggled madly, and my agonies were the more. To my amazement I came to the surface, and felt the sun warm upon me ; to breathe the air I had no time. I sank



again, and felt no more pain; there were bells ringing in my ears, and I knew they would go on until the echo of all mortal sounds should die out in one great silence.

I was lying in bed when I awoke to sensation, not my own bed, as I saw very soon. Close upon me were the narrow walls of a cottage; a strange, but kindly face was by my pillow—a fisherman's wife, as I discovered afterwards; her husband it was who saw my cloak floating on the water, and discovering a human being beneath it, plunged in and rescued me in time, from what he supposed to be an accidental peril of drowning. As soon as I recovered my senses, the fisher-wife called to my poor old grandmother, whom I had not seen at first, as she sat at the foot of my bed in silent despair. She rose, and in violent agitation, motioned the woman to leave us alone together.

"Granny," I said—I found I scarce could speak, "I threw myself into the sea, to take away my own life—if I recover, granny, you will not say unkind things again—you will not drive me to do such an act?"

"Hush, hush! for God's sake—don't let them hear you talk so! did you do it on purpose? let it be thought it was an accident—think of the disgrace, the ruin to us both if the world knew—I'll do anything you like, my darling child; only keep that unknown for ever."

"What should you have done if I had been dead?"

"Oh, child, child! what should I do but lie down and die too?"

I was subdued by the words of kindness; I fell on her neck and kissed her, weeping aloud, while she kept crying, "Hush, hush, take care they don't hear."

I clung to her now with all a daughter's love—poor old helpless thing! how wicked and cruel it was to give her so much harrowing anxiety! I clasped her to my heart as its only precious possession that God had left, and we wept for each other: was she not the sole frail plank between me and utter desolation now?

*(To be continued.)*

## SPARE MINUTES WITH MOLIERE.

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### LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;  
The rest is all but leather or prunella."—*Essay on Man*.

**I**N these days of rampant snobbishness and a general emulousness of ostentation in all ranks there is much profit in the study of a comedy which exhibits the *nouveau riche* in his most ridiculous light, and conveys to us through two centuries the impressions which such a character created upon the mind of the great French dramatist. Class jealousy is no new feature in the life of communities, as it is as old as human nature itself. Man is at all times loth to acknowledge inferiority to his fellow creatures ; and, whilst his effort to rise in the social scale is an evidence of laudable self-esteem, his frequent avoidance of the thorny paths of the ascent, and his common habit of mistaking the accessories and mere indications of progress for its essentials provoke ridicule and prejudice the honesty of his intentions. Impatience of a subordinate rank in society too often finds expression in a crazed hunt after wealth as the one requisite for elevation. The material is sought after, whilst the moral is left to take care of itself. Possessed of the means of luxury and display, the *parvenu* conceives that by aping his betters he becomes entitled to take rank amongst them, and lives to be rudely reminded that his labours have secured for him the very least of titles to their respect. Molière's evident design in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is to delineate the *parvenu* rather than the snob—the man whose un-

educated mind and obtuse instincts prompt him to follow slavishly, and even with suffering, the example of the fashionable world, not the arrogant, self-satisfied and equally ignorant pretender who thinks he can graduate by the mere possession of money or a few meretricious accomplishments. Although the two words are often confounded because Thackeray's well-known definition applies in a measure to both, we take it that there is a marked distinction between them; and Monsieur Jourdain, though not a snob, is a *parvenu* of the purest breed. There is none of the artificial *hauteur* about his character with which the genus snob makes us familiar. He is even affectingly docile, like all of his class, in acquiring what he conceives to be the essential attributes of the position his money has made. He allows himself to be robbed by an aristocrat because the acquaintance links him, as he thinks, with the class to which his wealth cannot introduce him. He labours assiduously but unintelligently at fencing, music and dancing, because, although he has no capacity for either, and no appreciation of their value, he is told that they are essential qualifications of a gentleman. He suffers ridicule for the sake of his attire, because he is instructed that he will forfeit his claim to refinement by doffing it. He will marry his daughter to a marquis in order to purchase at the cost of her life-long happiness a footing in the society after which his vanity hankers, and in all these characteristics he represents with remarkable fidelity his extensive class.

No one can read this comedy without observing the dexterity of the arrangement. The accumulation of incidents illustrating the follies and foibles of the *parvenu* as known in all ages and under all skies is remarkable, and the humour from first to last is well sustained. In the first Act we have a most diverting dialogue between the professors of music and dancing, in which they descant upon the merits of their several callings. In the second Act Monsieur Jourdain's conduct during the performance which they provide is a *unique* exhibition of vanity and enquiring innocence. This is succeeded by a scene with the fencing master and a *fracas* between the three professors, which serves to exemplify professional jealousy to perfection. The teacher

of philosophy outraging his own dogmas by a fit of passion, and the *parvenu's* lesson in logic, morals, and orthography are in themselves enough for a whole play. Again, the comical conceit in the scene with the tailor, the salutary oburgations of Madame Jourdain upon her husband's folly, the whimsical rascality of Count Dorante, who, in borrowing money, tickles his victim's vanity, or, as his wife says, "*le gratte par où il se démange*," the gullibility of Monsieur Jourdain in the affair of Dorante and Dorimène, the amusing lovers' wrangle which runs through Scenes VIII., IX. and X., of the third Act, and, finally, the extravagance of the imposture designed to secure the alliance of Cléonte with Lucile, the *parvenu's* daughter, all furnish an amount of entertainment such as is seldom compressed into the limits of the lengthiest comedies.

The traits of character which reveal the man as Molière wished to paint him are all striking touches of nature. What could more fitly illustrate the pride of the *parvenu* in his belongings than this exquisite little passage:—

Monsieur Jourdain—"Laquais ! holà, mes deux laquais !"

Premier Laquais—"Que voulez-vous, monsieur ?"

Monsieur Jourdain—"Rien. C'est pour voir si vous m'entendez bien."

\* \* \* \* \*

Monsieur Jourdain—"Laquais !"

Premier Laquais—"Monsieur ?"

Monsieur Jourdain—"L'autre laquais !"

Second Laquais—"Monsieur ?"

Or the following, addressed to both of the lackeys: "Suivez-moi que j'aïlle un peu montrer mon habit par la ville; et surtout ayez soin tous deux de marcher immédiatement sur mes pas, afin qu'on voie bien que vous êtes à moi."

Or the close of Scene IX., Act II., when the tailor, by addressing him as "mon gentilhomme," obtains a *pour-boire*, which is immediately supplemented when he is dubbed "Monseigneur." Surely the London shoeblack evinces some knowledge of the infirmity of human nature when he endeavours to extort an additional penny from a counterman by calling him "captain!"

What can eclipse the profundity of the *parvenu's* ignorance when

he hears with rapture that he has spoken prose for forty years without knowing it, when he discovers that the labial and dental formation of consonants is an art, when he quarrels with Nicole for thrusting tierce before carte and not waiting for him to parry? The servile mimicry of the *parvenu* is capitally emphasised. The music master has no difficulty in persuading him to have a concert at his house every Wednesday and Thursday when he hears that it is a practice of the fashionable world, and the only condition he attaches to it is the introduction of a *trompette marine*, which is melodious to his ears. So with the tailor who palms off upon him a waistcoat with the flowers at the bottom instead of the top by encountering his objections with the simple formula that it is the mode with people of title. The sycophancy of this typical bourgeois is an essential feature of his conduct. As he has but one ambition—namely, to be numbered with the class from which his birth and training exclude him, he seeks to flatter the vanity of that class by adopting their dress and mimicking their practices; but the *parvenu* is prepared to go yet further; and keen as he may be in his business relations with his equals, he will enact the part of the egregious fool with his superiors, and accept with humility their kick if he conceives that by so doing he can establish a claim to their support. As a man devoid of self-esteem can never secure respect, Monsieur Jourdain's ill-success with Count Dorante is the common experience of mankind. This titled worthy plays upon the aspiring vainty of his victim as the ambitious *parvenu* is ever played upon by those less scrupulous members of society, who eat his dinners, borrow his money, and generally utilise his services, whilst they satirise his infirmities. "Hé bien," says Jourdain to his shrewd and indignant wife, "ne m'est-ce pas de l'honneur de prêter de l'argent à un homme de cette condition-là? et puis-je faire moins pour un seigneur qui m'appelle son cher ami?" And how does Dorante repay this "flexure and low bending?" By raising large sums of money from the vain sycophant, by purchasing costly gifts for his *inamorata*, and presenting them, albeit he was entrusted with the duty by Jourdain himself; by betraying the silly

creature's confidence and abusing his hospitality, and by describing him to Dorimène in his own house as a "bon bourgeois assez ridicule dans toutes ses manières."

Dorante's treatment of the *parvenu* represents the measure commonly meted out to the vain pretenders who, oblivious of the fact that "worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow," are perpetually striving to depose the true standard of merit and to set up meretricious and shallow advantages in its stead. A little study of those striking epigrams which constitute the *Essay on Man* would convince many a *parvenu* of the Jourdain type that, whilst restlessly striving to copy his social betters in contemptible externals, he is engaged in beating the air, and neglecting the chief opportunities of life. When Pope wrote, Molière had been dead the greater part of a century; but, surely, the following lines will suggest themselves to every reader as a fit commentary upon the lesson which the great actor and author wished to enforce:

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,  
More rich, more wise, but who infers from hence  
That such are happier shocks all common sense."

\* \* \* \*

"If, then, to all men happiness was meant,  
God in externals could not place content."

\* \* \* \*

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

\* \* \* \*

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Madame Jourdain is the foil of the comedy, and it is her sound sense which is ever striving to recall her vain husband to the realities of life. As Rubens's delineations of the female countenance were said to be so many reproductions of his wife's well-known features, so Molière is ever recurring to the unhappy Armande, who so cruelly betrayed him; and it is generally believed that Cléonte's description of Lucile, in Scene IX. of Act III., was inspired by the author's tender appreciation of her attractions. Valentine's impassioned eulogy on

Sylvia might, with singular appropriateness, be put into the mouth of the illustrious Frenchman. The fond obstinacy with which Cléonte disallows any disparagement of the girl he himself eagerly denounces is a touch of nature which had already been illustrated in *Le Misanthrope*, and is one of the many features which recommend this merry comedy to all students of human character in its infinite variety of phases.

FRANK RHYS THOMAS.

## A SKETCH OF COUNTRY LIFE IN SILESIA.

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**H**ERE one lives only for oneself, and for one's husband; there is neither ball, theatre, nor society (scarcely even a concert); one simply lives and dies—that is all. But I would add, in summer there is Nature—in the winter it is too cold here almost to appreciate her. But come if you like, and you shall be welcome; so perhaps you will come in the spring."

So wrote my German governess, Frau Bürgermeister, to whom, half in jest, half in earnest, my visit had been proposed, and in earnest, now, I determined I would come.

It was a long journey, and a somewhat tedious one from London to Irgendwo. Possibly with few people would it have been regarded *comme but de voyage*, nor would they have cared to pass by so many large important towns, as I did for this lesser, smaller one. But it possessed two desirable objects, first a complete change of air, and secondly a close insight into the *Volksleben*, or *Bürgerleben* of a German town or village; for indeed, but a big village Irgendwo appeared to me, with its 2,300 inhabitants, though that it should be called anything else but a town would have quickly raised a contradictory burst of eloquence in support of its size and dignity from my friend and hostess, Frau Bürgermeister.

For many, many miles after leaving Berlin, and before reaching Wohlau, the last station before reaching my destination, the country wore a sandy and desolate appearance. Wide and uncultivated stretches of land, succeeded at constant intervals by dark, serried masses of firs and pines, occasionally interspersed with the white naked stems of birch (which in the month of April, when I was



then travelling, were as yet leafless), all so closely planted together that the result was a growth dwarfed and spindled, and an appearance that was starved and struggling. Occasionally, too, the eye caught sight of dull lifeless-looking pools, some of them almost lakelets, lending a desolate, *morne* variety to the view of the land as it passed with slow sameness out of sight. For the train was a slow one, and that is saying a good deal for a German train. Everything around, in Northern Silesia seemed so flat, and so still, and so dead, till one woke up to some faint approach to life five minutes before nearing a station, when the train slackened its speed still more, its whistle sounding half muffled, with none of the energetic shrillness that in our country makes us hastily rise and gather our handbags and wrappers together, with a secret misgiving that we may yet, despite these early precautions, be left behind. It was with a scarcely perceptible movement that we glided into a station or left it behind us—that we arrived and departed. There was no oscillation, no bumping, no sudden jerk, that entailed an awkward clutch, or an unnecessary, “I beg your pardon,” as you found that you had after all retained your balance, and that there was no occasion to have hurt your English prejudices, by addressing an utterly unknown stranger.

There was no porter, with cracked, twanged voice, no deafening ring, no hurry, or activity on arrival; while a bell that hung by a rope under a little slanting roof, like the top of a small dog-kennel, solemnly, and with a mellow clang, gave the signal for departure.

During the three hours' journey from Wohlau, the country soon began to assume a more cheerful and picturesque appearance. Windmills going slowly and seriously round, men and women working diligently in the fields along many of which we drove, through the rough, rutty roads, for we had quickly turned out of the *chaussée*, the Landweg being considerably shorter. Our conveyance was the roomiest and most “ancient (smelling)” of carriages, comfortably lined with grey cloth, full of numerous little pockets, very handy for small packages. The seat of the driver was well-protected by a kind of square leathern hood, under which he sat so low down that only his

head and the tips of his shoulders were visible, and it was at first a matter of wonderment how he could have any purchase over his horses, but it seemed as if he had nothing more to do than to hold the reins, and they went at their own pace.

Vehicles of every description, even the commonest carts, of simplest construction, with three planks set lengthways, were all drawn by two horses (the pole in the middle), and when, occasionally, only one horse was to be obtained—as in the harvest-time, when every quadruped is in absolute requisition—a carriage, as you met it, presented a very one-sided and unimposing appearance. Frequently the carts were drawn by a cow and a horse, or an ox and a horse, the one going stolidly forward with a swinging round-to-the-side movement of its haunches, while the other proceeded with a straight, and altogether different kind of progression, which never for a moment disturbed the more rhythmical tread of its partner.

One was specially struck by the poor, nerveless condition of the horses, as if their food afforded them no stamina; there was no play in their muscles, and I can find no more appropriate expression for their hind-quarters, than that they *vacillated*; especially those we met working in, and going from and to, the fields.

“That is a nice horse,” said my friend to me one day; “he draws well.” “Do you think so?” I replied, laughing; “it seems to me his bones are all jelly, they wobble so: it is a constant wonder to me how the horses can get through the work they do.”

Before entering Irgendwo, we came once more upon the *chaussée*, driving through a wide and clean-looking suburb, with its white-painted houses, along which, for several hundred yards bordering the road-way, was a triple row of lime-trees, and on the other side two or three ponds, with a thick green, greasy coating, still and stagnant in the daytime; but later on their verdant ooze was perforated by innumerable shiny frogs’ heads, that gave forth a resonant and whirring *craquaille*, resembling very closely a perpetual movement of alarums. There were one or two nurses walking slowly through the lime-trees, with white kerchiefs tied over their heads and knotted

under the chin, wheeling their charges in perambulators like a wicker-work cot set upon wheels. All of them, and most of the inhabitants from door and window were endeavouring to obtain a glance of the *Engländerinn* who had come to visit their little unsought town. Round a sharp, narrow, and very angular corner, and over a jolting pavement, whose stones, I learnt from an after experience, were so constructed that they all seemed to have a little uneven rise in the very centre, upon which, if your foot did not land with true precision, you found it sliding between it and its neighbour. Having experienced a slight twinge, you tried again, perhaps with a more successful advancement across the spacious and even handsomely built market-place, with its *Rathshaus* and *Katholische Kirche* in the centre, the windows of the latter overshadowed by a magnificent, wide-spreading lime-tree.

At one of the corners of the market place, having driven a few yards further along, our carriage stopped. I had arrived at my destination, a solid red-brick house. Its broad brown stable-like doors opened immediately, a bell rang sharply, and I was greeted with a tremendous fit of barking from a brown sharp-nosed terrier, with close cut tail, and still closer cropped ears. There was a rush of skirts, and I found myself at once in the embrace, and under the protection of my former preceptress.

Some years had elapsed since we last met, and in the meanwhile my friend from being *maigre* and *mince* had developed a prosperous and plethoric appearance, and an assumption of good-natured importance as wife of *chef de la ville* that displayed itself in many little characteristic ways. It was with considerable pride that my hostess pointed out to me the advantages and arrangements of her house. Two-thirds of the ground floor were occupied by the fire-engine of the town, the other third being divided into a cellar, a larder, and a square of red-stone pavement, sanded over, upon which the front door opened; a mangle in one corner of it, and a door on the other side led into a small yard, with a flower-bed or two, with a pear-tree in the centre, and a summer house covered with wild vine. A wide brown staircase, with its paint worn away in the middle, led to the second floor, the

first door on the landing which belonged to the kitchen, had a little square pane of glass let into it just sufficient to frame the servant's face as she peered through it, looking down the staircase to see who the visitors might be. For there is no downstairs knocker in these little towns as we have it, but a wide double door, just like those belonging to a coach-house, through which you let yourself by pressing hard down upon a brass handle, upon the lever principle; at the same instant a bell strikes against a piece of iron at the top, and your entrance is loudly proclaimed. You are expected to close the door, when the same jarring tintinabulation is repeated, and the inmates are warned in time to retreat, or to appear in another toilette, etc. You then ascended the stairs under the supervision of the face framed and glazed, with its stolid staring eyes watching every movement of your ascent, and which, unless you were a vendor, or the mistress were out, keeps immovable guard of its position. Turning to another door similar to the one through which you have made your entrance, but without a bell, you tap against it, hesitating for a moment outside. A voice cries—the German women all cry, a modulated voice is a rarity—"Herein," and you enter, and are at once greeted by your hostess. The first room (kitchen, servants' room, sleeping-room, eating-room, and drawing-room all open one into the other) was used both as sitting and sleeping room, high green stuff curtains shutting off the two long narrow beds and washstands of husband and wife completely from view; a table and sofa opposite the window, from which the eye caught a pretty view of the church, situated in the centre of the town on the highest piece of ground, its unusually tall tower rising to a great height, far above the rest of the little hap-hazard placed houses lying along and surrounding its base, each of them with a long, narrow strip of garden at the rear.

Passing through yet another wide pair of doors, the upper half glass, with white muslin blinds behind it, I was led into the next apartment. A varied view of the town from its windows was to be obtained, of the town-hall, with its conspicuous steeple, and clock that chimed at every quarter—of right across one corner of the market-

place to the bürgermeister's bureau, and the red letter-box that stood in front of it. Just opposite, in the narrow little street upon which the window looked, was a small low slanting-roofed house, a shoemaker's—with crosswise beams running in v's up and down the walls, indeed there was scarcely a house without these, and from the window of my room above, which looked directly down upon it, I used to watch every Sunday morning a *cuirassier* private cleaning and brightening his helmet.

At the end of the *salon*, or *die gute stube*, as it was termed in more familiar converse, was the tolerably sized square of carpet usually to be met with in all German houses, and in this instance florid and generous in design; in the centre of it an oval table occupying the greater part of what might have been turned to considerably more comfort for one's own feet; on one side and against the wall a large bed-like sofa, covered with *crétonne*, the other three sides of the carpet being guarded round by chairs, very hard and upright, the rest of the floor showing bright and clean in its yellow and brown squares of wooden boarding. In the windows dark green wicker-work basket-stands, with pots of ivy creepers trailing down and round the edge; lilies of the valley, and other varieties of plants and flowers. And these bed-like sofas, and the round basket were to be found in almost every house, the latter occasionally varied by the plants being in large single pots, standing on the floor and trained up a wooden frame—in shape like a fan; the best furniture was more generally covered with a very thick coarse kind of Utrecht velvet, which in the height of a glaring hot summer, being the only seat in the sitting-rooms which had any claim to comfort, did not tend to coolness and to repose.

A high white porcelain stove, reaching to within half a yard of the ceiling, stood in every apartment; these occupied a considerable corner, and in most cases looked handsome and massive, lending an appearance to the room, as all of them were more or less ornamented, and with a sort of scoop or shallow hollow about the centre of the front of them, in which was sometimes a grinning Tyrolean

boy, a Venus, or a meek shepherd and maiden, while occasionally Napoleon, with folded arms and a busy frown, would look down from the groove in the stove.

A door out of the *salon* showed a long narrow little room—the breakfast room. The stove in this was inferior, and used for extra culinary purposes—coffee, fruit, hot water—with two square holes, or rather divisions, in which, when not occupied by cooking utensils, Minne the cat, and Bochsel the dog, took refuge in the colder months, and, indeed, whenever they found it comfortable to do so.

A general German kind of smell invariably permeated the rooms, of which one could never quite satisfactorily discover the *direct* source, the nearest that one could arrive at with any certainty being a mixture of *Sauerkraut*, *Speck* (fat of bacon), together with stale tobacco and *Waldmeister*, the latter a herb that seemed to be introduced into every possible thing, in every possible way, from soap to wine, and which I could never be quite sure whether I liked or disliked; but it is indelibly associated—as all scents are associative—with Germany; the word Germany or German has but to be said or read, when that peculiar compound of smell vibrates through my olfactory nerves.

“And now you will unpack your things?” My hostess had led the way to my room, a long low attic, lathed and plastered, unlike the rest of the house, where the wind whistled and played through the rafters, and which was chill and draughty in the spring months, and later on baking hot, with a dry stifling atmosphere, as the sun poured down full upon it in the bright dazzling warmth of June.

I did not fail to read the coming expression of criticism with which Frau Bürgermeister’s small dark eyes regarded my “things.”

“Ah—so. It is not the fashion here. See;” and she held up her own voluminous skirts, to display the latest fashion, which, she told me as Frau Bürgermeister it was incumbent upon her to take the lead in. My large hat was dubiously regarded with an unfavourable eye. Everybody would stare at it, I was told. My simplest morning dress received a shake of the head. It was only fit to put on after twelve o’clock. Had I no nice cool frock? and away she disappeared, bringing back a

dingy grey morning gown over her arm, which, feeling I was expected to admire, with a sense that my own was utterly out of keeping, I answered, with hesitation, that it certainly did seem very loose and comfortable. Presently a genuine German laugh, which I felt certain must be at my expense, disconcerted me. It was because I had fastened the bows of a lace tie at the back. I reddened a little angrily at being told in so many words that it would be the cause of a great deal of further amusement. Nevertheless I stoutly refused to make any alteration in my toilet. It was evident I did not appear to advantage in Frau Bürgermeister's eyes. I was made perfectly aware that I was a curiosity, a veritable lion(ess), in Irgendwo, where no English person had ever before to my knowledge paid a visit, and Frau Bürgermeister, as keeper, was beaming, indeed almost boiling over with fussiness, business, and importance.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

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HIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main—  
The venturous barque that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim-dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil ;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.



Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
    Child of the wandering sea,  
    Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !  
    While on my ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
    As the swift seasons roll !  
    Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
    Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea !

## THE SALE OF FOOD AND DRUGS ACT.

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**T**HE Sale of Food and Drugs Acts, 1872 and 1875, were excellent examples of that domestic legislation of which, for some time to come, we cannot have too much. It is indeed interesting to watch the working of the Act of 1875, and returns lately published afford us ample opportunity of judging the results obtained up to within a recent period.

Of the samples examined by Dr. Hassall in 1854-1856 considerably more than one-half were reported against, while the proportion of adulterated samples is now less than one-fifth—viz., 19·2 per cent., and if London is taken alone, the proportion is less than one-seventh—viz., 13·4 per cent. Moreover, if the one article of spirits be excluded from the calculation, the percentage of adulteration is reduced from 19·2 to 15·5 in the country generally, and from 13·4 to 12 in the metropolis.

During the year 1877, the percentage of samples of milk (which of all things should be pure) adulterated was 24·1; the samples examined being 4,435 in number; of bread 7·4; of flour, 6·0; of butter, 10·8; of coffee, 17·5; of sugar, 0·4; of mustard, 18·8; of pickles (including tinned vegetables), 27·6; of jam, 6·1; of confectionery, 3·3; of wine, 32·2; of beer, 9·3; of gin, 57·7; of spirits other than gin, 47·6; of drugs, 21·8; of other articles, 9·8.

Of tea, which is examined at the Custom House, 662 samples were examined, and 547 were allowed to pass. Of the 88 detained and referred to the Board of Customs, 44 were ultimately allowed to pass for home consumption; 36 samples, representing 10,401 packages,

were rejected, but allowed to be re-exported, and one chest was destroyed as being unfit for human food, 7 samples being still under detention. With one exception, the whole of the teas that have been detained were from China, and the chief objection was the presence of exhausted leaves.

It is to be regretted that milk is so much tampered with, very nearly a quarter of the samples examined being reported as adulterated. Having regard to the part which milk has lately been shown to play in the spread of infectious disease, it is most important that this commodity should be sold in a pure condition; and it seems very desirable that the public should avail themselves more extensively of the provisions of the Act in cases where there is reason for suspicion. We may observe that the ordinary adulteration of this article consists simply in dilution with water, and that additions of chalk and other foreign substances appear to be no longer made. In the Westminster district, indeed, cases were found in which milk had been treated with boric acid, in order to prevent it from turning sour; but this acid would not, in the opinion of the analyst, be injurious to health. The analyst of the Strand district states that the Society of Analysts has adopted, for milk which may be passed as unsophisticated, a standard which is necessarily low in order to meet exceptional cases of natural poverty in quality, and he complains that the result is that, in many cases, the milk sold is watered down to that standard. The analyst for Paddington writes to the same effect, and observes that "in this way good milk bears the addition of a large proportion of water of adulteration, and yet securely goes to the purchaser free from interference."

The use of alum for improving the appearance of both bread and flour has not yet disappeared, but the percentages of adulterated samples are only 7·4 and 6·0 respectively, and it is seldom that more than a small quantity of alum is found present. Of the samples of butter examined, about 10 per cent. were found to be adulterated, the admixture consisting generally of foreign fats and colouring matter. The analyst for North Derbyshire states that "the production

of a fictitious butter is now carried on extensively both in this kingdom and abroad. There is nothing in the artificial butter at all injurious to health, but it is probably less digestible than the genuine butter." This product is sometimes sold under the name of "Butterine," or "Margarine," although, as the reports show, it is too often fraudulently substituted for genuine butter. Mixtures of chicory and coffee, and compounds of manufactured mustard, are still sold without due notification to the purchaser of the fact of such mixture.

Of sugar, only a single sample, out of 253 examined, has been reported on as adulterated. The practice of heightening the colour of pickles by the use of copper, which was carried on to a pernicious extent when Dr. Hassall's analyses were made, has now been abandoned by most English manufacturers, but there seems to have been a considerable importation from France of tinned peas, which have been examined with the result of showing that copper has been added to preserve their appearance of freshness in quantities sometimes decidedly injurious to health. In sweetmeats there has been a substantial improvement, and out of 300 samples only ten were found adulterated. In a few instances, deleterious colouring matter was detected, but the use of such noxious pigments as chromate of lead, gamboge, and mineral green, which was very general when Dr. Hassall made his inquiries, seems now to be comparatively rare. Of wines, only 59 samples were submitted for analysis in the whole of England during the year, and of these, 16 were reported on as adulterated, 12 being at Salford, and 4 at Preston. In the cases at Preston, the "wines" examined appear to have been sold as "British Sherry" and "British Port," and to have contained no grape juice whatever.

Only 503 samples of drugs were examined in England and Wales during the year, of which 110 were found to be adulterated. The smallness of the number of samples submitted to analysis is to be regretted. It is obvious that the use of adulterated drugs may defeat the intention of the physician, and that the consequence may be exceedingly serious. Of the samples examined, more than one-fifth

are reported against, and some of them were far below the standard of the British Pharmacopæia. There was one case in which suspicion was aroused by the death of two dogs to which medicine bought as jalap had been administered; and an analysis showed that two-thirds of the so-called jalap consisted of strychnine. A similar result was given by an analysis of another sample of "jalap" purchased at the same shop, and the chemist was made aware of the mistake which had occurred, a mistake which might easily have been attended by disastrous results. In the year 1876, in order to test the care and accuracy of the druggists of Sheffield, the inspectors were provided with prescriptions written by qualified medical men, and so arranged that each prescription should include a full dose of some rather expensive remedy. The drugs chosen for the purpose were iodide of potassium, sulphate of quinine, and spirit of nitrous ether. It was then found in several cases that less than the prescribed quantity of the particular drug had been used; and in one or two of the prescriptions made up in 1877 there was a similar deficiency.

Of the samples of beer examined, rather less than one-tenth were reported against, in almost all cases owing to their containing an excess of salt, but no other foreign ingredient. In the metropolis, however, out of 215 samples, all but 7 were found pure. Whether the public are to be congratulated on their ability to judge the quality of beer, as implied in the comparatively small number of adulterations, is a matter for separate consideration.

Of 910 samples of gin examined, 525 figure as adulterated, and the examination of other spirits has given results almost equally unfavourable. The adulteration of gin with capsicum, grains of paradise and sulphuric acid, which are stated to have been employed a quarter of a century ago, appears to be no longer in vogue, but the reduction of the strength of spirits by water, often to a considerable extent, after they have left the vats of the distiller, is a practice which prevails very widely. Dissatisfaction has arisen in the retail trade as to the operation of the Act in relation to spirits, and petitions have been presented in favour of an amendment of the Act in this respect. It is

stated that gin, as sent out from the distilleries, is usually twenty-two degrees, or less, under proof, and it is urged that the publican ought not to be punished for merely reducing the strength with water, and selling the compound so reduced at a comparatively low price. It does not appear to us that there is any reason why a publican should not sell a mixture of gin and water, provided that he does not sell the mixture as gin, which it certainly is not. Some publicans have adopted the plan of labelling their bottles as containing diluted spirits; and as regards spirits sold by the glass, in which case labels could not be affixed under Section 8 of the Act, retailers may proclaim, by adequate notification to their customers, that all spirits sold by them at a certain price are a certain number of degrees (or more) under proof.

The Customs authorities report that green teas, as now imported, can scarcely be said to be coloured. The facing is very slight, rarely or never exceeding one per cent., and mostly consists of a fine powder of magnesia, with no deleterious colouring matter. A great number are imported without any facing whatever, not only from India, Java, and Japan, but also from China.

We find that, as was the case in the previous year, nearly all the articles analysed have been procured by inspectors appointed under Section 13 of the Act, and that in very few instances have analyses been made at the instance of private purchasers.

Although the provisions of the Act are well known, and the procedure under it is simple, the public generally appear unwilling to take proceedings for their own protection; and in those cases in which, although analysts have been appointed, the authorities have made no efficient arrangements for obtaining samples, the Act has usually remained almost entirely inoperative. In several English counties, and in the greater part of Wales, no analyses whatever have been made, and the counties of Buckingham, Essex, Kent, Oxford and Suffolk have altogether only furnished 30 samples.

So much for the past. Looking to the future operations of Act we are forcibly reminded of some recent decisions given by the


certain stipendiary magistrates, that the adulteration is not to the prejudice of the purchaser (*i.e.*, in most cases the inspector) *unless the article is consumed by him* ; and we are inclined to hope, having the fate of the Act of 1872 in our mind, these decisions will not be allowed to render the Act of 1875 inoperative. The objection does not, to us, seem worthy of consideration, and as it is only now urged in one or two quarters, is rather to be treated as a vain and quibbling attempt to show a legal mind than as the result of the exercise of common sense. The magistrates should, when the wording may be considered as doubtful in meaning, be guided by the spirit of the Act, as well as by the intention of its framers, and especially when dealing with the interpretation of the English language they must take, not what the words may be construed to mean, but how they are meant, and how they are generally understood. Let them recollect that no legislator yet has been able to define what is a "House."

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## A STUDY: AFTER WHISTLER.

BY C. L. PIRKIS.

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“ SET grey life.” Yes, that is exactly what hers was. A harmony in blue and grey, with the grey very much predominating, and a dim cloudlike back-ground, shadowed with dusky black. Something that at first sight seemed smeared and blurred, and ill-defined, and that required a thoughtful, cultivated eye to detect the perfect outline, the harmony of colouring, and the master’s touch in every part of the picture.

Her early home was somewhere in a low-lying marshy county, near enough to the great metropolis to be prosaic and suburban, not near enough to be engulfed in its interests and pleasures, its excitements and politics. Her father was rector of the place, and, like many other rectors, ill-paid for the work he did, and like many more, having a large family and sickly wife. A very courteous man he was, a kindly gentle man, and an earnest scholar, but not one likely to make a great stir in the world, or to get his name upon everyone’s lips. He read the prayers slowly and carefully on Sundays in his small church, and preached a fifteen minutes’ sermon afterwards, exhorting the people “to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly,” and then he would visit among his poor parishioners when they were sick or dying. That was all. He had no notion as to the organisation of vast schemes of charity, no new ideas as to political economy, nor speculative theories as to the future state of



mankind in this life or any other, to put forth to the world ; and so he passed along the highway attracting little or no notice from his fellow men.

When his elder daughter was about twelve years old the mother died, and he took the little one on his knee and smoothed her soft brown hair, and told her what a good, kind little nurse she had been to the mother, and he felt sure now she would become a clever little housewife, and kind little mother to the wee brothers and sisters ; and then he stroked the soft brown hair again, and called her his own little Patience.

And thus it was her name came to be called Patience ; and the cares of a large household, with small means, weighed upon her weak shoulders, made a pale thin face pale and thin to absolute colourlessness, and dark thoughtful eyes look careworn and sad.

As the boys grew older they learnt to call her Pattie ; the little sisters picked it up from the brothers, and in course of time it was quite forgotten that she, like her brothers and sisters, owned three pretty names of her own. "Pattie, Pattie," resounded all over the small scantily-furnished house to the other end of the large weedy garden, from morning till night. Only her father called her Patience still. "Patience, come with me to see poor sick Dame Durden," "Patience, I want jelly or soup made." "Patience, listen to this article from *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly*." These were some of his more frequent behests, changing as he grew older and less inclined for exertion, with weaker limbs and dimmer sight, to—"Patience, go *for me* to such an one sick or dying." "Patience, read *to me* this or that article and review," or, "Patience, hear the boys their Latin, or run through their sums with them."

Then there was the morning's housekeeping with cook (always cross because she was not allowed scope for her culinary talents), and the difficult question to solve how to provide a substantial, satisfying mid-day meal for six hungry boys and girls, and a more refined repast for papa, in the quiet evening, with work done and the children in bed, on a strictly limited sum, with the terrible knowledge always in

the back-ground that, if this sum be exceeded by ever so small an amount, that one must do without a new pair of shoes for another three months, or this one wear a summer bonnet half way through the winter. As for Patience, how she got her own clothes and boots she scarcely knew. Maud and Ethel and Pollie, steadily and stoutly refused to have her left-off garments adapted to their wear ; so it came to pass that their frocks and petticoats were somehow adapted to her wear by dint of judicious piecing, and patching, and uniting three divers garments into something approaching a costume. "But it doesn't much matter, Patience," the father would say ; "you are too sensible a girl to care whether they wear your dresses, or you wear theirs, the great thing in life is to do one's duty every day as the days come round ;" and so Patience, stifling a vague girlish longing in her heart for pretty ribbons and laces and muslins, set herself steadily to do her duty as the days came round.

As the girls grew into their teens the ward-robe business became more and more of a burden to Pattie.

Maud was fair, and must wear blues and greys ; Ethel was dark, and adored yellows and pinks, and little Pollie vowed that nothing but pale green would suit her peculiar complexion. Glad and thankful indeed was Patience (with a mother's cares upon her shoulders, but without a mother's authority,) when a rich relative offered to send the three younger girls to a "finishing" boarding-school, although the requirements for the aforesaid "finishing" school in the way of linen and dress were somewhat gigantic when compared with the tiny amount of gold papa was prepared to supply, and it involved an amount of late sitting up on Pattie's part and sewing in season and out of season, against which the poorest seamstress would have revolted.

At length it is finished, Maud and Ethel and Pollie in succession are despatched to their several schools. "A little breathing time now," thinks Patience, "a three months' rest at least to get father's things in order, to see after my Sunday-school children (and, observe, this comes last) to mend my own clothes." Alas, no such thing ! Harry and John

and Walter are coming upon the scene now. The father has worked well his interest in certain quarters, and Harry must go into the army, with an allowance from the rector's small income, which involves vast cutting down of household expenditure in every shape and form. Mary, the housemaid, must be dismissed, cook replaced by a "general servant," and Pattie consequently must do a larger share of housework than as yet has fallen to her lot. "A little dusting and setting things straight in the morning, Patience, will be a pleasaat change from so much needle-work," says papa, "it isn't good for young girls to be always bending over their needle, it makes shoulders round and the eyesight dim." But, alas! Pattie's eyes are doomed to be made dim. Before this final household arrangement is fairly inaugurated John gets his nomination to the Indian Civil Service, and Walter, the youngest, is appointed midshipman in Her Majesty's navy; and, "My dear"—says papa, forgetting his previous caution as to stooping shoulders and dimming the eyesight over the needle—"My dear Patience, I have no more money to spend over these boys. Can their shirts and things be made at home? John must have plenty of linen garments on account of the climate; Walter can do with flannels, as his first voyage is to the North, but if you can manage to get it all done at home it will be a great comfort to me." Of course it is all eventually done at home, but we won't say at what cost of late hours and hard stitching to Patience; and by the time that John has had papa's blessing in the little shabby study, and started *viâ* Brindisi for Calcutta, and Walter has given Pattie a terrific hugging and called her the "best, darlingest old thing that ever was," by the time all this is over and done—the girls are home again.

Then the cares of a mother begin in earnest for Patience. Maud, fair, handsome, and self-willed, has found a sweetheart for herself in the brother of one of her school-fellows, and little Pollie is her *confidante* and accomplice in stolen interviews and secret correspondence. Ethel, merry, and good-natured, has developed into a regular tom-boy, and every garment she possesses is torn into ribbons. So the task of persuading one out of her folly, of mending the

tattered clothes of the other, and of restraining and guiding all three, falls to the share of Patience *in toto*, for papa's studies and parish work must not be interfered with, and—"He has troubles enough of his own," sighs Patience, "without being burdened with ours."

So time rolls on. In due course John returns from India on sick leave, and his fads and notions about health and appetite (enough to distract a whole army of hospital nurses) fell heavily on Pattie's weak purse and scanty resources. Harry, ordered with his regiment to Africa, falls a victim to sunstroke, and the care of providing mourning for the whole family, as well as the heaviest share of grief devolve upon Pattie, for papa has grown feeble with advancing years, and is more than ever absorbed in his theological studies; Maud and Ethel are altogether taken up with some wonderful love affairs on their own account, and little Pollie—alas! who has somehow outgrown her strength and appetite, is condemned to years of reclining upon beds and couches, in order to arrest the progress of incipient spinal disease.

So Patience toils on patiently, uncomplainingly, all absorbed in the joys and griefs, the loves and pains, of others, giving her life drop by drop (though she knows it not) to smooth the path which those dear ones tread; the blue in her landscape has melted away into sombre grey, the grey is fast fading into sadder black. What does it matter so long as those she loves so fondly and unselfishly can rejoice and be glad in the roseate and golden hues of morning and mid-day?

Once for a brief season there came a time when she fancied that one of those bright sunshiny rays might struggle through her misty landscape, and light up its haze and dimness into something of crimson and gold, that she too might find love and hopes and joys of her own. But it was only a brief dream and fancy, that soon melted into nothingness, and was swept away above or below her horizon (it didn't much matter which to her) before she had time to fondle it into maturity. It was all born and dead in one brief summer's month, when Walter brought home with him on leave a lieutenant, older than himself by many years, and who had eyes to see and heart to appreciate the

devotion and self-sacrifice of the elder sister. But he had only his pay, and Pattie couldn't count on a farthing. His leave soon came to an end, and he went on service in the Mediterranean, married a little Maltese beauty, whose father had made a large fortune in trade and could dower her well; and Patience crushed down her heart once more into its proper place, to beat for ever to the time and tune of the ties, and hopes, and surroundings of others.

Then came the marriages of the second and third sisters. Maud, self-willed as ever, ran away with her first love, commenced house-keeping on a hundred a year and devoted affection, collapsed before the end of the first twelve months, and, unnerved and out of spirits, came back to her father's house with a baby and *no nurse*. Ethel, more fortunate, accepts the patronage of her rich aunt, who finds her a suitable husband in the person of a wealthy Australian trader, and a trousseau is somehow collected (again with great cost of eyesight to Patience). Following on this is an attack of partial paralysis, which seizes the rector; he rallies for a brief space, and can manage just to creep down to his church to read the prayers slowly and with difficulty, and to preach, or rather whisper, through a sermon written many years since, and preached more than once before. "The sick visiting must altogether devolve upon you now, Patience, my child," he says, feebly; "my people will forget they have a rector unless the rector's daughter can take her share of parish work." And "Pattie, Pattie," cries Maud, sinking under the weight of her unaccustomed maternal cares and wifely duties, "baby is ill, baby is teething, baby wants short clothes, and I don't know how to cut them out. How can you leave me with all this on my hands when you know that I never had anything to do with children, and you have been used to them all your life?" So Patience contentedly divides her time into three parts, giving the first portion to her father, and his ailments and necessities, the second to her sister and her baby, with its numerous wants, and the third to her parish visiting, Sunday-school teaching, harmonium playing, and such like.

And then the rector dies; and John, finding the house gloomy and

miserable, and detesting the signs and accessories of woe, anticipates the close of his leave, and sets sail once more. "By Jove India would be better than this," he says; "I would sooner be burnt alive than drowned in tears." So, with the promise of sending a remittance by the first mail, he says adieu. "He was always a selfish brute," says William, kicking the dust down the road after the departing brother. "Hush," says Patience; he was mother's favourite, and will be very sorry by-and-bye." The "by-and-bye," however, never comes. John on the voyage out meets a young lady fresh from boarding-school, and with charming violet eyes, marries her upon landing at Calcutta, and goes for his honeymoon to the hills.

After this comes the breaking up of the old home. Walter stays behind to help the sisters into cheap lodgings somewhere in the little village; Maud's husband puts a few sovereigns into the common purse, Pollie tries to earn a shilling or two by embroidering and crocheting as she lies on her back, and Patience resolutely sets to work as seamstress and machinist. Walter talks grandiloquently about throwing up the service and setting to work as a cabinet-maker or bricklayer—"anything sooner than lead this hand to mouth sort of life;" and in the midst of all comes a letter from Ethel in Australia, which turns his grandiloquence into reality, makes Maud and her husband jump for joy, and even Pattie's heart gives a full throb as she reads words which tell of "a way to ease and fortune open to all industrious and educated men and women in this prosperous colony," and a concluding line which bids them "all come out at once."

But Pattie's heart soon throbs with another feeling when she looks at Pollie's wasting frame, her hectic cheek, her thin hands, and hears her almost incessant cough. "Pollie couldn't stand the voyage; you must leave us behind, dears," is her almost instant resolve; so Maud and her family and Walter, with a huge pain at his heart, pack up and depart in company, and Pattie returns to her old task of nursing the sick, forgetting herself, and making one banknote go as far as two.

And somehow, before anyone knows what is coming upon these two sisters, it is all over and done with for them.

“Kiss me, Pattie, I am going,” said Pollie, one golden summer’s afternoon, when birds and flowers and sunshine were at their brightest and loveliest, and just as Walter and Maud were setting foot in their new colonial home. So Patience kissed her, and laid her to rest with the father and mother in the grassy grave-yard, and wrote a long loving letter to the Australian brothers and sisters, and a short post-script, which she penned in front of her looking-glass. “Don’t ask me to come out to you now, dears,” she wrote; “I have suddenly woke up to the fact that I am an old woman, with grey hair and dim eyes, and mouth with hard-drawn lines about it, too old, indeed, to begin life over again, as I hope and trust you young ones may; besides, I have a foolish fondness for a certain corner in our shady grave-yard, and I feel as though the dead lying beneath would miss my footsteps in the grass if I went away.” So she stayed at home in her old-fashioned lodgings, and her life ebbed and flowed quietly and evenly, till one cold dark winter’s dawn it ebbed itself out altogether. There were no signs of suffering, no cry of pain; it was just the silent “apathetic end” to the “set grey” of her life.

Yet, after all, it was a *harmony*, although a sombre one, and those who would wish to know what can be done with neutral tints, without the aid of bright colouring, would do well to study such a life as hers.

## CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.\*

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ON July 23, 1816, there was born, of Puritan parents, in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, a child destined to become one of the greatest artists the drama has ever known. Her father was a man of considerable ability, and of great energy and independence of character; her mother possessed talents which, under different circumstances, might have been more fully developed; but this child possessed more than energy, more than talent; she had that rare and special gift of genius, the name of which is given to so many; the substance of which belongs to so few.

Charlotte Cushman tells us that she was "born a tom-boy," and this only means to say that, according to the prim code of her day and Puritan traditions, she was able to think and act for herself. At a very early age she became the leading spirit of the family, and manifested also that unselfish and self-sacrificing disposition which was the keystone of her moral character. Her marvellous aptitude for mimicry showed itself in a variety of ways; indeed, it was with her an instinct, which she often obeyed without any deliberate premeditation. Thus—as she herself amusingly relates—she was one day sharply corrected by her mother for unlady-like conduct, and found that she was precisely reproducing the attitude of the pastor of the chapel of which the Cushman family were members. "Imitation," she says of herself, "was a prevailing trait." In the same

\* *Charlotte Cushman. Her Letters and Memories of her Life.* Edited by Emma Stebbins. Trübner & Co.



letter she also states that "climbing trees was an absolute passion," and she "was very destructive to toys and clothing, tyrannical to brothers and sister, but very social, and a great favourite with other children."

The girl, as she grew up, showed herself the possessor of a rich contralto voice; she had always had great musical aptitude, and was always singing. She was still very young when reverses of fortune came, and Charlotte's talent was cultivated with a view to her providing for her own maintenance. She took singing lessons for two years under a Mr. Paddon, an English organist, residing in Boston, and what would be called a chance put her in the way of further perfecting her in the vocal art, and giving her a public opening. A Mrs. Wood was singing in Boston, and a contralto singer was required to sing a duet with her. Miss Cushman was recommended, and when she went to rehearse with Mrs. Wood, that lady, struck by the beauty and wide compass of her voice, advised her to have it trained for the lyric stage. This led to Charlotte's apprenticeship to James Maeder and his wife, and she in due time made her *débüt*. She sang the part of the Contessa in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and subsequently that of Lucy Bertram in "Guy Mannering," and she was considered a success. Destiny, however, had marked out for the young artist a greater career than that of the lyric stage, especially as her contralto voice excluded her from the greatest rôles. That voice, owing partly, as she thought, to change of climate, and partly to a too great strain on the upper register, failed her. She went in her distress to Mr. Caldwell, the manager of the principal New Orleans Theatre. That discriminating individual at once said: "You ought to be an actress, and not a singer." Charlotte was introduced to Mr. Barton, the tragedian of the theatre, and he was so favourably impressed with her powers, that he proposed she should play Lady Macbeth to his Macbeth. To this arrangement Miss Cushman agreed. Let us relate what followed in her own lively words: "So enraptured was I at the idea of enacting this part, and so fearful of anything preventing me, that

I did not tell the manager I had no dresses, until it was too late for me to be prevented from acting it; and the day before the performance, after rehearsal, I told him. He immediately sat down and wrote a note of introduction for me to the *tragédienne* of the French Theatre, which then employed some of the best among French artists for its company. This note was to ask her to help me to costumes for the *rôle* of Lady Macbeth. I was a tall, thin, lanky girl at that time, about five feet six inches in height. The Frenchwoman, Madame Closel, was a short, fat person, of not more than four feet ten inches, her waist full twice the size of mine, with a very large bust; but her shape did not prevent her being a very great actress. The ludicrousness of her clothes being made to fit me struck her at once. She roared with laughter; but she was very good-natured, saw my distress, and set to work to see how she could help it. By dint of piecing out the skirt of one dress, it was made to answer for an under skirt, and then another dress was taken in in every direction to do duty as an over dress, and so make up the costume. And so I essayed for the first time the part of Lady Macbeth, fortunately to the satisfaction of the audience, the manager, and all the members of the company."

It would be a pity if this early assumption of an important *rôle* led ambitious aspirants to "go and do likewise." All dramatic artists are not Charlotte Cushmans; nor do all possessors even of genius possess also the extraordinary spontaneity which was so marked a characteristic of the genius of this wonderful woman. "Her method"—to quote again from the book to which we are largely indebted in this article—"was as follows: A speech would be read over aloud to her, quite slowly and distinctly; then she would repeat what she could of it. Then another reading, and another repetition. The third time was generally enough. Then the next speech would be taken up in the same way, and so on. There was apparently no labour, and passages so acquired, remained, as it were, stored up in her mind ready, when called for, at a moment's notice. Beyond the due expression and feeling given to the words, which she could never wholly omit, even

in study or at rehearsal, the acting was left to the inspiration of the time and place." But though Miss Cushman thus early struck the keynote of subsequent triumph she did not all at once become famous. Success, however, attended her. She played Jane Shore, Mrs. Haller, and other leading rôles, and connoisseurs were loud in her praises. The versatility of her genius was something marvellous. Not less striking than her Lady Macbeth or Queen Katherine was her Rosalind. She sounded the whole gamut of dramatic impersonation, and always seemed to have found her special *forte* in the part she played for the time being. She was intensely conscientious, thoroughly devoted to her noble art, and utterly free from meanness or any ungenerous feeling. Her whole interest centred in the work in hand. Even after years of triumph and its attendant homage she remained as pure hearted as a child. Touched and pleased by appreciation, she was never thrown off her balance by it; it made her heart swell; but it never affected her judgment, and she took credit rather for her art than to her own efforts in it for the praise bestowed upon herself. Her private tastes were ever simple and unostentatious. Wealth, when it came, did not "turn her head." She was a true lady in every sense of that much-abused term. She used her means generously, never making a parade of charity; she gratified her refined and cultured love of all that was beautiful; but her great mind and lofty nature were utterly incapable of the vulgarity which so often attends the acquisition of wealth by those who have long struggled with straitened means. Indeed, Miss Cushman would often refer to the period when she and her faithful maid and friend, Sallie Mercer, had to make sixpence do the work of a shilling, as in many respects the happiest days of her life. This Sallie Mercer was a beautiful example of the fact that faithful service has not quite died out among us. During the whole of Miss Cushman's dramatic career she was never separated from her, and her mistress's interests were her own. She was simply invaluable; sensible, quick, and faithful, she was in truth Miss Cushman's right hand. She knew her theatrical wardrobe by heart, and all her parts. On one occasion, when Miss Cushman had—

by a rare lapse of memory—forgotten a line in her speech, Sallie, standing at the wings, instantly gave the prompt. Miss Cushman's friends made much of Sallie, but she never forgot her position, and was always respectful and retiring in her manner. She was courier, housekeeper, dresser, in short her genius was universal. She was a capital administrator. She was also fond of reading, and always carried her favourite books with her.

In 1845 Miss Cushman paid her first visit to England. Previous to this she had risen to the first place in her profession in her own country. She had acted with Macready, and fully divided the honours with him. Indeed, Miss Cushman was by far the greater artist. Macready, with great talent, fell short of genius. Miss Cushman had genius of the highest order. Nothing in America, however, came near to the triumph that awaited the great *tragédienne* in England. She says herself, in a letter home: "*All my successes put together since I have been upon the stage would not come near my success in London.*" She played Bianca in "Fazio," Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Haller, Rosalind, and Emilia. This last part she invested with so much power as to raise it to a position in the tragedy never before occupied by it. It is generally impossible to get a leading artist to play this character; but Miss Cushman was too thorough an artist to despise any part; whatever rôle she played she could not but endow it with a distinctive character, and her Emilia was a patent example of the force of real genius.

Her acting was like a magnet to those who played with her. "All seemed to play better with Miss Cushman than they would otherwise have done," says a thoughtful critic; "the atmosphere of her genius embraced the whole stage, and was not limited to herself."

It is impossible within the narrow limits of our article to enlarge upon the theatrical career of Miss Cushman between the years 1845 and 1856. They were years of unremitting work; indeed, reading their records, one is amazed at the amount of labour got through, and got through thoroughly. Miss Cushman did nothing by halves,

nothing in perfunctory fashion. Let stage struck young ladies who gather their ideas of an actress's life from three volume novels, study the life of Charlotte Cushman. Nor was social repose permitted to her after the toil and excitement of her professional duties. She was literally besieged by her friends, and in society she shone no less brightly than on the stage. To brilliancy of conversational powers she united singular fascination of manner, and her unselfishness and tact made her an inimitable hostess; then she sang deliciously, for though the voice had lost the "staying power" necessary for the lyric stage, it retained much beauty, and the style, the artistic expression was there. She was strictly speaking plain, yet those who knew her never thought her so. To her might well be applied the lines—

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing o'er her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonised the whole.

"There was a winning charm about her," says Miss Stebbins, "far above mere beauty of feature, a wondrous charm of expression and sympathy, which took all hearts and disarmed criticism. She had, moreover, many of the requisites for real beauty, a fine, stately presence, a movement always graceful and impressive, a warm, healthy complexion, beautiful wavy chestnut hair, and the finest eyes in the world. Go where she might, she was always the person whose individuality dominated that of all others. The harmonious combination in her personality of great intellectual force with extreme social geniality, sweetness, and sympathy produced an attraction which was irresistible."

Her sense of humour was exquisite. Never to be forgotten by us are the hours spent in her society, during which she passed

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Among many anecdotes we would relate of personal experience with Miss Cushman, we must give the following as an instance of her appreciation of a joke :

Some years ago, the writer was sitting between Miss Cushman and Mr. Sothern at a banquet on board a new steamer, bound for the

Antipodes. Soon after the speeches commenced, Mr. Sothern leant across and whispered something to Miss Cushman. Very shortly after, with her hand to her forehead, Miss Cushman gave a deep groan as if in sudden pain. Sothern sprang up, and confusion reigned. "Let me lead you into the fresh air," cried Lord Dundreary, and taking her by the arm, he escorted her on deck ; and never once did the suspicion occur that anything but that crowded *déjeuner* had occasioned the rapid exit. Years after, Mr. Sothern espied one of the two ladies at his benefit at Manchester. He had to make a speech—an ordeal which he dreaded above all things. Nervously addressing the audience, he at once confessed that he was a bad hand at extempore speaking, but added, "I will tell you in confidence how I once escaped it. There is seated near me a lady at whose side I once sat at a grand luncheon on board a steamer bound for Australia. On the other side of this lady was one equally famous, but in a wholly different line, the celebrated Charlotte Cushman. A slip of paper was passed down to me from the chairman, asking me to propose the health of some distinguished person present. A happy thought struck me: I whispered to Miss Cushman, 'Pretend to be taken ill.' The lady who is now in this theatre must well remember how admirably Miss Cushman complied with that request, and thus saved me the dreaded speech."

We do indeed endorse Mr. Sothern's praise, for the idea of the deception never crossed our mind.

It was after this luncheon that Miss Cushman wrote to us in apology for her absence from a *réunion*: "After that wonderful lunch yesterday, those more wonderful speeches, and the most wonderful delay in procuring conveyance from the Land's End of London Docks I was compelled to go to Chelsea, where I was detained on business till near eight o'clock, returning to my present abode at entirely too late an hour, even if I had managed to preserve a whole head to come with ; but head aforesaid was splitting into many pieces with headache, the result of lobster salad and sparkling hock (to my shame be it said ! ) : and when I reached home I found Emma Stebbins

exhausted from an awful day at the International Exhibition. [The letter was written in 1862.] So it was too late, and we were too weary to do honour to your hospitality. Pray show me that we were too insignificant to be missed, by forgiving me ; but don't forget to ask me another time, when I will stay at home from profuse *déjeûners* to do better justice to an intellectual evening with you and yours." In 1856 Miss Cushman established her Roman home, and here she gathered around her all that was "brightest and best" of the throngs that resorted to the Seven Hilled City. Her famous Saturday evenings will never be forgotten by those privileged to be present. Scores came uninvited ; all were welcome, and the Irish songs of the hostess, who was remarkably clever in the assumption of dialects, were a noted feature of these delightful *réunions*. Miss Stebbins gives a happy picture of this life in Rome ; it reads like a story of an enchanted land, and so Charlotte Cushman found it. Her sympathies drew her towards the warm hearted, intellectual Italians. She ever preferred the Italian school of acting. Ristori was in her opinion a greater artist than Rachel. The French, she said, made naturalness artificial by ever straining after it ; the Italians were natural, born actors, because dramatic in private life ; dramatic—be it noted—not theatrical. The two will never be confounded by any one careful in the use of language. It was only natural that this spontaneity should win the sympathies of Charlotte Cushman. An artist once said to the present writer : "I don't know anything about art—it is nature." It was nature with Miss Cushman. If she were Rosalind, she made no conscious effort to enact the part ; she could not be otherwise than Rosalind for the time being ; if she were Meg Merrilies—the very antithesis of Shakespeare's saucy, winsome heroine, the same dramatic instinct operated. Meg Merrilies was an elaborate study in effect ; the make-up was something amazing in its extraordinary fidelity ; but the impersonation came naturally to the artist ; with the garb of Meg she put on the character ; henceforth, till the curtain fell, she lost her individuality. Far less home study was bestowed on the character than could have been supposed in

looking on its absolute harmony of detail, in which not a look or tone, attitude or gesture was lacking to complete the picture.

There are those who, superb as was Miss Cushman's acting, admired her readings yet more. Her Shakespearean recitations were the perfection of art, and to hear her recite "The Death of the Old Squire" was an event not to be forgotten. We shall ever remember how Miss Cushman positively thrilled her hearers with this marvellous effort of dramatic power.

It was not till the spring of 1869 that the malady which finally proved fatal to this great artist first showed itself. She was advised by eminent physicians whom she consulted to live well and take rest. This advice, unhappily, was not followed. Hoping to obtain health through quicker means, Miss Cushman underwent a painful operation. Temporary relief was afforded, only to bring back the disease with renewed vigour, and in 1870, believing that her days were numbered, the artist broke up her Roman home and sailed for America. She took up her residence in a beautiful villa which she had had built for her at Newport, Rhode Island, but she still continued to act and read. Miss Stebbins writes of these closing years of a noble and laborious life: "The record of Miss Cushman's achievements during these last years is simply marvellous when we consider her rapid movements from place to place, the miles of railway travel she undertook, and the amount of work she performed under conditions so unfavourable." "She was content," adds her biographer, "that the machine should wear out rather than rust out."

At length, however, it became apparent that the stage must be quitted or sudden collapse would ensue. In 1874 Miss Cushman made her last appearance in New York at Booth's Theatre. Never did artist receive a greater ovation; the play was "Macbeth," and when the curtain fell on the tragedy, Miss Cushman appeared on the stage, amid a galaxy of all that was famous and brilliant in art and letters in the Empire City. After the recitation of the ode, "Salve, Regina," an address by the venerable William Cullen Bryant was



given, and Miss Cushman replied in a speech which is a model of graceful style, simple earnestness and noble sentiment. Every young artist should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" that speech; for it set forth the two grand truths that Charlotte Cushman valued above even her genius as the secrets of her success, *devotion* and *work*. At the close of the ceremonial, the horses were taken from the artist's carriage, and she was escorted in triumph to her hotel, nor would the vast throngs in the street be satisfied till she had appeared in the balcony. Philadelphia and Boston followed, and at both the honours showered upon the artist and the enthusiasm equalled, if they did not surpass, New York.

After this Miss Cushman went on more than one reading tour; but the end was rapidly and steadily approaching. Physicians did what they could for her, but they could not stay the march of the destroyer.

Her last days were characteristic of the woman who never could endure inactivity, and never yielded to sickness. She did not really take to her bed till within two or three days of her death. She would sit all day in an arm-chair reading, writing, and receiving friends, always cheerful, loving, fascinating as ever; she never complained, though she suffered tortures of pain; the beautiful unselfishness of her character never yielded to her own weakness and anguish; she was thinking of others; and gentler, meeker, more docile patient no nurse ever knew. Always sincerely and consistently religious, her firm faith sustained her under the cruel trials she was called on to endure; and if human love could have saved a life, then would hers have been saved from the very gates of death. We might have wished this life so splendid in its genius, its moral worth, its great influence for good, to have been longer spared, but perhaps it was better as it was. She could not have endured inactivity; an existence of enforced idleness would have been one long agony to her. It was a merciful hand that, when she could work no more, took her away to that rest which knows not stagnation.

The lessons of such a life need no enforcing. He who runneth may read. Charlotte Cushman was not of those who despise the art that

leads them to fame. She was a true artist and true woman. She loved the art which she so adorned with a singleness of purpose, with a devotion that made it a creed. She would as soon have cast contumely on her mother's name as cried down the drama. She saw the art *as it is*, not as the foul overlaying of tinsel has sometimes made it, choking ignorant minds with prejudice; and no artist, man or woman, has done more for that grand art which "holds the mirror up to nature" than did Charlotte Cushman. She showed the world that the ideal artist is, and can be, a living fact, spotless in fame as splendid in genius; religious, earnest, self-forgetful, *sans peur et sans reproche*. How many women living in the imagined immunity from peril of a husband's home could show us such a life as this? Let the testimony of Charlotte Cushman herself, who spoke from a long and extended knowledge of all phases of society, be ever remembered when the old outcry is lifted against the stage. The great artist publicly stated that she had known purer lives, nobler characters, more generous actions among the women who acted behind the footlights than among the women who moved in private society.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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GIRL GRADUATES.—The heading of this article is a prophecy rather than a description. The sweet girl graduates of Mr. Tennyson's poem cannot be said to have their counterparts as yet in England; for the girls are not, except in the University of London, allowed to graduate; and even there the permission has not been granted long enough to be used. But in more than one institution they are receiving an education which would enable them to take degrees and honours. Of one of these we propose now to give an account. Proper introductions conceded, it is not so difficult to gain admission to Girton College as the Northern Prince and his two companions found it to enter the portals of the kindred establishment founded by Mr. Tennyson. Girton stands something over two miles out of Cambridge, about four miles from the railway station. It is to be reached by a steady ascent along a straight high-road, and when you have mounted so high as to be exactly level with the roof of St. John's College, Cambridge, you shall find Girton College on the right hand—an Elizabethan mansion, low, red, and rectangular. It has been built little more than five years; but it happily does not obtrude a sense of newness. The dull red brick building might have stood there for half a century as far as its appearance testifies to the contrary to a casual observer. Trees and shrubs do not seem to take kindly to the situation. There is

no "linden alley," no laurel-laced porch, and no promise of "meshes" of the jasmine and the rose." This gives the place a bare look, and makes sadder this sad day of drizzling rain, dun-coloured sky and swampy road. In the summer some of these conditions will be changed, and Girton must be pretty enough with the green fields all round it, and below the many spires and towers of Cambridge glistening in the sunlight: Girton began building seven years ago, and is building still. The undertaking, of which this handsome hall is a result, had its birth, like many other great influences, in humble circumstances. Ten years ago some ladies and gentlemen, anxious to provide opportunities for the higher education of women, formed themselves into an Association. Their declared objects were to erect, maintain, and conduct a college for the higher education of women; to take such steps as from time to time might be thought most expedient and effectual to obtain for the students of the college admission to the examinations for degrees of the University of Cambridge; and, generally, to place the college in connection with that University. Their first college was opened in October, 1869, in a hired house at Hitchin. Four years later the committee were in a position to obtain the freehold of a site at Girton, the funds required having been raised by public subscription, by the sale of a limited number of nominations, and by loans on mortgage. In October, 1873, they entered on the occupation of the new building, which provided accommodation for twenty-one students, with the necessary class-rooms. It was speedily found that this was wholly inadequate to the needs of the increasing number of candidates for admission. Fresh extensions were made, and in the spring of 1877 the college buildings comprised rooms for the mistress, an assistant-lecturer, and thirty-eight students, in addition to six lecture-rooms, a laboratory, dining-hall, prayer-room, and gymnasium. Before the end of the year the college was again overcrowded, forty-one students being in residence, three necessarily having to put up with temporary accommodation. The committee then determined upon the bold step of completing a second side of the quadrangle. This is now practically

accomplished, though the workmen are not off the premises. This extension will add to the previous accommodation nineteen sets of rooms for students, rooms for a second assistant-lecturer, two lecture-rooms, a sick room, completely isolated, and some further provisions for servants. The college is self-supporting to the extent that the students' fees meet current expenses, and the financial position is so far improving that the committee have of late been able to make some contributions from income to the building fund. The *raison d'être* of Girton College may be stated in a sentence. It is established to give to girls precisely the same education which undergraduates receive at Cambridge University. The students are not received under the age of eighteen except in special circumstances. The course of education occupies about three years, though practically only six months of the year are spent in the college, the three terms each extending over a period of eight weeks. The fees, which include all charges of board, lodging, and instruction, amount to one hundred guineas a year. Each student has a set of two chambers, forming bed-room and sitting-room. These are furnished by the college authorities in a manner that leaves little to be desired. If such desire is felt, the students are permitted to gratify it at their own expense. This permission is generally taken advantage of, and the students' rooms at Girton are snug little bowers, in which Euclid may be wrestled with on a dainty couch, and the Ecclesiastical Polity of Hooker may be annotated at a pretty table, on which stand vases of flowers, and over which pet birds sing in gilded cages. It need not be supposed that when young ladies go in for University honours they necessarily disdain the graces with which they charm life in their more ordinary relations with it. But, lest such a misapprehension might anywhere exist, it may be well to say that there are, down to the smallest details of daily life at Girton, evidences of womanly grace. Everything is studiously plain, from the decorations of the rooms to the dress of the students. But in the matter of taste everything is very good, more particularly in respect of the room-decorations. It will be remembered that when the marauding Prince and his companions entered themselves as students

in the establishment presided over by the Princess Ida, the college porteress brought them

—————academic silks, in hue  
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,  
And zoned with gold.

There is nothing of this pretty fancy at Girton. Closely following the colleges in their curriculum, the girl-graduates, if students may be so called who are not allowed to graduate, stop short of imitating their sartorial arrangements. Each student dresses as she pleases. But, by common consent, they dress very plainly. They are, in fact, here for work, and have no time for play, except what may be gained in the gymnasium; and exercise is regarded mainly as a preparation for renewed labour. What that labour actually means may best be gathered from a review of the subjects upon which candidates for degrees or for honours are examined. The Examiners are those of Cambridge University, and, as I have stated, the examination is in all respects identical with that which undergraduates submit to. There is, however, this final difference, that with the present regulation no girl student, however worthy, can take a degree. What happens is that the Girton student, having passed her examination, the University Examiners certify to the college authorities her precise position, and the college authorities give her what is called a degree certificate. The girl who has successfully passed the three examinations which qualify for the Cambridge B.A. degree has as fully earned the privilege to write herself B.A. as any male student who has laboriously crawled through. She is nevertheless fain to be content with the substance and forego the form. Young ladies between eighteen and twenty whose mental vision is bounded by the delights of a London-season may feel interested in knowing precisely what occupies the thoughts of their sisters at Girton. I will therefore describe in detail the examination submitted to by a girl student going in for the equivalent to the B.A. degree. It is divided into three parts, known in academical phrase as the previous examination, the general, and the special. The previous examination consists of two

sections. In the first the student must prove her acquaintance with one of the four Gospels in the original Greek, one of the Latin classics, and one of the Greek classics. She must also be prepared to answer satisfactorily a series of questions on Latin and Greek grammar. Under the second head she is examined on Paley's Evidences, and the first three books of Euclid, with occasional dippings into Books V. and VI. She will also be required to prove her proficiency in arithmetic and elementary algebra. Having escaped "plucking" in this ordeal, she next approaches the second or general examination. The subjects of this are the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek, one of the Latin classics, one of the Greek classics, algebra, elementary statics, and elementary hydrostatics and heat. She is further expected to translate into Latin prose one or more passages of English, to write an essay on a given subject, to punctuate and paraphrase one or more passages from Shakespeare or Milton, and to submit to be catechised on one of Shakespeare's plays. In addition there is the special examination in which a candidate for degree must pass either in theology, moral philosophy, political economy, law, history, chemistry, geology, botany, zoology (including anatomy and physiology), or mechanism and applied sciences. This is for the ordinary degree. If a girl goes in for honours, and many of them do, she will have added to the previous examination algebra, elementary trigonometry, and elementary mechanics. She must also pass in one of the terrible triposes over which so many, trembling, trip. This mere enumeration of subjects will suffice to show that Girton is in earnest, and that there is no room in the college for triflers. As to the success of the college, testing it by the highest standard, it must be said that none of its students have yet passed first-class in honours. They have got very near, and have just fallen short of supreme proficiency. Taking the honour-roll of the last academical year, I find that three students were examined in the papers set for the moral science tripos. Of these two were declared to have acquitted themselves so as to deserve a second-class, and one gained

a third-class in honours. One student was examined in the papers set for the natural sciences tripos, and was declared to merit a second-class in honours. One was examined in the papers set for the mathematical tripos, and was pronounced deserving of a third-class in honours. Two students, having been similarly examined in the special examinations in law and in botany respectively for the ordinary B.A. degree, were each declared to merit a first-class. In considering these results it should be remembered that Girton College has been little over five years in fair working order, and that since its opening the total of students enrolled does not exceed seventy. I believe that if a table were drawn up of the number of students at Girton and at any college of the University, showing the comparative average of honours gained, Girton would be found to have earned the position which, by courtesy, is always assigned to ladies. A distinguished University authority, who has had much experience both of girl-students and of the baser sort, tells me that a higher average of intelligence is reached among the former. This is, of course, in some measure explicable from the fact that, whilst many young fellows go to college because it is "the thing" to do, or because their fathers went before them, girls who go to Girton or Newnham Hall are in intellectual capacity presumably above the average, and are individually animated by a thirst for knowledge and an ambition to succeed. I have incidentally mentioned Newnham Hall, a younger and less popularly known institution than Girton. In some essential points it differs from Girton. How, I shall show in a future letter.—*Daily News.*

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S CULTURE.—In spite of much nonsense talked and written by its champions, and much prejudice and discouragement by its opponents, the cause of women's education continues to make steady progress in this country. Not only in the educational circles of University dons or Public Schoolmasters, but in the general society of educated persons, it is now admitted that girls have just as much right to be well educated as their brothers: nor is



it any longer seriously maintained that, while for the teaching of boys some evidence of capacity in the shape of University degrees and distinctions is essential, no other qualifications are needed for a governess than poverty, a good character, and a willingness to make herself useful. It might have seemed, though in practice it has not seemed, a mere truism that the mothers of a coming generation, those whom Nature makes *par excellence* the teachers of male and female childhood alike, should be themselves well and thoroughly taught, and furnished not only with those "accomplishments" which grace the life of woman, but with a store of sound and varied learning. In quickness of perception and retentiveness of memory women are equal, and often superior, to men; in patience, gentleness, and sympathy—qualities so essential to a good teacher—they far surpass us. A mother is marked out, as we have said, by the order of Nature and the Divine gifts of love and sympathy that wait on motherhood, to be the teacher of her children: and if defective learning, or ignorance of right methods, hamper her in this work, the fault lies with that low appreciation of what is needed for the education of girls which has made the average upper or middle-class parent either unwilling to pay for, or unable to obtain for his daughters, teaching at all comparable to that which he regards as indispensable for his sons. Whatever, therefore, helps to equip a woman more perfectly for the discharge of this greatest of duties towards her children is on all grounds—domestic, social, or national—to be heartily welcomed. But all women cannot look forward to being wives or mothers, for even were it not the case as statisticians tell us, that the number of women is in excess of that of men, the complex needs of modern civilisation, and the dictates of ordinary prudence, compel many men of the upper and middle classes (and at present we are only dealing with these classes) to deny themselves the luxury and the happiness of a home. It is sad that this should be the case, and that idyllic theories of "love in a cottage" should have to give way before the logic of inexorable fact and the *res angusta domi*. But so it is; and the result is that numbers of young ladies must perforce accept the lot of perpetual maidenhood. Why should

that lot be so much without resource, without rational occupation, without means of self-help, as it so often is? Why should we so often see daughters, accustomed during a father's lifetime to every comfort, if not luxury, and to the absence of any motive for exertion, left at his death to comparative poverty, and a life of inaction? Every parish clergyman has known such ladies, whose woman's instinct leads them to good works in the cause of the poor and of religion; but would their usefulness in that cause have been diminished if their education had been such as to enable them to do something for themselves, to raise their narrow income, and give themselves some *status* among the busy workers of the world? We do not say that all women, however well educated, could find remunerative work; but it surely is a mistake that the possibility of a lady having to support herself by earnings does not seem oftener to occur to those who have the control of her early training, and that her mind should not at least receive the best training of which it is capable. Considerations such as these lift the "higher education of women" out of the rank of useless crotchets to which so many well-meaning persons would fain relegate it. There can be, or ought to be, no question that it is a desirable end; but there can be, and are, many questions, about the best means of attaining it. To these, however, as to most other *à priori* questions, the principle *solvitur ambulando* applies; and the various experiments that are being made will lead us in time to some satisfactory principles. Meanwhile we desire to offer a few general remarks upon the process. One danger in the path is the temptation to push too far the analogy of boys' education, with its machinery of Public Schools and Universities. It is an accepted doctrine in English society that a boy is best educated by separation during his school-time from the influences of home, by the society of boys alone, and by that peculiar aggregate of boy ideas which forms the atmosphere of a large school. But even for boys we think there is more to be said in favour of "day-school" training than Englishmen will generally allow; and as for girls, we hold that they are better kept under the influences and associations of home

than sent away from it to a boarding school. Their education, in fact, is best managed by the old plan of a domestic governess (supposing her to be a really competent teacher), or by attendance at a really good day-school. The absence of competition in home education is less fatal to a girl's progress than to a boy's; for she is much keener about learning, has less of the counteracting tendencies of physical energy, and less of that passive resistance to, and distaste for head-work which seems natural to the vigorous animal life of a healthy boy. And it is above all things important that she should not grow unfamiliar with, or learn to disparage, the atmosphere and duties of home. The "tom-boy" and the "blue-stockings" are equally undesirable specimens of girlhood. There must, however, be many who cannot avail themselves of what is ideally best for sons or daughters, and must be content with what they can get. For these—that is, for the great majority of our middle classes, and for the supply of properly qualified teachers to serve as domestic governesses—there is still a great want of some recognised system of training, which shall stamp those who have passed through it, as a Public School and University career stamps young men, and give some publicly recognised guarantee of their proficiency. The Universities are taking steps to supply this want by admitting women to certain of their examinations and granting them certificates; and private enterprise in some of the larger provincial towns has organised classes and lectures conducted by teachers from the Universities. But the standard of girls' schools, and of the instructions given in them is still much below what it ought to be, if their pupils are to profit by the helping hands thus held out to them. Every large town or district should have a really good day-school for girls of the upper and middle classes; in connection with which, and under the supervision of its head mistress, might be one or more boarding-houses for the reception of girls whose parents cannot afford a domestic governess and have no school accessible to their homes. A very useful work in this respect is being done by the "Girls' Public Day-school Company," which, besides its

London schools at Notting-hill, Chelsea, Clapham, and elsewhere, has established schools at Norwich, Oxford, and other provincial towns upon condition of a local subscription for so many shares in the company. The High Schools of this company already rank among the most efficient in the country, side by side with such older institutions as Queen's College in Harley-street (the pioneer of them all, and still doing good work), the North London Collegiate School at Camden-town, under the direction of Miss Busk, or the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, under that of Miss Beale. We have the testimony of a correspondent to the excellent work turned out by candidates from these two latter schools in examinations held under the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board or the "Local Examinations" system; work which, in many subjects, is said to be equal to the best, and better than the average work of Sixth Form boys at a Public School. Nor is there any sign that in these schools the willing nature of girls is overworked. Our informant was struck at Cheltenham with the fresh, healthy look of the girls at work upon their "collections," as it would be called at Oxford, at the end of term; and in a well-organised school of this kind there is, in fact, far less danger of over pressure (because there is far sounder knowledge of what education ought to be) than in the fashionable boarding schools of Bath or Brighton. And with respect to teachers, he mentions that Miss Beale seems to have devised, for the purposes of the Ladies' College a most effective solution of the difficulty to which the Universities and Public Schools are only just beginning to think of putting their hands—viz., how to provide some regular system of training for their teachers. At Cambridge, as is well known, there are two Colleges, Girton and Newnham, in actual operation, at which girls live something of the same sort of life as Undergraduates: and in these, we understand, there is sufficient provision for religious liberty, and no difficulties on that score have arisen. A previous question might, indeed, be raised both as to these Colleges and the proposed Oxford scheme, whether (except for the obvious facility of obtaining good lecturers easily

and cheaply) a University town is the best place for assembling a number of young women for educational purposes: and the Oxford and Cambridge movements are, perhaps, less important than that for providing "High Schools" of which we have spoken. But they are a valuable evidence of the interest awakened in the highest educational quarters for that "higher education" of which women are undoubtedly capable, to which they have an unquestionable right, and of which they have been (with too few exceptions) somewhat unreasonably deprived.—*Guardian*.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.—As was announced last month, the names of nine out of eleven female candidates have just been posted at Burlington-gardens as having passed the winter matriculation examination of the University of London, half-a-dozen in the honours division, besides three more in that next below, and are thus now on the high road to its B.A. degree, on the occasion of its first decorating their sex three academical years hence. This fact affords a pretty sure augury that the powers conferred on that learned corporation by its new charter to enrol women as its graduates are not likely to rust through disuse. A still more significant indication that the breaking down of the barrier between the sexes in respect of university education and its hall mark is but a question of time is to be found in a recent item of our Oxford intelligence, as to the great progress the scheme for promoting a higher culture for women is making there, now that it is no longer in danger of shipwreck on the rock of theological discord. At Cambridge, it will be remembered, a like work has long been going on. In 1869 an association was formed there to organise lectures for women, to be given by members of the University, and these courses were started in January, 1870. Students soon began to be attracted from various parts of the country by the educational advantages thus offered. The beginning was but small, when in October, 1871, Miss A. J. Clough, sister of one of Rugby Arnold's favourite pupils, opened with five students a house not provided by the association, but by the liberality of a single bene-

factor. But as the number had increased to 26 in the Lent Term, 1874, it was decided to build in the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge a house capable of accommodating the principal and 30 students. To carry out this project the Newnham Hall Company (Limited) was formed in the spring of 1874. A site of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres was secured at the place so named just outside the town, the building was begun shortly afterwards, and it was completed and opened in October, 1875. Meanwhile the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women in Cambridge was helping the good work by providing lectures, by raising an exhibition and scholarship fund, to which not only munificent individuals, but the city companies, such as the Goldsmiths and the Clothworkers, contributed, as well as in other ways. According to the report presented to the annual meeting at the Guildhall in November last, the association's expenditure on the lecture account was £1,175, and on the exhibition account £665 for the past year. Newnham Hall having soon filled to overflowing, further accommodation was provided at Norwich House, which was opened with the sanction of the association in October, 1877. Students from a distance must reside at Newnham Hall, Norwich House, or in lodgings approved by the association. In the present Lent Term 33 students are in residence at Newnham Hall, 16 at Norwich House, and 20 in lodgings. So great is the throng that names have to be entered on the books two years beforehand. At Newnham Hall, a laboratory and gymnasium have lately been added. Here Miss Clough's register contains the names of 113 students entered from October, 1871, to June last, 82 of whom had passed examinations, although no examination is compulsory. Last year 24 entered for the Higher Local Examinations, of whom 12 obtained first-class honours. One carried off the Drapers' Scholarship, and another that given by the Lecture Association. Newnham trained the present lecturer on Political Economy at University College, Bristol—Mrs. Marshall; Miss A. Bulley, manager of the Manchester and Salford College for Women; Fräulein von Cotta, mistress of studies at Bedford College, London; and Miss Crofts, resident lecturer at her own *alma mater*. Here

it is not an understood thing that the students should be set to answer the papers placed before the candidates for the B.A. degree, and be "informally" examined by the kindness of the University Examiners; but a respectable proportion avail themselves of the option, and some of them take honours in the triposes. One Newnham Hall student, Miss A. H. Ogle, besides thrice winning a scholarship took first-class honours in the Natural Science Tripos; of second-class standard in the triposes Newnham scores 8, and of third-class 5. It can hardly be said to compare amiss in this respect with Girton College itself, although there "informal" graduation is the rule. Girton from the first aimed at occupying a strictly collegiate footing even when it opened with a handful of students in its hired house at Hitchin in the Michaelmas Term of 1869. The memorandum of the association which started it defines its objects to be "to erect, maintain, and conduct a college for the higher education of women; to take such steps as from time to time may be thought most expedient and effectual to obtain for the students of the college admission to the examinations for degrees of the University of Cambridge, and generally to place the college in connexion with that University." At Hitchin it stayed four years, while steps were taken for establishing it in its present home at Girton, close to Cambridge, the association having meanwhile been incorporated in 1872. The funds for the site and a building accommodating 21 students were raised by public subscription, the sale of a limited number of nominations, and by mortgage, and the new college was entered at Michaelmas, 1873. Space, however, still failing, an enlargement was resolved on, which was finished by the spring of 1877, and the college buildings then comprised, besides accommodation for the mistress (Miss Bernard), an assistant-lecturer, and 38 students, 6 lecture-rooms, a laboratory, dining-hall, prayer-room, gymnasium, &c. Even this extension was not found sufficient, and the completion of the second side of the quadrangle has been since going forward, providing 19 more sets of rooms for students, and further space for the educational and domestic staff, besides a completely isolated


infirmary. The capital fund of about £25,000 has amply met these costs, and, as was always contemplated, the institution itself, the building having been once provided, has always been self-supporting. According to the last year's report, the maintenance fund, which consists almost wholly of the students' and scholars' fees, was close upon £4,000. The charge for board, lodging, and instruction for each of the three terms of eight weeks is £35, which covers the whole of the college charges. Admission is by an entrance examination as strict as that passed by students matriculating at the London University, and those entering the college are as much expected to qualify for the Cambridge ordinary or honours degree as the *alumni* of Trinity or St. John's. Accordingly, of the 70 or 80 students enrolled since the opening of the college quite as many as could have been expected are graduates in all but the name. Added to the contingent from Newnham Hall, there is thus already a considerable body of Cambridge University women, with, it would really seem, a far larger proportion of passes in honours than an equal number taken at large from any Cambridge house for men could boast. Up to the issue of its last report Girton College has won during the session 1877-8, besides two ordinary degree certificates—a convenient *alias* for the word diploma—five more in honours—namely, one in the Mathematical Tripos, three in that for Moral Sciences, and one in the Natural Sciences. In the last Mathematical Tripos two more Girtonians obtained the “informal” *testamur* of the University Examiners. Since its opening Girton College has carried off 16 honours degree “certificates,” but as yet, so far as we can learn, not one first class, like Newnham Hall.—*Times*.

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## WILLIAM BLACK.

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E have much pleasure in adding to our Portrait Gallery the photograph of one who has done as much as any writer now living for the delight and refreshment of his generation, the author of the *Princess of Thule*, the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *A Daughter of Heth*, *Madcap Violet*, and *Macleod of Dare*. It is said that Mr. Black's novels are special favourites with her Majesty the Queen, and readers of all classes have acknowledged the unflinching charm of their style, the exquisite feeling for Nature in her shifting moods of beauty and grandeur, the pure enthusiasm for what is lovely and of good report in humanity, the quietly humorous eyesight for human oddities and peccadilloes. There is so much that is simply enjoyable, so much to delight in and smile over in Mr. Black's writings, that his readers are apt to revolt when he asks them to go with him in explorations of the darker side of existence, and listen to his tales of fatal misunderstanding and tragical passion. But life is not all bonbons and flowers, or even bread and cheese and kisses, and a novelist who aims at picturing the whole romance of things as they are, may plead the requirements of truth as well as of art if the gay colours of his canvas are thrown into brighter relief by gloomy shadows. Mr. Black's step is as sure, his touch as unflinching, in searching into and deciphering the riddle of the painful earth as in the more grateful task of bringing to light new joys. In all his works

there is a freshness and individuality, a power of seeing beauty and nobility in familiar things, which is the surest mark of genius.

Our photograph throws no light upon what Addison said is the first question people ask about a personal stranger, whether he is dark or fair. Mr. Black is dark, and it may be presumed from his name that the colour is a remote inheritance. He might, in fact, put in a claim to be considered one of the best surviving specimens of the ancient dark Celt, and tender his works in proof of his Celtic original. Certainly nobody, Celt or Saxon, has ever succeeded so well in rendering the "magic" of the Western coasts of his native country. His acquaintance with the scenery which he describes so incomparably well is of long standing. Born in Glasgow in 1841, he was within easy reach of the Western Highlands and Islands, and early acquired that affection for them which has never quitted him, and of which he has reared such enduring monuments. In a humorous autobiography, which he wrote for Mr. Sutherland Edwards's serial *The Portrait*, he tells us that one of his youthful tastes was botany, and that as a boy he collected a herbarium, which remains to this day—"a poor enough treasure-house of botanical lore, but a rich treasure-house of memories—memories of innumerable and healthful wanderings by hill and moorland and sea-shore, through the rain and sunlight and beautiful colours of the Western Highlands."

Like several of the most distinguished English writers of fiction in past generations as well as in this—Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, Charles Dickens—Mr. Black was a journalist before being a novelist. He had at one time, he tells us, the ambition to be a painter. That he has the eye of a painter his novels abundantly show, but he failed to acquire the painter's craft of hand. The only outcome of this youthful ambition, according to himself, was that he "presented his friends with the most horrible abominations in water-colour and oil." But the study may have been of use to him afterwards when he came to describe landscape in another medium. In journalism he was more persevering, or more immediately successful. He began by writing for the Glasgow newspapers literary reviews, dramatic

criticisms, musical criticisms, leading articles, and he also wrote short stories. There are shrewd grey-haired admirers to be found in Mr. Black's native city who treasure these stories, and declare, with patriotic pride, that he has never surpassed what he then wrote as a youth in Glasgow. Mr. Black came to London at the age of 23, and, as he says, "very soon became a facile manufacturer of leading articles." He was connected for some years with the *Morning Star*, visiting the battle-field of Königgrätz as its Special Correspondent; he edited the *Examiner* for a short time; and for three or four years was assistant-editor of the *Daily News*. This last appointment he gave up in 1875, and since then his only literary work has been in the department of fiction. The facile pen has ceased to write leading articles, though once lately we happen to know it was again taken up for the benefit of a journalist in poor circumstances incapacitated from doing his work by ill-health.

We need not on this occasion enter into any extended review of novels so well known to our readers as Mr. Black's. He first made his mark as a novelist with *A Daughter of Heth*, in 1871, though there is no apparent reason, except the tragic ending, why this novel should have attracted more attention than its predecessors. Any one who reads his first novel, which bears the startling title *Love or Marriage*, and was published in 1868, must be surprised that the critics should not have discovered the advent of a new power in fiction. It would not be true to say that Mr. Black has made no progress in his art since then, but the freshness of the work, its entire freedom from the conventional tricks of the trade, the easy vividness of description and portraiture were remarkable enough, one would have thought, to strike any critical observer, and elicit his warm praise. But critics, it is to be feared, follow quite as often as they lead. Two more novels, *In Silk Attire*, and *Kilmeny*, passed by with comparatively faint praise before the *Daughter of Heth*, appearing originally in a Glasgow newspaper, caused much talk beyond the circle of the ordinary readers of the journal, and even before its republication in three volume form, gave its author that place among

novelists which he has since so worthily maintained and strengthened. Mr. Black is still a young man, and his genius shows no sign of exhaustion. Few men of letters have gone through a larger amount of honest work, but there is no trace of it in his personal appearance, and his writings show him to be as fresh in heart and intellect as when he first drew pen.

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## THE FASHIONS

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FROM *Le Follet*.—Fashion is still progressing in the same direction—preserving the beauties of the last styles; banishing, or at all events, concealing their defects, or rigidly curbing their eccentricities and exaggerations. For instance, among those whose social position, or acknowledged taste gives them the rank of “Leaders of Fashion,” there is but one opinion with regard to the “Princesse” shape, taking this as strictly to mean the skirt and bodice cut together. This, it is universally acknowledged, is the most graceful, elegant and intelligent conception possible; and all equally concur that the extra fabrics in the back breadths, and a slight support to the train, causing it to set away from the figure in graceful and easy drapery, now adapted with these dresses, have been a remarkable improvement. If our readers will contrast the present flow of the drapery of the skirts, and the graceful lines of the front and back, setting without fulness, but no longer drawn back to impede their movements (or give the wearer the appearance of a mermaid), with some of the most *outré* of tied back skirts and trains curling round and round, to end in a wisp, they cannot, we think, fail to own that the amelioration we have so long earnestly striven to recommend to them is an improvement as great from an artistic point of view as it is from all others. The materials show a decided tendency to the “Louis XIV.” *modes*; but not even in those times could the *brocades*, damasks, and fabrics of that class have been carried to greater perfection as to design and make. There is an elaboration of ornament and a wealth of colouring in many of these that could never have been surpassed, and hundreds of even inferior price and

quality can be used to achieve most successful results. Pattern materials are much used for evening wear or *toilettes* of an *habille* class, or as trimmings and portions of dresses, employed with plain fabrics; but for walking wear, plain materials, and these of a dark colour, are decidedly preferred, though this by no means prevents the introduction of a pattern or fancy material into the same *toilette*.

FROM *Demorest's Monthly*.—At this season there is nothing new in the shape of head-gear. What we are to wear so far as form is concerned, for several months at least, is settled before the autumn glories have paled into winter snows, and this season, as a change from the somewhat pronounced, though handsome and fascinating Gainsborough, Rubens, and the like, the majority have retired quietly back upon a quaint little bonnet, severe in its coif-like simplicity, and presenting as marked a contrast as possible to the *riant* styles of last season, which, of course, have not wholly disappeared, especially among young ladies. The later feature of the winter hats and bonnets, particularly the former, has been the rough exterior. Beaver has been revived as a material, and a long-haired felt used, a “furry” felt which is well adapted for those modifications of the Gainsborough styles which droop low on one side, but present a small upward brim on the other which is picturesquely lined with velvet, and shaded by a softly-falling plume. There are also small bonnets of beaver, which are almost as distinguished as those composed entirely of feathers. Neither require much trimming; just a band of satin ribbon faced with another colour, or rather with a reversible side, placed across the crown, or below the crown, and either forming the strings, or fastened to them by burnished metal ornaments, and a cluster of ostrich plumes, supported by satin bows and massed upon the top. Some elegant bonnets have also been made in red or dark plush, but the first of these were for evening or reception wear, and the last to match costumes of which the exterior jackets were composed of the same fabric.

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## WOMEN AND WORK.

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Miss Emily Davies writes to the *Times* to contradict certain statements contained in the article which we quote from its pages in the "Miscellanea." Miss Davies says it is an error to imply that Newnham Hall and Girton compete for honours annually on the same conditions, substantially, as the regular Undergraduates of the University. "It is," she says, "an essential distinction between Girton and Newnham that while in both cases it is optional on the part of the students to take external examinations at all, Girton College undertakes to present its students for degree examinations only on condition of their complying with the University regulations, this condition not being observed at Newnham Hall." Girton students have to pass the Cambridge previous examinations, Newnham students have not. It is not, Miss Davies adds, strictly correct to say that the Girton and London University matriculation examinations are on a par. The Girton examination is not a hard one. The number of subjects is less, and the choice wider than at the London University.

Mr. Henry Sedgwick animadvertes on Miss Davies' suggestion that in the scheme followed at Newnham Hall "indulgence is offered on the ground of sex" to the women under academic training. But the rejection of the Previous Examination was, says Mr. Sedgwick, on the ground of its requiring Greek, which the authorities could not recognise as necessary, there being doubts as to the benefit of making it compulsory even for men. Therefore the "Higher Local Examination" was taken in order to test the general fitness of students seeking academic training.

The popular idea that club life is, necessarily, an expensive mode of life is not, says the *New York Times*, founded on fact. A single man

who studies economy can live at any of the best Fifth Avenue clubs for 800 dollars per annum. This will cover breakfast and dinner, 2 dollars per day; yearly dues, 75 dollars: total per annum 805 dollars. For this modest sum he lives actually at the rate of 50,000 dollars a year. He has all the advantages of an establishment such as no individual in this city pretends to keep up. He is furnished the year round with luxurious rooms, gas, fire, daily papers, magazines, books of reference, the use of a library, materials for writing and admirable attendance. He has command of regular servants, without having to pay or manage them. He can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants served up at the shortest notice, with the comfort and cleanliness of the best appointed private establishment. He orders just what he chooses, having no taste to consult or interest to think of but his own. He can always command agreeable society. In short, it is impossible to suppose a greater degree of liberty in living. From 6 dollars to 8 dollars a week a comfortable room may be had in the neighbourhood of any of the above-named clubs. It will thus be seen that for less than 1,200 dollars per annum a single man of economical habits can live luxuriously at the best appointed club in New York. Why cannot single women of moderate means form similar combinations for material benefit?

On the 7th inst., Mr. Leonard Courtney will bring forward a motion in the House of Commons for the Removal of the Electoral Disabilities of Women Householders. Petitions in support of this motion are being prepared, and forms for signature can be obtained from the secretary of the Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, 64, Berners-street, W. All those who are desirous of signing the petition are requested to apply to the secretary at an early date.

The one device tested by the New York Metropolitan Railroad Company which has proved successful in deadening the sound of the trains was the discovery of a woman. Mrs. Mary E. Walton is the patentee of the successful invention.

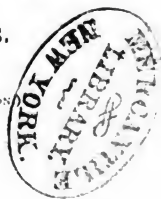




MADAME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.)

See page 590.





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ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

## THE SWEET OLD TIME.

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**T**IS here again, the sweet old time ;  
The quickening, throbbing pulse of Spring :  
Bidding each tiny bird to sing,  
And cup-like flowers themselves unfold  
In pearl and violet and gold,  
While all the balmy air is rife  
With new awakening to life !

Is it, indeed, the sweet old time ?  
Has the lark's song the same excess  
Of thrilling, piercing, loveliness ?  
Are the pale, purple blossoms here  
As bright as those I plucked last year ?  
Is the same fragrance in the air—  
The same enchantment everywhere ?

It comes no more, the sweet old time ;  
The scented violet bears no more  
The dear significance it bore ;  
The silence in my heart to-day  
Is broken by no joyous lay ;  
A sense of loss, and change, and death,  
Is mingled with the vernal breath.

## MY ONLY LOVE.

BY EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE,

Author of "A Life Race," "A Crown for Love," &c.

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He is no lover who loves not for ever.—*Euripides.*

But this was taught me by the dove,  
To die, and know no second love.  
This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn ;  
The bird that sings within the brake,  
The swan that swims upon the lake,  
One mate, and one alone, will take.—*Byron.*

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE HEART WILL BREAK.



HAD suffered myself to be comforted to live—not as loving my life, yet thankful to God who had kept what he had made, even while his everlasting image was shut out from my darkened spirit by the mortal shadow I had learned to worship in my blind idolatry ; I felt that it was sweet to live and quaff revival of lost strength in the bright summer sun, whose daughter I was, even though it seemed as if no love, nor joy, nor pleasure beneath his beams could ever again come to me : will not the strong spirit of youth give all that it has for dear life ?

Yes, the very life that was in me I had been taught to value as something, since I had essayed, against its ills that seemed intolerable to bear, the Lesbian's awful remedy. It was better to be content as I was, in calm unhappiness, than to give my fair body to cold

corruption, and return in disobedience to my maker the existence he had given me, as a wasted talent in my hand.

Not valueless was that existence to one, at least, other than myself, my poor grandmother. I could not wound her fondness now, I knew she was the only creature who truly loved me, little as that quiet parental feeling could amend the bruises of my passionate regrets; one great boon had fate granted me; these regrets, these miseries, I had put upon myself, unknown to her from whom above all the world it behoved me to bury the past out of sight. I should never have heard the end of my folly—since I had failed of achievement—so that it was some ease to my troubles that my grandmother should suspect every imagined cause for them, except the true one.

Occupation I found the most effectual panacea for my heart-disease; steady, constant application in endeavours to turn my talents to use; if I could not win my love, I could prove that I deserved both love and honour by my own efforts—at least, I would try; the spur to my exertions was sharp sorrow, the artist's true teacher. I worked for hours every day, to conquer for myself the dreary science that threads its way through the intricate mazes of harmony; and for rest and recreation I practised my singing voice; I was fain to be a great musician, both as composer and executant of my own works, and my struggles were as hard as my aim was high, unaided by better tutorship than remote and primitive Cornwall could furnish me withal.

Poor, good Mr. Nightingale had felt my capacity outgrow his teaching powers, a fact not unknown to myself, although I pretended not to see, before the time that he became obnoxious to suspicions of partiality to me as a pupil, such as combined to render any renewal of musical instruction a little too much for his prudence. I knew enough of music and singing for any young lady, so he told my grandmother, I was the best musician in the county by many degrees, and wanted no more lessons; on any occasion, he would be happy to give me his advice as a friend. This tended in the do-nothing direction, as did also the hints of sundry old ladies to my grand-

mother, conveying darkly the intimation through the discreet periphrase "they say" that it was commonly supposed she intended me for a "musicianer" in consequence of my continual practising from morning till night; that it was not ladylike to want to sing like a professor; that it was indecorous for a young lady's voice to make itself heard in church above the whole choir; that though a good voice might be a gift, it was no proof of holiness; that while the wicked possessed, the elect might be without it—an assumption impossible to gainsay, and quite too much for granny's composure. I am afraid I made my mock of the caviller, and declared my voice, such as it might be, was none of my making, and those who objected to it, would do well to try and make a better one as a present to me, or take that I had as it came! I laughed, but I lost patience, and determined to try and rise above this petty corner of the world, where there was no fit scope for me.

"Granny," I said, one morning, "I want to go to London to learn to sing: I am wasting my time, and I am afraid, only spoiling my voice—there is no one here to teach me."

"Whatever is come to the girl? go to London merely to learn to sing——?"

"I don't say that altogether: in London, I should be tolerated in my devotion to music: here, it is considered improper for a girl to do anything in earnest."

"How do you know anything about London? You never would tell me what happened to you, during those dreadful weeks. If you did, I could give you my advice: you would not take it, though. Well, you must find out everything for yourself by bitter experience. I always knew you would fail if you attempted the stage; you know how I warned you; and I tell you now, I don't believe your voice is strong enough to sing in a large London drawing-room before all the critics of men in town: they consider it an offence to society to attempt it, except a first-rate singer—it is no use for amateurs to sing before company, except married women, who get praised because people want to please their husbands!"

I was not yet divested of a maiden author's shamefacedness as to my desire to be a composer of music, no less than an adept in the art. Being shy of the former fact, I gave my remonstrance a turn accordingly.

"Whether I sing before company or not, and I am not likely to have the chance—I have set my whole heart on being a thorough musician, not a mere smatterer, like most girls who attempt to play and sing: music is an art most arduous to excel in, an abstruse science——"

"Then, my dear Lily, what in the world do you want to have to do with it for? What's the humour of puzzling your brain about things that can never be of the slightest use to advance you in life? A girl wants to be practical, to be advised by those who have experience in the world; thorough bass, or point-counters, or whatever they call it, are only a nonsensical device to throw away a girl's time; you can no more teach yourself such things than you could algebra: believe me, wait till after you are married; then you can get your husband to have you taught, if he likes."

"Married or unmarried I can't stop composing music; whether I compose anything worth the name of music depends upon the direction of my studies—good or bad, I must compose—I can't wait till I'm married for that."

"That's all no use—you never can make anything of it, only to keep yourself back in the world—you never could write a piece of music or an opera, like a real composer; it's only men can do it."

"I must try—I cannot help trying if I could; I must compose if I burn all I write—if I stopped it I should die."

This was unanswerable, so granny shifted her argument.

"You never would tell me what took you on that wild journey to London; I am sure your voice is not strong enough for a public singer; you know what happened when you would go on the stage; the way you were criticised—it is degrading to a lady to be made liable to such remarks. You're not fit for the stage; you never would take my advice; but Mrs. Heathcote said you were not fit,

As sure as you attempt to go on the stage you will fail, and it will kill me."

"I have no wish whatever to do anything of the sort—I hate the very name of the stage."

"I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Only I must change my way of life: I am miserable: I must see the world some time."

"Well—yes; that is true; we must see what can be done; but we have not money enough. How can I have you taken out in London?"

"Consent to my going, granny darling, and I will think about a way; I'm clever, you always said."

"Well—yes; think of a plan; but don't trust to your singing; your voice is not, never will be——"

I went away impatient; this subject of my voice, and its supposed want of strength was a sore one between us. In spite of the scandal in church and remarks of neighbours on its penetrating powers, it lacked the hard hitting quality supposed to constitute a "great singer," while, as I practised longer and louder by myself, its volume seemed to be spent instead of increasing; here was something wrong on which I took my resolve to consult Mr. Nightingale "as a friend" since he refused to be my teacher any longer, as also to take soundings as to an introduction into musical society in London, where I knew he had connections, and I felt that in no other than an artistic circle could I make good my claim to be received on equal terms, and on such would I be or none.

Being apprehensive of collision with Mrs. Nightingale, I wrote to ask him to call at our house; he answered promptly to the summons, and caught me in an unlucky hour, reading a history of the Indian Mutiny, and all the heart-stirring events past but a few years and still working in the public mind as part of actual life. Mr. Nightingale took the book, moodily, as I laid it down on his entrance, looked into it, and then at me, with a sharp glance of conviction, taking in the situation. He had stumbled upon a passage treating of Arthur's greatest



achievement ; he took offence thereat, and flung down the volume, out of which fell a slip of paper, on which I had been taking some notes objectionable to Mr. Nightingale ; he pounced upon the paper and examined it, looking askance through discomposed spectacles, but refrained from any remark. To break an awkward pause, I rushed into the subject of our interview, being wound up to my purpose like a clock, unclogged by any grain of tact among its irresponsible wheels.

"I wish to consult you, as my best friend," I said, trying to find the right way of stroking down the rough coat of my cross and affectionate old porcupine : "I wish to ask a great favour—that you would help me to get known to some of your musical friends—I want to lead an artist's life, I am fit for no other—and in London."

"London ! Yes, you've been there already to make new friends for yourself, till you've forgotten your old ones."

"Oh, no !"

"Yes, the red coat makes the man now-a-days, that's your opinion, I see, Miss Lily ; like all the rest of you girls: the most silly, ridiculous, absurdly infatuated monkeys are all the young women, that care for nobody, except somebody who never cares for them: what fools you are !"

"Not I, Mr. Nightingale; my troubles have come in an opposite direction—I have made myself quite a phalanx of formidable enemies in my rejected admirers. I find this part of the country is grown too hot, for the very reason that if all the men I have ever met in Cornwall and Devon were rolled into one heap, I shouldn't care a feather's weight for the whole lot of them put together !"

"Oh, ay, that's all very fine, Miss Lily, to tell me you don't care a button for your country friends, but you were glad enough to take all the teaching I could give you, and I taught you till I got fond of you like my own daughter, and now you don't care a straw—well, I deserve it, as I've brought it on myself, like an old fool—and there's no fool so bad as that—that's what you've made of me."

"Oh, Mr. Nightingale, how can you say so ? I never meant you—

such a dear old friend as you—in what I said about the men here in general: you don't belong to the county, and you can't fall in love with me to quarrel about that. I never said such things of you, indeed."

"Well, well, I suppose I must believe you: well, go to London if you like: I'll do all I can for you. That Indian fellow is off to his post, so you won't meet him there; so much the better for yourself. I only wish he would sink to the bottom of the Red Sea on his passage over."

Here was a guess at my terrible secret, but I tried to throw him out by putting a bold face upon it. "To be drowned like the Egyptians? How cruel of you! I hate you for saying that, Mr. Nightingale."

"Hate me? that means love him. Here am I, who have devoted myself to you like a slave, to do anything in the world you could ask me, I, who never refused you any mortal thing, and you say you hate me, for the sake of a fellow who wouldn't care if you were dead and buried to-morrow."

"Very likely; I don't expect he would care."

"Yes, he would, though; the rascal has vanity, and likes it to be thought he can have a girl like you to worship him as a divinity."

"I'm afraid all the world does that."

"No, only silly women: 'tis absurd to make a hero of him for mere bull-dog courage, when there are scores of better men! a fellow for whom I have the utmost contempt."

"Now, Mr. Nightingale, I don't believe you at all."

"Oh, woman, woman, this is the perversity of them! You make a fool of me, that's my thanks, as your devoted friend; and for that man, who in all human probability never wastes a thought upon you, once you are out of sight, you indulge a passion that betrays itself in every possible and impossible shape and way. Treat a woman with neglect—that's the secret to win her affections."

"I have no affections to be won; I am wedded to music, I want to be a public singer; that's better than pining away for love."

"Hm! not so sure of that; I'd rather see a daughter of mine laid in her coffin than let her go before the public."

"Perhaps your daughter might object that we cannot get into our coffins when we want to; we've got to die first, and to live before we die, and I cannot live an idle life without an object: I had rather die than do that."

"So you want to be a public singer because you can find nothing else to do? You'll have all the idle good-for-nothing scamps about town dangling and hanging to your apron strings."

Man-like, he disliked the idea of my attracting general admiration, and would have preferred my wearing the willow in a bandbox, with no comfort but such sympathy as he could spare me out of his conjugal obligations. There was so much in my suspected misfortunes in Arthur's case not displeasing to this friend of mine. I tried to make him a soft answer.

"I should reject all particular attentions, and content myself with public admiration in a general way."

"Public admiration! do you mean the stage?" he had heard, then, of my supposed craze in that direction. "You are not fit for the stage, if that's what you mean: your features are too small; your mouth could not be distinguished from your nose and eyes at a distance; no, you want to be seen near, like a cameo, and the closer you are looked at, the better your good points are appreciated."

"I have been told very much the contrary."

"And you believed it, have you? Women will believe any fool who tells them what they like."

"I shall believe you, if you tell me my voice will make me a great concert singer; that is what I aim at—not the stage."

"The platform—next door to it: it's all the same thing: well I can't undertake to say what your voice will be in a couple of years or so; it may get strength as you grow older: you want to eat the grain in the ear, like all young people: patience is the grand secret of success, and that you've got to learn."

With this doubtful encouragement, and a promise, which I knew

he would keep, "I'll do all I can for you, Lily," we parted: he to write to London, with a view to my proper introduction through friends of his: I to talk over my grandmother to the project and plan to be agreed upon between us.

After a struggle, I was allowed to do my choice. I was to take two hundred a year out of our common resources, and to be located in a musical family, where I should have proper protection during my studies, to be pursued under the Royal Academy of Music; nothing was to be decided, nor yet absolutely forbidden, but I was to pay as an amateur student. My grandmother's pride would suffer no reduced terms for my teaching; no time was fixed for my staying in London, or for my return.

And so I bore away to a new scene the strong young life that could not be crushed out. I left behind me the one voice that was loving enough to chide me, and went, unguided, out into the deep and broad current of the world. Behind me, too, I left my harp, whose chords sent a thrill through my pulses, indissolubly mingled with the memories of him I would fain remember no more; yet I kept his faded flowers within my bosom still, close to the weak, fond heart that broke for love of him!

There, placed upon a pedestal within a niche in our old parlour, is a marble bust of my dead father; when no eye could see me, I threw my arms round its neck, as though it lived, and laid my head upon the stone-cold breast, to wish I were like him!

This could not be, and so I was leaving my home far behind me, to seek another lot than my birth had cast for me.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AND BROKENLY LIVE ON.

I WAS put, with all due form of leave-taking and charges to the guard, into the lady's compartment of a railway carriage at Stormouth, to be taken out at the London Terminus, with every

precaution proper under the circumstances, by one Miss Raleigh, mistress of a Suburban school, who received a few independent lady students of art, science, or literature, besides her regular pupils; I being consigned to her address as a safe and convenient standpoint for the prosecution of my musical studies and ulterior plans yet undecided. On my arrival, as I stood alone upon the platform, I saw a kindly face, not quite unknown, advance with the friendly challenge, "Miss Fortescue, I believe?" "Yes; then you are Miss Raleigh?" I answered, with a little start of half recognition.

"We are not quite strangers," she said; "do you remember where I saw you once? I knew you in a moment."

"I do remember your face—I cannot recall when——"

"I saw you at Stormouth; you played Desdemona with——"

My whole head and neck tingled with a sudden rush of blood as I broke in with, "Oh, I know, I know now! You are the lady who sat near us at Stormouth Park Theatricals; I remarked you in conversation with a gentleman and lady, and indeed, I listened to every word you said that evening; I was as much interested as in the play."

"I'm glad to hear you say so; Lady Diana Hope Trevor is a great pet of mine; I knew her before she was married; we were young women together, but she is younger than I am. I like to say so, because she cares about her youth and beauty so much; no wonder, she is a very lovely woman."

Here was a situation for me! my new friend, in the simplicity and goodness of her heart, entwining herself in the wiles of the beautiful serpent whose sting was in my bosom, and I dared not say a word; silence between my enemy and me was our mutual due. I only prayed that we might never meet, considering she must pass much of the year in London. It was a drop of comfort to know that she had not followed Arthur, now gone out to fill a high command in India.

The leaves were falling in the dull, damp chill of London's sad November when I left my sunny home to live in the precincts of the great city—Milton's city—that attracted me towards its mighty

whirl of life, like the minnow that glances above the river. I lived in quiet, studying and practising music several hours every day, composing, when I chanced to find, in a happy hour, some new phrase of melody; some yet unthought-of mixture of sweet sounds; these works I submitted to my master's criticism and afterwards would correct and improve, as new ideas grew upon hints and glimpses of harmonies—so I was becoming mistress of my inspirations and musical sensations, instead of being led away on a wild, rushing stream of notes, I knew not whither.

As to my voice, I was ordered three months' complete rest, to my intense disgust, as a preliminary to systematic exercise. By nature a mezzo-soprano, I had been too ambitious in forcing it up towards the seldom attained heights of the pure soprano sphere, to the detriment of the middle notes, whose mellow tones, wherewith I was richly gifted, had suffered loss in consequence; all this, I was told, must be reformed; first to correct the abuse of my voice, I must give it time to reassert itself; then, in judicious practice, I must check my energy of work, and rather play with the shy sweet notes, which will not suffer violence, but must be rather caressed out of the singer's throat, until little by little, day after day, they become fixed like the register of an instrument made by hands, from whence the brilliant scale rings out true and strong, with a touch of something divine that no marvel of human handiwork could ever match—an echo of the far heaven where the angels and spirits sing.

With study and labour came patience to bear the sorrow, to which woman, even more than man, is born. I was working it off, until it became a thing to be endured along with life, as an inevitable pain; my earnestness, too, excited an interest in my favour with those among whom I now lived, not being considered, as heretofore, a kind of social crime in a young lady. Even before it was judged prudent for me to sing, Miss Raleigh introduced me to several distinguished friends, literary and artistic, as a musical genius, and to my first efforts, both as composer and vocalist, the kindest welcome of encouragement was shown. Once or twice a month, musical parties filled

Miss Raleigh's large drawing-rooms with a company such as rank and wealth might have desired in vain to draw together ; fashion and beauty did not disdain to mix with the self-made celebrities of talent in these receptions of the hard-working mistress of a school ; my pleasure was intense in these assemblies, so different from my former distasteful experience of society ; and with Miss Raleigh, a woman after my own heart, I grew more at home every day. Her love of art extended itself to the artist in every case. I found in her, too, a piety deep and earnest, not demonstrative ; the religion which consists in submission of self to Providence, with charity to all others—I never heard her say an unkind word of anyone, in all the time I knew her—and contrary to my former experience, too, she made to herself no merit of puritanic lines of exclusion against the possessors of any art, charm, or attraction, such as makes the delight of life, when it turns not to abuse ; in one word, to her ugliness was not a virtue in itself, nor beauty a sin.

We grew intimate, and she told me her story. Her father, like mine, was an officer high in the Indian service. He died in the prime of life, leaving a family of many daughters absolutely destitute, Charlotte Raleigh, the eldest, being little over twenty ; at first she tried the miserable life of a governess ; conscious of natural gifts, she resolved, at twenty-five, to seek independence by a more congenial occupation ; she wrote a story and sent it to a magazine, where it was accepted, and with the modest sum received for her work, she took a tiny house of her own in London, brought to her assistance two younger sisters, better qualified than herself as to the drudgery of teaching, and set up a daily boarders' school, which prospered, and thus the sisters gained a home and much kindness from the public, which is, after all, the best earthly friend of those who want help and protection. This was Miss Raleigh's remark, as she told me I too might be sure I should find it so.

And so the winter went by, not unprofitably, and spring brought the season of Italian opera, the goal of my eager expectations for months before the southern queens of song took wing for rainy

Britain. An order for a box came to Miss Raleigh for one of the early nights, when the great rush of the upper ten thousand has not yet set in among the crimson and amber satin curtains. One of the older classical operas was to be given, the heroine by a great prima donna, whose name was familiar in my ears from a child; now, I was told, I should find but the remnant of her voice and beauty; this mattered not to me; to see her was an epoch in my life, and though her grandly moulded form and queenly brow had lost the charm of youth, though several of her notes were held with an effort, and once I detected a semitone out of tune, the perfection of her art left me nothing to desire either in the actress or the singer—I felt that once she was gone, her match would never again be seen upon the lyric stage within our time.

I sat entranced, leaning forward against the balustrade, with hands pressed tight against my breast, from whence the hot pants rose and parted my lips; my eyes' eager straining fixed upon the stage saw nothing at all above or around me. I was startled by the clapping of a door, which shook me out of my rapt attention because the singer, discomposed, threw an offended glance towards the box from whence the interruption came; my eye followed, and there opposite to me, in a lower tier, rustling to a front seat with much circumstance of ermined mantle and rebellious crinoline was the Lady Diana Hope Trevor.

I was aghast, although the apparition was such as I might well have expected in that place, and should have been prepared to meet with conventional equanimity, but that I was not; I lost the sense of sight and sound, as regarded the stage, and sat with eyes fixed straight before me upon the enemy facing me down, until Miss Raleigh's attention was caught, and she whispered a warning to change my attitude, while bowing herself to Lady Di, who graciously, if slightly, recognised her at the same time. I took the hint, and restrained all signs of feeling, until we met at closer quarters in the crush of exit, and Miss Raleigh took the opportunity of inviting the great lady to honour her next musical party, and,



shock upon shock ! gave as the inducement my first appearance as a musician in a London drawing-room, with a new song Miss Raleigh had written herself for me to set to a melody of my own. During the whole colloquy, I continued to stand pressed in the crowd at Miss Raleigh's side farthest away from Lady Di, of whose presence I assumed utter unconsciousness, until I was taken to task as we drove home.

"Were you not acquainted with Lady Diana before ?" enquired my companion. "I did not know whether I ought to introduce you or not ; you did not seem to put yourself in the way of making acquaintance."

"There was no necessity to do so ; we had met before."

"You did not seem to remember each other."

"It was not my place to remember Lady Diana, unless she chose to remember me."

"How stiff and formal you are for so young a girl !"

"I am not to be mean, because I am young ; Lady Diana knew me perfectly well, but she saw best to meet as strangers ; it was not my fault, we had a kind of quarrel."

"Why, what a fool you were ! of all the silly things people do, the silliest is to quarrel ; the trouble of it, going through the world ! I never quarrel with any one, let people do what they will ; if they are in the wrong, so much the worse for themselves. What have I to gain by taking offence ?"

"Well, nothing, I suppose, if the offender is too far above you and the offence too deep to be complained of."

"Ah, true ! those are the worst kind of offences. What have you and Lady Diana done to one another ?"

I was silent for a few minutes, and then came out a small part of the truth, to disguise the greater, unspeakable wrong : "She made mischief for me with my grandmother ; tried to make mischief, and prevent me from playing Desdemona ; she wanted to play it herself, to turn me out of the part in her own favour—I have done nothing to her."

"Yes, you have ; you have come in the way of her vanity—and I am sorry to say, vanity is her fault—you are young, and have enough attractions to excite jealousy. Oh ! that's a cruel feeling sometimes in women who are most admirable and good otherwise ; I am sorry you should have found it so."

"Miss Raleigh, you have invited Lady Diana to your party—I cannot be there to meet her."

"No ? I cannot have anything to do with anybody's quarrel, my dear ; everyone meets everybody in my drawing-room. It is neutral ground."

"Well, I must sit in some corner, where I shall not be noticed ; I will not sing."

"Don't be so silly, my child ; do you wish to let Lady Diana crush you out in a corner ? she would ask no better, I dare say ; not sing ? on the contrary, sing your best, and show her what you can do ; don't quarrel, but never let those great people put you down ; that's another matter."

And so I took heart of grace to do and dare. The appointed evening came, and brought me the first taste of triumph my own earnest endeavours had wrung from toil and pain ; it was not as once before, when I was lifted up and set upon a pedestal—or pillory—as friends and enemies chose, by contact with Arthur, and swift extinction amidst the haze of his greatness, it was my own sole achievement now, this draught of the rich wine of life, that set my heart afire. Oh, could he see me, oh, could he hear me ! as the light of the Eastern harem, bright, young Nourmahal won back her offended lord, should I compel again his old, unforgotten love by the wondrous gifts and magic spells of song !

A power had risen within me, so that others felt with me as I would have them feel ; with every note that fell upon their hearts, a little of the pain was lifted off my own. "How true !" cried one. "What a reality in that grief of a betrayed woman ! what a genius to express it all in music ! such a young creature, too ! what can she know of such feelings ?"

Alas, too much! by the wound in my own breast had I learned to sing of another's woe. This was the secret of my power, at which the world was now to make its marvel.

I sat down in silence, while the two large rooms opening into one another were filled with the hum of two hundred voices, swelling the sound of praises showered on me, like a gentle rain from heaven, to bid the undying seed of hope grow again in the bruised spirit. There was a hush, and then a stir; the close crowd swayed open across the principal entrance, as the name of Lady Diana Hope Trevor was announced from beneath the staircase.

There was a certain fitness in her appearance upon the scene, where much of the surroundings told of past wealth and state in a long line of former inhabitants of the mansion, a grand old house in one of the oldest squares, long deserted by fashion, yet possessing all the requirements of life on the highest social scale; the staircase which wound round the lofty hall was of marble, with richly carved oak balustrades; no rich pile covered the old steps now, but the echoes of past generations of dainty feet had left the stone almost fresh and such as rank and beauty need not disdain to tread uncarpeted, at this present day; nevertheless, it was on rare occasions that a dame so highly placed, both by her husband's military honours, and her own fame as a queen of society, graced the company at the Misses Raleigh's, and doors flung open their double leaves to the widest expansion as she swept into the room, all in black, relieved with laces and broideries of white, and a slight sprinkling of diamonds. Good taste had subdued the splendour of her attire to some keeping with the modest garb of her hostess; but this simplicity of adornment could only add a lustre to her beauty. I never knew before how wondrously fair was this abhorred rival of mine; how young she looked for her years, what tints upon her skin of cream and carmine! There was no paint or any make up—that my keen eye of hatred could discern; she might have been five-and-twenty, but for the full outline of her tall figure, which told of middle life rather than youth; this, I had heard said, is an attraction to some

men ; she recalled to my mind another Diana, styled "of Poitiers," whose matchless face and form and hair of spun gold enslaved two generations of Kings of France, and endured, it is said, unfaded till sixty years—even then, the chronicler records, she was indescribably lovely ; she always dressed in black and white, like this cunning woman now, who seemed to have found likewise some elixir of perpetual youth ; ay, there was another, too, I had read of :

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, Strafford's mistress and avenger, the betrayer of her Queen, Henrietta Maria—here was a third in my vision of fair pernicious women !

She had her share of admiration and flattery in that room ; she took it all like a queen, enthroned upon a huge old carven chair, in character with the house, while almost all the company stood, seats having to be turned out through press for space. She accepted the world's homage graciously and as of course, and I felt that I stood above her in my triumph that hour ! She could not command the heart to throb, the eye to weep, as I had done. Some gentlemen raised a petition to her to sing. She avoided compliance, which Miss Raleigh had too much tact to press.

"I seldom ask amateurs to sing," she said to me ; "you are an exception. I consider you as an artist."

How sweet those words were to me ! by them I knew that Lady Diana's most judicious friends would not advise her to provoke comparison with me ; I might be nobody in the table of precedence, but on nature's list, despite her beauty, my patent of nobility was higher than hers, my title, genius, the sovereignty of human hearts.

I withdrew from her vicinity to surround myself with a group of composers, poets, and artists, of whom I was now admitted as a companion on my own merits, and took no more thought for my scornful rival, as she swept by in another path than mine. Once or twice, through the rest of the evening, her name crossed my ear, coupled with "India," "High appointment," "Going away just as the season is beginning," and this vague rumour, together with the

fever of my own triumph, kept me tossing in uneasy wakefulness, or dreaming in unrest of troubles to come; of bitter reproaches from Arthur turned unkind, until broad daylight flashed upon me the resolve to question whom I could find to tell me the worst that could be told to me. In the course of the day, I found occasion to break the subject to Miss Raleigh.

"Lady Diana Hope Trevor is taking her husband to India," I said. "Does he know, do you think, what brings her there?"

"What brings her there? Why, her husband's appointment; what else? She is not the woman to break up her London season without good cause."

"Good cause! Do you not know, Miss Raleigh, have you not heard, how she follows Arthur everywhere, from east to west? and——"

"My dear, I never believe any part of what the world's malice invents of all great people; it is enough to be set upon a pedestal and have all their weaknesses of humanity held up to the light, without worse being added on."

"You believe there is no harm between them?"

"No harm! I believe we owe the preservation of our Indian Empire to that woman's influence through her husband, and the opportunity that was thrown open to the right man at the right moment, all through her."

"She has been much blamed, nevertheless, and I hear in India no one believes her to be a virtuous woman."

"India is a bad school: their way of life is such that almost every woman has her character compromised who lives long there."

"Indeed! then you do not defend her life?"

"It may have been an unsatisfactory one, in some respects it is a misfortune to any of us to love our own will too much, and to have it, as she has had it, indulged by her husband in every whim; but with all her worldliness and vanity, I believe there is much good in her. I know she is generous to a fault. I believe she is a pure, dutiful wife. There can be no question as to her love of her country, and what she

has done to serve England, both by her husband's and Arthur's means."

"It is fortunate that Arthur has no wife."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because his wife, if he had one, might be less complaisant than Sir John Hope Trevor in this case. Arthur's wife might believe——"

"Yes, if she were a jealous woman—what will not a jealous wife believe? Heaven defend him, poor man, from such a plague as that! he deserves better."

Good Charlotte Raleigh! How I loved her for taking Arthur's part against my evil thinking! Deserve what he would, it was borne in upon me with the strong faith of conviction, that if ever Arthur should marry, come what might, he would have me only for his wife, or none. This was comfort, even though we might never meet again. Twelve months had melted away from the first day of my great sorrow, and found me able to bear it better, though to forget it never; and this because—

"In sweet music is such art  
Killing care, and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

My first London season closed with a pleasant sense upon my mind of having found many well wishers and friends happily a few, among the distinguished and cultivated circles where Miss Charlotte Raleigh's literary pre-eminence gave access, along with herself, to a young aspirant under her wing. I left town for the long vacation, as somebody, in a small way—having made my *début* in society as nobody whatever; this was something for a girl in her teens to have achieved in a few months.

I was to return home to dear old granny for the interval imposed

between July and the autumn sessions of the Royal Academy of Music. I doubted not that with as hearty good-will as she had predicted my failure, she would exult in the falsification of her own prophecies by the commencement of success I had won, despite all her provoking ways of throwing wet blankets, always conveniently at hand, whenever the least spark of enthusiasm dared to fly upward—except in politics, she being herself a partisan always at red heat on all Tory interests, the only ends she seemed to think worth living for; my chances of marrying according to that traditional line of policy being included within her narrow vision of the world's future.

I was not to travel alone, but in harmony with Miss Raleigh's instincts as the mistress of a ladies' school, under her own charge, she having invitations to more than one country mansion in the west of England, through daughters who had passed as pupils through her hands, and who were invariably the better for it as women, whatever learning and accomplishments they might have gained or missed, so that to have been taught by her was to become her friend. I felt I was not without my share of her good influence infused into the hot, impatient temper that was born in my veins.

My grandmother's reception of me was tender beyond my belief in her capacity in that way; she kissed me, as no one had ever kissed me since the time I was a child, and my father lived; and to her I felt kinder than I had ever yet done; even the whole of Stormouth and its people I looked upon with different eyes, since I was no longer chained to their ways and customs, and so did they to me. A girl who has spent several months in the "Kingdom come" of snubbed and snuffed out provincial young ladyhood, and is bound on her return voyage to that same Cape of Good Hope, need trouble herself little for the mysterious hints and strictures of the ubiquitous "they say," and is able to treat on friendly terms, *de puissance en puissance* with her old opponent, Mrs Grundy. My position in London was demonstrated beyond a question by the mention of my name on several occasions as an ornament of musical circles; even my late critic, the *Empress*, had been fain to follow the lead, and damn me with faint praise, not

altogether out of keeping with the encomiums of her masculine contemporaries.

Clergymen's ladies called upon me, with a view to charity bazaars and concerts, and I was not averse to putting my talents to some good use at their request. This, too, made my sojourn in the country pleasant and satisfactory, not, as it were, so much time cut out of my life and wasted, as formerly it seemed to me. I began to see, moreover, that my grandmother's life was one of great self-denial, through narrow means, or should I say poverty? to one of her habits formed when she was at the head of as many thousands a year as she could now dispose of hundreds. I knew that in dividing her income to enable me to live in London, she made a sacrifice from which it was my duty to relieve her, and if this could not be as she wished, by marriage, it must be by making music my profession as well as my delight, and in this resolution I was confirmed by every argument she used to dissuade me from it. I had now lived with those who worked for their bread, and known their kindness to a struggling, obscure girl, much better to me than the cold civility and quiet crushing out which was all I could win from the "county set" of whom I was born, but among whom I could not be allowed to live, lacking money and connection.

In October I left Stormouth behind me, and returned to work with right good will amongst my friends at the Royal Academy of Music, hoping to earn a prize such as should lighten the burthen imposed on my kind grandmother for my advancement. This project, as I knew she would disapprove, I kept secret from her, but I had no mind to be kept like the produce of her apple orchard, garnered in a loft, to rust in ripeness, because to sell the fruit would have involved loss of caste, although the price was very much needed to supply various little expenses, the want of which made life very dry and rigid to poor granny. Had she sold the apples, she would have indulged in the luxury of giving away indiscriminately to beggars, in denying whom she denied herself still more. Poor dear unreasoning, generous soul.



The desired object seemed close within my reach, to be attained at the next competition, as a vocalist; it would have been affectation in me to make any doubt that I was first in the Academy; as a proficient in musical science and composition, my claims were not mean: one ordeal to pass and I should enjoy that first money earned by self-exertion, not received as a gift, which brings with it so satisfactory a sense of independence to be honourably earned, and tastes so sweet as the fruit of our own labour. In another month I was to go in for the prize, and win, if it pleased God.

It did not please man, nor did the course of the harmonious institution to which I had affiliated myself, coincide at all with the decrees of that other whose chains the freeborn British subject is wont to rivet upon himself, to the enslavement of body, soul and will—the Court of Chancery, that grim abode of everlasting law, which those who enter must leave not only hope, but the option of their own mode of torment behind them; where the usages of the Star Chamber, and the illegal practices of the rack and thumb screw remain morally in full force, by way of proof of the venerable antiquity of that “glorious uncertainty,” which, as the chief boast of the lawyers of England, has flourished in abuse, defying all reform, proving too strong even for the iron hand of the great Protector. In one word, I was recalled home by a summons from my grandmother to the effect that I was a great heiress, all the land remaining to our family having come to her by descent, through the death of a distant relation, I being the “last in remainder,” a phrase in her letter which I did not understand, but it was clear enough that I was called away from the course I had chosen for myself to follow hers.

Heaven forgive me my first glow of exultation! I am ashamed of the high thoughts of myself that swelled my budding pride, being lifted up by fortune as much above my fellow-students as my natural gifts—far better, had I but known—had already set me before others, by persevering labour: yet I must own, I felt a great joy at being so placed by fortune, as I fondly flattered myself, to secure in my early years such fame and reward for my labour as poorer, humbler

aspirants must toil a life-long to achieve. I could command success, I thought, not alone by merit but by rank and wealth as well ; and more than all, I should now be nearer Arthur's equal.

Folly most rank and ignorance supreme ! The inheritance devolved in this wise. On my father's death, leaving only a daughter, the entailed estates passed to the next male heir, who derived through another branch, in the female line, and by a queerer derision of fate, happened to be an idiot, and as such subject to the guardianship of the Court of Chancery, both as to purse and person ; the latter was fairly cared for, in a private asylum of the select and expensive sort ; the former, as represented by the hereditary estates, were, by no figure of speech, swallowed up in expenses of law and management, with the exception of about one fourth, which was all that, in fact, came into my grandmother's possession, although, subject to heavy mortgages. She nominally inherited about half of the whole, the other half having been sold from time to time, by order of the court, to defray the "necessary expenses." An old will secured the remnant of the property to Mrs. Fortescue for life, and to me as her successor, coming into force on the extinction of the entail by the idiot's death.

The immediate effect to me of this wind of fortune's favour was, to quash my projects of Royal Academy honours, and turn my feet into paths I never thought to have trod again. I came home, and found a change ; I was now a "good match" for any gentleman in the county, my grandmother told me, and furthermore declared it was the first duty of my life and of paramount necessity that I should give up every other desire and aim in life but the one great object—marriage ; the existence of the family required it, I being the last of our particular branch of the Fortescues ; and it was a most happy circumstance, she said, that I was now raised to a position to "pick and choose," just as I was eighteen ; so I was to marry whom I would—but marry I must, or be without excuse hereafter as an old maid and failure in life.

Alas, it was too true that fate had brought me to the water, but with embittered lips that could never taste anew of the well-spring

of deep love! Whether for my own sake, or for the broad lands that one day should be mine—that day, the present, if needs were; I believe my grandmother would have given up all to any man who could have been ingrafted like a fresh sprout upon the decaying family tree—for this, or whatever cause, I was sought and wooed in that fair western land beloved of King Charles, as never maiden was wooed and left unwon, unwedded, and not understood. Being without excuse, I made none but that of wedded Juliet, “I cannot marry yet.” Then I was asked to name my time, were it months or years, and on my promise hope would wait. I could not promise, and so I put away from me youth, and love, and joy of life—all for the sake of one, whom I hoped not, scarce could wish, to meet again; but an echo of his ever remembered voice, a memory of his fond little ways, thrilled through me still, in every touch of a caress, repelled as soon as offered, because I could suffer none such of living man but him—my only love.

Could I change the plan of life I had formed, fall away from my devotion to the sweet art that had made existence a thing to be endured if not enjoyed, music, whose charms alone could win me back from the land of dark shadow, where my earthly hope had perished? I walked out alone into a deep wood, upon our lately inherited domain, to resolve this question with myself, could I live to please the world, a believer in its divinity, Grundy, the bona Dea of British Matronhood? Could I be conformed to this, because the only creature left to love me, my dead father’s mother, in her blind desire for my happiness, would have it so? I felt like a stone knock against my heart, and there and then I chose my course and fixed my own fate, as every mortal has the right, under God, to do; henceforward, music should be my comforter, my all the world; and if every hope, every desire I had ever cherished must fail me, as human events do fail and fall short of human designs, why then, in music like a dying fall, my youth’s fair promise should fade away and die!

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## CHAPTER XX.

## UNA VOCE POCO FA.

By various arguments and caresses, I gained upon my grandmother a half consent to spend the spring with me in London ; she flattering herself that my great offence, "hard to please," would yield as a stumbling-block overthrown to the suit of some more congenial wooer than could be furnished by county ball or country side ; I, bent on rising to such pre-eminence and fame, through the gifts of nature and the toil of brain and tuneful throat rather than hand, as should put to silence every carping censor or misguided friend fain to make my days tedious with advice to be as other women, cut out after one pattern of the world's choosing, rather than in the fashion designed for me by the Great Maker, who never repeated the same creation twice, and by whose variety of adornment this earth was made so fair. That I should differ in any point of mental or moral measurement from her own standard, "when I was a girl," as her phrase was, seemed a problem to my grandmother as insoluble as the Bridge of Asses, or "algebra," her favourite expression for insoluble riddles ; nevertheless, it was within the scope of reason and propriety that we should, like other county people, spend some months of the year in town.

It was desirable we should do so, by way of counterpoise to the somewhat narrow scale of our country housekeeping, voted mean by servants and dependents, used to the Court of Chancery's management, *pro bono publico*. My grandmother's ideas were lavish if she could, but the wherewithal was wanting to us ; our seat, situated in a western county, not Cornwall, proved, on possession, a kind of gulf, yawning to absorb far larger means than ours. The mansion was of dimensions suitable to the original fortune of its possessors, and now in such repair as tenements usually exhibit under the Court of Chancery's fostering care ; gardens and dependencies to match, in fact, as my

grandmother said, "Another fortune was wanted to keep up the old place." It behoved us, in French phrase, to "*Mettre du fumier sur nos terres*," a favourite expression amongst match-making dowagers of old-fashioned France, which may be rendered Anglicè marrying for the sake of that Peruvian guano most effectual in the restoration of decayed nobility, gold—the god of this world, to whom I so obstinately refused my worship, while granny boasted in our long descent of a strain of the best blood in Brittany, the most bigoted to preconceived ideas in all France, or England either. "Well, there is no forcing little dogs to eat mutton," was her dissatisfied conclusion with me.

We were bound by our position to have a house of our own; a tiny furnished one "for the season," dropped down amongst the grand old mansions of St. Iago's Square; the point of locality, at least unexceptionable; for the rest—the less said the better. Whether the narrow dimensions of our abode had anything to do with that of our reception into "society," I cannot vouch for; certain it is that, to granny's amazement, we were coldly shut out by Mayfair, and Belgravia knew us not: London was not the London of twenty years before, and Mrs. Fortescue's cards were neglected by the representatives of her old friends dead and gone, or, when they chanced upon some old houses still inhabited by their guests of a generation gone by, were returned with due politeness of a similar tale of cards, or at most, a personal call from some old lady as far behind the stream of the present time as my grandmother herself. With Miss Raleigh's set I was forbidden to identify myself, because as a school-mistress she could not, according to granny, associate with the great world except on the terms of an inferior; still less must I hold companionship with any friends of the Royal Academy, for fear of losing caste, and disqualifying myself for admission amongst my own class. The upshot of the matter was, we found ourselves, in the height of the London season, to all intents and purposes as much alone as if we had been planted down in the middle of Puffin Island or Salisbury Plain!

In this predicament we received a call from an acquaintance, if not friend, of old standing in Stornmouth; one Miss Hester Jane Cross, the same who formerly took offence at the unseemly predominance of my voice in church, but now her lips seemed actually overflowing with the milk of human kindness to us both. A change had been discernable in her after my first season in London, when she asked me to sing at a charity concert: something of the kind, I suppose, was required for a paying public, who might not care to be put off, during a whole evening, even with high class incompetence. Miss Cross had come up to town on a short visit to Captain and Mrs. Dodd—county people; did we know them? We did not: Miss Cross would have great pleasure in bringing us acquainted with them, or any other friends of hers, whom we might like to know. Had we many friends in town? We could not make it appear that we had, of the right set; everything depended on getting into the right set, and the outcome of it all was, Miss Cross could procure us an introduction to the right set—and an eligible husband for me besides, upon consideration of being received into our miniature town house, so as to prolong *ad libitum* the London season for her own behoof.

The bargain was struck, with eager delight on granny's part, with mere acquiescence on mine. However, I was not sorry to see something of London life from the upper aspect, and as to the threatened husband, why I could give him the go by. The first palpable result of Miss Cross's removal to our house from Captain and Mrs. Dodd's, was an invitation to us to dine with that fashionable couple, in exactly four weeks from the date upon the card.

Long before this interval had been got through, granny discovered that our guest was somewhat "heavy on the hand," and had got, moreover, thoroughly tired of the innumerable morning calls, involving long drives to all points within the metropolitan postal circle, absolutely required by Miss Cross as the preliminaries of our "introduction into her circle." The results to be expected were a series of invitations for the post paschal "London season," Mrs. Dodd's party being first on the list. When we were all three dressed for

the occasion, grandmother remarked to me, in an aside, how much better it was for a girl to go out with one chaperon only, than with two elderly women, our companion, she hinted, being a kind of burlesque upon us both. In truth, Miss Cross's long black corkscrews were not unlike a parody upon granny's daintily tricked out white hair, restrained in clusters about her forehead, while the make of her dress was as close a copy of mine as could be laced without bursting upon the figure of a damsel of thirty-nine; her appearance gave apprehension of cancer as the ultimate consequence of her reversing the fable of the frog and the bull.

On being presented to our hostess of the evening, I recognised a face I had seen before, and the impression was not pleasant. Again, Captain Dodd's voice sounded not unfamiliar, and by degrees, I recognised them both as the couple who sat in front of us at the Stormouth Park theatricals, and as I recovered the recollection of all I had overheard of their talk that memorable evening, I felt the less at ease as a guest at their table. However, there were companions enough to keep me in countenance, so I set myself to see and understand. The first object conspicuous to observation was our hostess's toilet. Her father having died within the past year, she wore an heiress's mourning of white satin, elaborated into endless folds and flowers of the rich material, interspersed with gauzes and black lace, and a slight sprinkling of jet; there had exhausted itself all the cunning of the Parisian master in the golden age of Eugénie; three bands of diamonds across each shoulder did duty for absent sleeves, and a profusion of these glittering riches helped to make the most that nature permitted of a model figure and plain face, the combination being not without a certain charm of piquancy. Looking round the house chosen as casket to this gem of a woman, I was struck by the want of space compared with the overload of costly decoration and furniture heaped into every available nook and corner; my eyes had yet to be educated to the overcrowded magnificence of a May-fair drawing-room.

I was handed down to dinner by a gentleman of uncertain age,

from thirty to forty, introduced as Mr. Elliot, answering, moreover, to the name of Horatio, as I learned on farther acquaintance. While we were hedged together in a sharp corner of the stone staircase, no doubt contrived to that effect by the architect, I discerned a peculiarity in the hair of my cavalier, about the top of the head, and by the time we sat down at table, had drawn the conclusion that he wore a false crown to conceal premature baldness; not being personally interested, however, in the charms of the outward man, my ear gave place to those of his conversation, which was diverting and mildly scandalous, as became a professed ladies' man.

Soup and fish disposed of, he gently chid me for failing to keep him in countenance as to the crowd of elaborate dishes, inconceivable in their substances, the half of which, barely tasted, would have made me sick for a week. "Oh, never mind that! eat, eat, and die! it's so nice," he expostulated, helping himself to dainty after dainty. "I never eat lunch when I dine here; no one gives such a dinner as Stanley Dodd; everything but a mouthful of fresh air—not a breath of that."

"I saw the servants shut up both windows as we came in—how was that?"

"Mrs. Dodd has a bad tooth and won't have it drawn—she calls it neuralgia, but it's toothache she's afraid of, and so we must be shut up in a space like the black hole in Calcutta. The notion of putting eight-and-twenty people to dine in a little room like this! why sixteen would be a cram; I don't see the joke, do you?"

"Not quite—I want a great deal of air to breathe."

"You live upon air like the chamelcon, eh? It seems to agree with you, by the charming rotundity——"

I felt my face burn at the hint or the glance that fell—yet surely my square cut bodice should not provoke such comment on what it concealed, while the row of uncovered busts which adorned that epicurean table were exempt.

"Who says no roses can stand London air?" proceeded my



companion's running commentary; "I can bear witness to the contrary."

"And so can I," was my answer, daring out my conscious blush with an attempt at boldness; "I know the stronger kind of roses will live in town."

"Nay, the most delicate of all."

"Cabbage roses."

"No, Devonshire roses—cheek roses, that's Shakespeare's phrase. Don't you think it pretty?"

He whispered close to the cheek he flattered, until I drew away, and to turn the subject, I glanced towards our hostess, saying, "What beautiful diamonds Mrs. Dodd wears."

"You may say that. I never saw her without them."

"What! Never?"

"They say she sleeps in them; I can quite believe it."

"You don't admire diamonds?"

"Only on pretty women, where one so seldom sees them. Diamonds on an ugly woman are a mistake."

"Well, Mrs. Dodd's are very fine diamonds, and no mistake in that," I said, laughing off my little malice in the observation.

"She has fine diamonds, and so she ought."

"Why ought she, more than any other lady?"

"Why, don't you know who she was?"

"Before she married Captain Dodd, do you mean? I have heard she was a great heiress."

"Quite true; only perhaps I ought not to tell——"

"Do tell, then."

"You must not ask me."

"Don't tell, then, unless you like it best."

"Well, I'll tell *you*. Her father was the famous Mr. Goldie."

"Do you mean the great jeweller?"

"Oh, you put it charitably. The collateral branch of the family tree, with the crest, three balls, if you know what that means?"

"I don't."

"A pawnbroker," and he dropped his voice down to my particular ear ; "she has about fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels, and as to her dress, nobody knows what that costs, but she can't display her magnificence at Court."

"She cannot ! indeed ?"

"She doesn't dare to risk it. But she'll tell you a long story of the Lord Chamberlain calling upon her to say Her Majesty was surprised at not seeing her, and how his lordship gave her his advice to appear at Court, but that, indeed, she does not care to be presented. Don't you believe one word of it, but mind you pretend you do, or you'll get me into a scrape."

At this point there was some disturbance of the order of the banquet through the arrival of a guest, out of all conscience belated, but the Stanley Dodds never waited for anyone. This was a lady, aged, overborne with dress, and with difficulty able to walk, as she came along, her footman's arm being only admissable so far as the outer hall. When her name was announced, Captain Dodd called upon an elderly gentleman at the table, saying, "Mr. Harcourt, you're a man of gallantry, will you have the goodness to fetch Lady Cameron in ?"

"Heavy duty for Harcourt," commented Mr. Elliot ; "it's rather hard lines to bring poor old Lady Cameron out, unsupported by her lady companion ; but—no toadies admitted is the rule of this house, no room for extra crinolines round this table—only one lady to each invitation."

"We came three ladies in a party."

"Then that's an exception ; you are specially ornamental, to carry so much dead weight along with you."

Soup and fish being recalled on Lady Cameron's behoof, a certain breach ensued in the course of the banquet, filled up by the starting of an extraneous topic of debate ; none other than a change in Sir John Hope Trevor's position in India, whereby it appeared he was brought into proximity with Arthur, their respective posts having hitherto kept them apart. A peculiar sense seemed attached to the circumstance, by general consent of the company, implied though not

expressed in words; until Lady Cameron chose to make herself the spokeswoman of the common malicious intention.

"Well!" she said, "Lady Di is in her element, and in all her glory now; promoting her husband's advancement like a good wife, so that Sir John can't do less than acknowledge the privileges of a *cavaliere serviente*; oh, they think nothing of those things abroad, I've seen the same little arrangement over and over again; it seems to promote the general harmony of society."

"A greasing of the wheels of the matrimonial car," put in Mr. Harcourt, following up the tongue-thrust with a meaning laugh: "Arthur's the ladies' hero: that fellow will go on breaking hearts till he sets one foot in his grave."

My spirit rose in anger, such as once or twice only in my life had held mastery over me: when it did, my Indian blood was prone to spurn the faint barriers of prudence, or custom of society. Striving with my passion, I broke in with a reply wide of the mark.

"Lady Diana, I should think, ought to make her husband her hero. Sir John Hope Trevor is a brave man too."

"Deserving the fair, and no doubt loved by his wife too—in her way: she's a large-hearted woman, and he can't complain of bad company in that quarter," sneered Mr. Harcourt: my fierce looks answering, he paused: "Now, young lady, never shake your charming locks at me; I'm not a hero worshipper, and men are men, and will be, till the end of the world."

"It is false—false of him, of Arthur; I do not believe it, no, not a word!"

"Is she not charming in her *maïveté*?" put in Mr. Elliot, as my *preux chevalier*.

"Irresistibly bewitching; it's worth a man's while to slip off the hooks for the sake of being defended like that. She thinks her hero a Joseph—ha, ha, ha! Friend Arthur is not being led astray for the first time!"

"I've heard they ran away together before her marriage," hinted Lady Cameron; "but they were pursued and brought back a little

too late, they do say, but these things can be hushed up in India ; I think they should have been allowed to marry after going so far ; it was not fair to Sir John afterwards ; I suppose he did not know what he was doing until he was netted and noosed ; who could have thought Arthur would turn out the best match after all ? Well it may come round again, if ever Lady Di is a widow ; ‘ friends meet, though hills do not.’ ”

I burst into tears of rage, hardly to be checked by granny’s agonised looks of reproof across the table. “ I cannot believe such stories ; ” I cried out ; “ I am ashamed to hear them of a man who ought to be the pride of everyone of us English born ; I have heard of such calumnies before, but never the slightest proof ; he of all the world should be held innocent, unless some dishonourable act be proved against him ; but this no enemy ever yet could do ! ”

Silence fell upon the table, broken only by the master of the house with hospitable skill, turning attention to the details of the menu, with some hints to Lady Cameron as to the best epicurean combination at her choice, seeing she declared her doctor strictly limited her as to the pleasures of the *gourmet*. No further allusion was made to my rival or to my lover, so long as I was present, in that house, ever again.

Whatever doubt might remain as to the degree of social sin by me committed in this first instance, there could be no two opinions as to the enormity perpetrated by my little person, as *enfant terrible*, later on. The evil quarter of an hour imposed on the feminine element according to the law of post-prandial banishment to the drawing-room, was, I could see, improved by Miss Cross to my detriment with granny, who if not herself fully awake to the impropriety of my championing my hero after my own fashion, would be taught to suspect me forever after of some folly or other on his account ; this injurious proceeding being happily interrupted by the dropping in of gentlemen, one after another, risen from the table, the piano was opened, and music was the order of the evening ; now was my time to sing down all malice, thought I ; but I reckoned without my hostess.

This lady, much cried up by her friends as an amateur of first-rate vocal execution, opened the concert with a correct rendering of "Robert, toi que j'aime," carefully toned down as to expression, so that the highly dramatic movement of the music and words should in no way clash with drawing-room conventionality, half-an-hour after dinner.

This effort duly belauded, another lady *virtuoso* followed with twenty minutes of digital gymnastics, as usually administered for the promotion of loud conversation and general hilarity at evening gatherings of the lesser world of fashion, whose programme does not aspire to professional entertainment. Finally, I was asked to sing, and *malgré* granny's dissuasions, I did it.

I sat down to the piano, determined to show what music meant, if there were ears that could understand. The instrument, rich in elaborate decoration, gave a sound that reminded me of a cabbage stalk, if any analogy there be between the sense of taste and hearing. No matter; I could sing accompanied or alone. Opera *scenas* in a small room are always to me ridiculous, as a burlesque of the mock sublime stamp. I chose a Tuscan melody, the lament of a forsaken lover.

"Ti ho scritto tante volte inutilmente,  
E sempre in vano attendo la risposta;  
Dimmi pur che ti sono indifferente,  
Ma scrivi per pietà: cosa ti costa?"

And in these words I sang out all the hidden pain about my heart till the sharp pang writ itself upon my brow. I rose, and there was silence in the room for several moments; silence intense as while I sang, but no sound of comment followed. One gentleman only, an amateur composer, as I learned afterwards, came up, and planted himself behind my chair for the rest of the evening, fraternising with me, and hinting how much my music was thrown away upon such an audience, finally quoting Beau Brummel's dictum: "That no English society, except the best, is worth going into." Evidently, I was not in the best for me.

All the way driving home, while Miss Hester Jane chattered,

granny never opened her lips, an evil sign for my peace. She came to my room, and for half-an-hour loaded me with reproaches. First for drawing the eyes of the world upon me about Arthur, whose conduct to myself I ought to be only too happy to conceal, while his public delinquency in taking promotion from a Whig Government, was of a piece with the scandal of his private life ; next, she made her moan over my singing, like a lovesick fool of a heroine of romance, such a song as no girl ought to be heard to sing ; furthermore, I sang it like a public singer, instead of confining my voice and style within amateur limits. Worse than this, I had acted most imprudently in provoking contrasts between myself and the lady of the house to her disadvantage, as she might think, and never invite us again. Finally, I had driven away Mr. Elliot by the exhibition, inasmuch as men do not like a girl who draws remarks, and I was doing everything, she predicted, most fatal to my chance of making a good berth for myself in the world, according to my bounden duty. If I doomed myself to old maidism, what good would it do me to sing ? Until I was married first, I had best not sing at all ! This was her ultimate command. *Ay de mi ! ay de mi !*

*(To be continued.)*

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## A STUDENT'S DAY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

By C. M. BARKER.

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**T**HE doors of the National Gallery are barred against visitors on students' days ; but come with me, my friend, and under the shadow of my student's ticket we will enter. You will not be the only interloper here. Notwithstanding existing rules, certain it is that persons unoccupied with palette and brushes do edge themselves into our Temple of Art on Fridays and Thursdays. How they manage to do so is a mystery. Perhaps they descend from the skylights above, or whisk through keyholes. We will do neither.

The bell has rung, the door has opened, and we are in the vestibule of the National Gallery. Upon a table is lying an open book, which demands the signatures of all who enter. If you are interested in the art of penmanship, it will be well to glance at this book. Among other things it tells us that artists may share with authors and doctors the palm for illegible and eccentric writing. What hieroglyphics ! Is it possible that beings who have once poured over pothooks and strokes should ever produce such extraordinary specimens of caligraphy ?

If we ascend this staircase, we shall come upon a room which always presents a busy and motley scene. In it Gainsborough and Sir Joshua reign triumphant ; and in it also may be seen, at certain angles, a confusion of legs, pertaining to men and easels. It is quite a little world of art and business. And our room on this particular morning in no way disappoints expectations. Look at it now at the fresh and busy time of day when energy is at high tide. The students are clustering around the pictures like flies over a treacle

jar. Pardon this simile, O ye disciples of art, whose thoughts are upon things higher than the enjoyment of molasses. Young, beardless faces look upward intent; and young ladies with Grecian knots of hair behind, do the same.

Lord Heathfield, with red face, red coat, and keys of office, is growing vivid upon canvas beneath the earnest efforts of a young artist. The bluff veteran officer from the wall looks benignantly down upon the copy of himself in progress, and seems to say: "Well done, young man. Go on and you'll get me quite right after a bit." Not far away from this fine specimen of Reynold's art is the fair Lady Hamilton as "Bacchante," by Romley. Who would think in gazing upon that young face, with its soft lines and delicate tints, that Emma Lyons was destined to know the pangs of hunger in a foreign land—that her daughter would be left by the great Nelson as a legacy to his country? The bright original has mouldered into dust—but the picture lives, and says much. So does the damsel below, seated before an easel, and supposed to be copying the said Lady Hamilton. She is not doing so, however, but holds animated converse with a young man near, who is pretending to mix pigments. Were this idle young lady to use her eyes instead of her tongue, she would perceive that the pearly tints of Lady Hamilton which once bewitched the brush of Romley are upon her canvas represented by the hue of brickdust. Near, is an industrious lady intent upon Reynold's "Banished Lord," which illused gentleman in his progressive state is even less suggestive of hilarity than the original.

The "Age of Innocence" attracts greatly. Look, there are no less than four copyists around it now, three gentlemen and one lady. And with the usual perversity of fortune, which delights in giving the choicest morsels in this life to those who need them least, the three gentlemen are seated so as to command a good view of the picture, while the small lady in the corner, whose brush represents in part the bread and cheese of her daily existence, has to get elbow room and side glances as she can. Sir Joshua did a good stroke of business



when he gave to the world this infantine creation. It is always being admired, and always being copied. The attempts at reproduction now upon the easels are not bad, if we except some tiny toes and fingers which seem to point at their producers and reproach them with their want of anatomical knowledge. Near the "Age of Innocence" is "Little Samuel" saying his prayers. This, too, is another point of attraction. Visit the gallery whenever you like on a "Student's Day" and the chances are that you will behold "Little Samuel" being multiplied. Three copies of him are in progress now; three more to swell the number already existing in the world, commemorative of the Judge of Israel and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But it is not only at this end of the room that Sir Johua's young creatures are being reproduced. Look across to where "Heads of angels" hover on the wall; they excite the activity of elderly fingers as well as of young ones. And something else attracts greatly in that part besides the cherub faces: it is the portrait of Mrs. Siddons—not the stately, tragic queen in her velvet robes, as portrayed by Lawrence, and who looks proudly down from a neighbouring wall, but Sarah Siddons, the beautiful woman of twenty-eight as immortalised by Gainsborough. Her wide-brimmed, gallant-looking hat, and the lace *fichu* that drapes her slight figure might suit a beauty of our time, so much have we delved into the past for our fashions of to-day. The lady looks sweetly from her canvas, with a smile on her lip, and a light in her eye: two artists are copying her, one, a pretty young person, with red ribbons in her hair. But the great actress does not reign supreme on this wall. Favourite as she is, she has a rival not far off in the person of the "Parish Clerk." Who could look upon this picture and not have a kindly thought for Gainsborough? Who could pause before the "Parish Clerk," and not feel that in his old face lay a world of pensive beauty of pathos and of poetry? No harsh lines are there; but all is rounded into a calm and sweet repose, like that which sunset tints throw upon a summer landscape at close of day. There is a far-away expression in the old man's blue eyes which seems to say that

he is looking to a home where he will no longer hear life's busy mill-wheel for ever turning on its circle, the hopes, joys, and sorrows of humanity.

It is time we left this room of active work. Much more there is to be noticed in it ; but hours fly like minutes in these regions. And there are certain indications around that lunch time is at hand. The signs are flasks and sandwiches. While refreshing the inward man or woman, the students sometimes wander about in twos and threes and perform little tours of inspection. They see the pictures ; they see their friends ; they praise, condemn, and criticise. One meets with pleasant characters here, and also with odd ones. Choice morsels of criticism may sometimes be heard—remarks from rosebud lips which might make Mr. Ruskin start with surprise, and, perhaps, cause his locks to bristle up with just horror. The writers for *Punch* might also do some business here now and then, were they to look in at the right moments.

Now that we have left the Britons, and are where the Italian element prevails on the walls, what a decrease in the number of students ! Not so often do they buzz in groups around single pictures. Isolated specimens of humanity may even be seen. This is the " Guido Room," and in the centre of it, perched upon a high stool, is an old gentleman, who wears a scull-cap and copies his picture from a distance. Moreover he is trying to do what no man can do well—viz., to paint and eat at the same time. Not far off is a lady similarly seated, and equipped in a long black pinafore. But her brush is idle just now, for she is recuperating with sandwiches and sherry.

Pinafores ! Behold them in every direction. Whether these articles represent pinafores or aprons it would be difficult to say, but they are of all shapes and sizes. Some are like those worn by red-armed young women, when they scrub down doorsteps on Saturday mornings ; some are dark and dingy ; some are of holland, and smartly trimmed with red braid ; and some are dainty little things, adorned with art embroidery. Oh ! the extremes of this

world, even to the matter of aprons and pinafores. But these accoutrements are worn by the ladies in order that they may not paint their garments as well as their canvas, a proceeding artists are apt to indulge in. The gentlemen cannot go armed in pinafores, but they wear butcher's sleeves instead.

How Greuze takes with the young people ! No less than three are now copying that little girl of his who smiles so simpering in the corner. There is another face upon a neighbouring wall, but it does not smile or simper. It is a woman's face of wondrous beauty, and it looks up. Behold those eyes, with their triune gaze of humility, ecstasy, and love ; those beautiful hands crossed upon the breast, and that mantle of bright hair. We have here the traditional portrait of Mary Magdalen, which has glimmered through the ages and been put into form and colour by the pencil of Guido. Rene Guido, we owe thee gratitude for this embodiment. The sublime Penitent smiled upon thee and sublimated thy pencil. Perhaps she is performing the same good office for the two ladies now engaged in copying thy work.

We pass from the " Guido Room," and are among the relics of the great Spaniards. How grand are the forms that meet our eyes ! how rich the colours ! " Orlando Muerto " is not neglected. He is being copied by a gentleman whose heart is in his work and elbows in a fellow-student's way. Murillo's " Holy Family " finds favour with more than one. Not many have courage to copy so large a picture in its entirety, but they single out portions for their purpose. This is what a tall lady is doing, but she has to mount to the top of a pair of steps in order to well view her subject. How is it that the great Spaniard's " Laughing Boy " is neglected ? Generally the urchin has admirers enough ; but to day he is grinning to no purpose, for his friends have deserted. " Philip IV. of Spain " has his satellites around him. What can they see to admire in the Mephistophelian-looking gentleman ? Perhaps it is to catch the master-touch of Velasquez that they congregate around the grim portrait of the Spanish king. Behold the royal wight on several casels, and in several stages of

progression, from the raw tones of *terra verda* to something approaching the rich sombre hues of the original. But we must pass on, as the policemen say.

We are in the thick of the Italians again, and many damsels seem nomadic in their movements just now. Some who ought to be seated before their easels are flying about: perhaps it is to digest their lunch that they thus wander. And there seems a fair sprinkling of forbidden visitors here also. We are now under the grand, decorated dome, and yonder room leading out of it is highly suggestive, interesting, and instructive. Let us enter. It is sacred to the very old fathers of Tuscan art. Seldom are students to be found in this *sanctum*, but two are here to-day; they have spoilt our seclusion, but we can ruminate despite them. The nineteenth century seems to recede, and the fourteenth to advance as we look upon these walls. The men whose works we see, lived, painted, and died before the sun of Italian greatness had risen to its meridian. But it must have shone very sweetly upon those infants, and yet withal, giants in art. They must have basked in its light, and imbibed into their being the very soul of harmonious colouring. Their pictures are poems, and sometimes, prayers also: in them is the essence of thought and feeling. Although so old, they are fresh with a young life, and radiant with the rosy and golden tints of dawn. Never mind the quaint, and sometimes incorrect lines with which their enemies reproach them. We are thankful to these Old Masters for doing what they did. They plodded, toiled—and we may be sure they suffered. The divine gift of spirituality was theirs; they communed with the spirit world, praying for its secrets, and the result we have in sweet specimens of mediæval thought. Behold “St. Paul” yonder, looking up with sword in hand, and clasping his book. Critics say that tonsured head is too small, and those thumbs are not correctly modelled. If the critics are right, what matter? We know that accomplished artists of the present day would endow St. Paul with a scull of correct proportions, and that they would give him hands perfect in finish and design. But would they put into the flow of his garments

grace, majesty, and poetry as we see here—and would they pourtray in his face the rapt, ecstatic gaze, the look of severe, yet sweet strength which distinguishes the “St. Paul” before us? No. We are contemplating the spirit of a dead age which cannot come to life again. Look at those kneeling angels holding chalices; see their up-turned eyes and parted lips. A ray of light from another world must have fallen upon the man who painted them. He was a disciple of the School of Giotto. And close by is a picture of Giotto himself. It is small and rough, and not brilliant. But what expression and feeling in those three drooping heads which represent apostolic ones. Ah, Giotto, the shepherd boy of the hills, you were a bright star in your young art world, and you yet shine very sweetly for us in the horizon of the past.

Close by Giotto's work is one by Giotto's master, the high-born Cimabue, the pioneer and first father of modern art. It represents the Virgin Mother, with the Divine Infant and adoring angels. The “Rucellai Madonna,” by the same artist, was once borne aloft by a jubilant multitude from the painter's home to the church for which it was destined. Not so the one we are contemplating; but it has a history, nevertheless. For centuries it has remained attached to a pilaster in the Church of *Santa Croce*, at Florence, and from its dim abode has witnessed scenes of life and death. Perhaps close to it passed the funeral train which bore the body of Michael Angelo to its last resting place, for in *Santa Croce* was the great painter buried. Ah! the pictures in this room have seen much. Most of them have been altar-pieces, and have histories of their own—dark, silent ones,—all buried in the past. Untrammelled by human passions, they have stood grandly aloof during the centuries looking down upon men: from shrines and dimly-lighted corners, they have calmly watched, mellowing with age, while the great heart of humanity without has stirred, causing thrones to totter and nations to fall. They have seen the hopes and the passions and the mysteries of the human heart. Remember we are looking at altar-pieces. Before them multitudes have knelt in adoration, and full-voiced anthems have

ascended heavenward. Before them monarchs have prayed, laying aside their crowns, and barefooted *contadine* have said their mid-day prayers, leaving, for a few moments, the heat and burden of the day. Ah, the secrets of those pictures! But they are locked from us. And to think that such treasures should have left the clear, bright air of Italy, to come among the fogs of London—aye, and to have doubtful compliments passed upon them sometimes.

The other day, a lady and her daughter visited this room, and paused before yonder picture by Taddeo Gaddi. Both were robed in silk which, to use dressmaker's parlance, would stand by itself; and both wore furs, costly enough for a Russian princess.

"Mamma," said the younger lady, "let us come on; I hate these old things. What people see to admire in them, I can't imagine. Let us go to the other rooms."

"But, my dear," replied the mother, "think of their age; they were painted a long time ago, no doubt; I should say a hundred years, at least; perhaps more."

"A hundred years!" echoed a voice close by, that of an elderly gentleman, too earnest to be polite, and who was peering at the picture through an eyeglass. "A hundred years ago," repeated the same electrified voice; "Why, madam, some of them are between five and six hundred years old, if a day. They come before those of the *quattro cento* period. Taddeo Gaddi and Spinello Aretino were——"

The old gentleman stopped short, probably warned by an expression on the face of his hearers that his language was unintelligible to them. And so in sooth it was. To judge of Italian art by the *quattro* and *cinque cento* periods was as if they had been told to measure time by the Olympiads. The old gentleman brought his peroration to an abrupt finish, and bowing, half reproachfully, half apologetically, to the ladies, went on his way. The ladies went on theirs. The saints above, in their flowing garments and various *insignia*, looked on as if in supreme pity at the differences of opinion entertained respecting them. They seemed to say, with Solomon, King of Israel, and Mr. Thackeray, the novelist, "*Vanitas vanitatem.*"

To-day, there is one copyist before Andrea Orgagna's "Coronation of the Virgin." From the mass of figures which the picture presents, she has selected for her purpose that of St. Catherine, and is elaborating the same with busy fingers. The sweet saint and the celebrated wheel have progressed considerably since the other day, when the artist had a visitor in the form of an elderly, but vigorous looking lady, whose proper place was in another part of the gallery. This personage had evidently stolen into the Room of the Tuscans for the purpose of enjoying her lunch unobserved. With sandwich in one hand, and reticule in the other, and waving the ceremony of introduction, she hailed her fellow-student as follows :

"And do you approve of that picture, may I ask? I've read my Bible over and over, and have never seen anything in it about the Coronation of the Virgin. I don't like these old things; they're unnatural and popish."

The lady interrogated was busy upon St. Catherine's hair. Moreover, belonging to the religious creed favoured by the old Italians, she vouchsafed no reply to the stranger, who, checked in the ready expression of her opinions, went on her way not "toiling, sorrowing, rejoicing," as did Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," but eating her sandwiches like a sensible, matter-of-fact woman which she was. We must go on our way also, and leave this spot.

We have said good-bye to the room sacred to the very old Tuscans, and are among Italian work of later date. Andrea del Sarto is being copied by one who admires his pensive face as portrayed by himself. If you have an opportunity of doing so, compare this picture with one representing the artist in old age, and note the difference. O time, time, out upon thee! thou spoilest the choicest bits of nature's handiwork. Masaccio's portrait is not far off, and he too is his own limmer. The old painters were fond of transmitting their features to posterity. Titian is grand in yonder corner; many works bespeak his brush there. A lady is copying his "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen." Her maxim must be "slow and sure," for she has been a long time about that piece of work. But

how well the result repays her. The Master would be satisfied with his pupil, were he in the flesh and looking on. "Ariosto," as portrayed by Titian, is a few paces off. The poet, arrayed in rich, sombre tints, looks complacently towards the living lady working at her Magdalen, but appears supremely indifferent to the agonies of St. Peter Martyr, on canvas close by. Come, for we cannot stop to see half the choice bits here. Other attractions are calling us elsewhere.

We are now in the new room. It is grand and spacious, and imposing pictures line it. Here, the great Leonardo is inspiring his disciples. Here too Correggio is fascinating his. As we pass up, notice well his "Venus, Cupid, and Mercury." It is being copied by a young lady whom report and appearance proclaim to be a handsome daughter of the stock of Abraham. The dark damsel in her efforts is doing justice to the great Parmese who wrought, to the Cyprian goddess who inspired, and to the urchin Cupid. Ladies seem fond of copying cherubs. They must love them as much as did the painters of old, since they will often single them out from pictures, abounding in other figures, and elaborate the chubby forms *con amore*. Rubens' fat little boys, dressed only in the livery nature gave them, are their delight. Is it the love of baby flesh, inherent in women, which thus proclaims itself?

Paolo Veronese has not one disciple or visitor before him to-day. This is hardly fair to the great Venetian, or to the sum of money, sufficient for a prince's ransom, which was spent in procuring for our National Gallery that great picture that looms so grandly at the end of the room. It is indeed a magnificent production. From afar off can be seen the imposing figure of Alexander the Great and his friend, standing before the kneeling wife and daughters of Darius.

Titian is not neglected. What a goodly space his pictures occupy on the walls, and how well some of them are being copied! Do you see that young artist peering into the canvas he is copying, as if he would fathom the secrets of the tender, undefineable green with which Titian has clothed his St. Catherine? It will not do, young man. Others have tried the same thing before you, and have failed. The



great Master of colour did what they say no woman can do : he kept his own secrets. Not all the pictures in this room represent the ripe epoch of Italian Art. St. Dominic yonder has a most ascetic countenance, but his out-stretched arms do not escape the shafts of criticism. Filippino Lippi should have seen to this when he limned his saint.

Ah! we have reached Francia at last. In him the periods meet. In concert with his master Perugino, he represents the transition time when the hard *Quattro Cento* School of painting blends into the rotundity and perfection of the sixteenth century. His "Dead Christ"—how exquisite it is! On the days when the public are admitted to the Gallery, ladies and gentlemen pause before it; so do rough toilers at the forge of life. Sometimes these unlettered ones will draw from it lessons more eloquent than books can supply them with. For this picture so spiritual, yet so human, speaks in language unmistakable; it appeals, not to the few only, but to the many. The Sorrowful Mother is looking on, and the "Dead Christ" has angels at his head and feet. But, what angels! Unfathomable is their beauty! From out the forms of flesh and blood, they almost seem to smile, so much are sorrow and sweetness blended in their gaze. But that gaze is divine. So is the touch of the angel's hand as it supports the thorn-crowned head. The gaze and the touch embody a faith wherein the ideal and the real, the human and the spiritual blend. O Francia, the poet painter, we are grateful. A line of mystic light passes from us to thee, our minds speak to thine, and for this wondrous creation we reach out a hand of sympathy to thee across the ages.

We must go from the "Dead Christ," and the sorrowing angels, and the Virgin Mother. But before we leave this spot, St. Sebastian demands a moment's notice. There are many representations of the saint in these parts, as those who come here know: the arrows, and the seemingly quivering flesh, and the up-turned face are familiar to most persons. But the one we are looking at occupies a niche of his own in the estimation of connoisseurs. It would be easy to recognise upon it the master brush of Francia did we not see the artist's name

inscribed thereon. And we see also something else in the corner close by—in sooth a living picture. Its personages move and speak and act. A young gentleman is assisting a young lady on with her jacket, and carefully adjusting a long curl which gets in the way. The lady looks her thanks, and their eyes meet. This is neither time nor place ; but—they are young.

The room we are now in presents a contrast with the one we have just left. It is somewhat small and compact-looking, but, to those who work herein for long hours together, not always so comfortable as it seems. Draughts come in from open doors, and smuts from the skylight above. Nothing of the kind is happening to-day ; weather and students are serene ; and the pictures look on in placid majesty. The works of Carlo Crevelli occupy the lion's share of space upon the walls, but they leave room for a goodly number of others to show in fair array. Here are two lustrous relics of art by Fra Angelico, and here also, some glowing mementoes of another *frate*, Filippo Lippi. Fra Filippo Lippi ! memories are connected with thy name. Reminiscences of the man arise as we gaze upon the works of the master. *Frate* as thou wert, one of a holy brotherhood, thou didst a deed which time remembers to thy cost. Why, wearing a tonsured head, didst thou not fix thy affections exclusively on the fair beings of thy spiritual world—why didst thou steal from her cloister one, vowed to conventual seclusion ? In thy days divorce courts were unknown, and a vow was a sacred thing. If a brother *frate* of thine were now-a-days to follow thy example the world would praise him. Other times, other manners. But, poor dead painter, is it fair to bring forward thy faults, which are buried in the records of musty books, and air them in the light of the nineteenth century ? No, it would be kinder and more just to judge thee by thy living works, which grace the walls of the National Gallery, and now speak to us. Aye, and eloquently, too, they speak. The one we are looking at represents the Annunciation. Many Angel Gabriels of different periods of art are existing in the world, on canvas, but this one has a style and grace quite his own. Two persons are seated before the picture, a young lady and an old gentleman. Both

are amateurs, and both have missed the happy medium in the matter of colour. The male artist, tidily wrapped up in calico sleeves and an apron, belabours his canvas—but with what? A blue, crude and vivid enough to vex the optic nerves of Filippo Lippi could he stand by in the flesh and behold the dauber. And the young lady engaged upon Gabriel, succeeds not much better. The bending angel, bearing his celestial message, comes not like one of Milton's seraphs clad in panoply of splendour, but looks a gentle, simple youth, whose sceptre is a lily. In the copy of him in progress he is being enshrined within a verdant background glaring enough to disturb the harmonies.

Fra Angelico's two pictures here are much admired, but seldom copied. The beauty of their tints invite reproduction, but the minuteness of their figures almost forbid it. Eyes, we may presume, are not so strong now-a-days as when the holy *frate*, unharassed by fogs or gaslight, painted in the cloisters and cells of St. Mark's, in Florence.

Carlo Crevelli's name meets us here at every turn, and so do his hard lines. With justice was this painter considered the crudest of the *Quattro Cento* School. His great altar-piece yonder speaks for itself in this respect. Let us go across and see it. Hard it is, indeed, and flat, as far as the matter of light and shade is concerned; but what majesty in the severe outlines, and what expression in the faces! Saints are before us invested with the *insignia* of their office and the implements of their martyrdom. They attract us. We would fain commune with them. Among others, St. Lucy, with her extracted eyes upon a plate appeals to us, and St. Catherine, with her wheel and palm, and St. Dominic with a lily. But before we have time to gaze upon these in detail, one figure arrests and rivets our attention. It is that of the great Aquinas. As St. Thomas distanced his contemporaries during life, he is performing the same kind office for his companions, in this picture. But, in justice, we must say that, as here portrayed, he eclipses not in the matter of personal beauty. In the weird, sombre face before us, stamped with age and thought, we recognise not those external attributes which are accorded to him who

was termed the "Angelic Doctor." But what intensity and character speak from out the lines, and the curves, and the furrows! We can fancy we are looking upon one who shook from him like dew-drops the passions of humanity, in order to cast his eagle glance through space, and gaze with untrammelled vision of soul upon the Eternal. This did Aquinas, the greatest of the Schoolmen. He wears the black and white garb of his order, and holds a model church in his hand. There is a spell about him in this picture which even rustics acknowledge. A country swain in passing by the other day was attracted by St. Thomas, and wishing his friend to see what he saw, summoned him by the exclamation: "O, Tom, do come and see this old un here with a Noah's Ark in 'is 'ands." Alas, for the discrimination of those who confound emblems in this manner. Farewell to thee, great Aquinas, and thy friends. We must leave you.

We are before a sylvan scene, which represents St. Peter Martyr and his companion being attacked by murderers in a forest. It was painted by Giovanni Bellini, and is being copied by a lady who seems hardly able to grapple with her subject. The damsel is young and small, and very pretty, and wears her bright brown hair in rope-like coils round her head. Her cheeks are flushed, her eyes are bright, and one small shell-like ear is just tipped with a spot of green. Her brush has travelled upwards by mistake, that is all. In other respects she manages to keep herself clean, despite the fact that she wears no pinafore. Poor little maiden, you labour hard, but you will never depict the murderous scene before you as it should be depicted. You have swum out of your depths, but are struggling gallantly against the waves. In your prettiness and earnestness you are a picture in yourself. May success attend you.

An artist is stooping over his canvas and limning graceful figures upon it. He looks from his work to his model. We follow his glances and behold the classic lines of Pietra della Francesca and the blurred touches of the restorer. The great Pietra should, during his life, have pronounced anathema upon those who, after his death, should meddle with his months.

Pass on, and behold another of Fra Filippo's masterpieces. A band of saints it represents. Some of these holy ones, whose likenesses are of tradition, we know at once. Assisi's Francis, the Baptist, and the saintly young Deacon, with the far-famed grid-iron are easy to recognise; but others set us thinking. The lady now copying this picture is an exhibitor at some of our exhibitions. See what an adept she is at her work. Not so pretty, or young, as the little person who has painted her ear; but much cleverer.

The Dutch and Flemish Schools greet us at last. Students are many in this busy room, and they seem imbued with the spirit of active energy peculiar to the people of the Netherlands. Perhaps the pictures inspire this. Busy men were those Dutch and Flemish painters. They laboured for money and for fame, but did not forecast the future and think that their productions would travel the seas and become at a future date located in London. They lived in the present and for the present, forswearing the ideal, and painting the real. And the real they give us. Look at that old woman peeling a pear. Matter of fact is her face, and matter of fact her action. She is, perhaps, providing a meal for her husband, or her grandchildren. But, what reality and truth are in the picture! It is human nature speaking to us from the wrinkled face and homely lines of an old cottager. Human nature was the mirror wherein these painters looked, saw what they wished to see and reproduced it. And the broad mirror, peered into by so many, and reflecting so many different images, let them into secrets which men of more soaring imaginations would have missed. The lights and shades of our common humanity in its every-day garb are here set before us as are the lights and shades of meadow-land at sunset. This old lady, busy at her pear-peeling tells a story of homely life in Flanders in the seventeenth century. Teniers must have drawn her from the life. And also his "Seasons," one of which a young lady is now copying.

The giants of the Flemish and Dutch Schools, Rubens and Rembrandt, are all important on these walls. The very stout ladies and fat boys of Rubens attract notice largely, and collect admirers and

copyists. Mounted upon a pair of steps is a lady clothed in holland. From a palette, upon which there is no occasion for other than flesh tints, she paints the life-size figures of the "Judgment of Paris." It is but fair to say that she is doing justice to her master, Rubens.

Close by, looks on Rembrant, when young, painted by himself. His pleasant, genial face is being copied by three persons—one, a small lady, with hair *à la chinoise* and spectacles. Rembrant, when old, looks on also. Alas, the difference! The countenance of the patriarch painter is expressive, but does not pourtray the loveliness of old age in the matter of personal beauty; nor does that of a fat, dark-complexioned old lady near, likewise a sample of Rembrant's skill in portraiture. The aged dame looks down complacently, but not prettily, from the wall; while her fac-simile on an easel opposite, is now standing on her head.

The *genre* and landscape painters of Dutchland attract greatly. That cold and silvery scene by Ruysdael is inspiring a lady who wears a fawn-coloured dress and cherry-ribbons, but not with the spirit of neatness. Her face is bespattered, and her garments also. The same may be said of a maiden near, who wears very long hair, after the fashion of Eve, only we may imagine that the natural mantle of the mother of mankind was more luxuriant and less straight, if painters tell truly in this respect.

Look at that sweet bit by Berghem, with its soft sunset, its ruins, and its water. To gaze upon it, almost makes one in love with the Lowlands in which the Old Masters lived and painted. Cuyp's landscapes and cattle are not less attractive. Students before them are numerous, and even jostle each other for room.

Let us, by peeping round heads and shoulders, try to get a glimpse of Gerard Dou's "Poulterer's Shop." There it is, looking as inviting as any place of the kind can. A chanticleer feeding, and a skinned rabbit in a tin pail near, arrest the attention of the curious in such matters, while other articles in the flesh and fowl line lie around. But life is thrown into the scene by two women discussing the price of a hare; and so exquisite is the finish of this picture that a vacancy

occurring in the dental arrangement of one of the haggling ladies is made clearly visible by the minute pencil of Gerard Dou, who himself glows in portraiture upon a wall not far off, and looks merry and rollicking, with a pipe in his mouth.

At last we come to the Turner Gallery. Upon entering, one broad picture attracts us. It covers a vast area, and is stirred by the breath of human life. Its various tints are animated by real flesh and blood, and not by the sanguine dyes of the painter's pencil. The accessories of this *tableau-vivant* are in some cases trivial, but its backgrounds are magnificent, consisting of the sublime productions of Turner's genius. The great living picture at first distracts our sight from the lifeless ones upon the walls. We gaze upon the pupils, and for a moment forget the master.

The cross-fire of criticism brought to bear upon these works leaves one fact certain, which is, that Turner in his view and treatment of Mother Nature has embraced a wider range of vision than ever painter did before. Do we wish to behold the glories of the ancient world depicted? Here they are, and teaching us classicalities moreover. "Dido founding Carthage" refreshes the memory upon more points than one. The enterprising Tryrian dame must have been a favourite with our artist since she figures in different places in this collection. Or, do we thirst for a sight of the sunny south? If so, behold it: Venice, veiled in the glamour of her poetic beauty, smiles upon us. And we may gaze upon other scenes of classic Italy, portrayed with the truth and vigour of a native brush. Or, do we prefer gazing upon the scenery of our native land? If so, insular tastes can be gratified. Look around and behold choice specimens of landscape beauty, such as Britain can produce when atmospheric conditions are favourable. Mountain and meadow, earth and sky, land and sea, combine under the artist's brush to express upon Nature's face the poetical essence that lies within her. They are voices that speak to us, and as we walk round and gaze upon the walls we find "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The students—old, young, and middle-aged—work with a will. They seem “to drink in the spirit of high thought” not from “every chainless mind,” for there are no strong currents to-day, but from the pictures before them. That old gentleman with the long sleeves, worn in butcher fashion, and gold-rimmed spectacles is an experienced hand at his craft. He does his work well—and moreover sells it. See the lady yonder, with the profuse white hair and black velvet dress, and who flourishes her maul-stick in such a pugilistic manner. The carmine in her cheeks is as deep as that upon her palette, and her appearance denotes exceeding vigour of mind and body, despite grey hairs and the fact that she must have entered upon the autumn of life. She it was who, the other day, aired her Biblical love on the subject of Orgagna's picture in the small Tuscan Room. At present she is thinking of other things, nor is she now occupied with sandwiches and sherry. How broadly and squarely, and in what a masterly style, she puts in her masses of colour! Has the large muscular hand with which she wields her brush anything to do with it? Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, if asked, would perhaps say, “Yes,” since that lady attributed her own beautiful penmanship, of which she was so justly proud, to the fact that she possessed a hand exceeding in size the ordinary limits of feminine proportions.

Silence is not universal in these parts. A general murmur—a buzz greets the ear at first; but if this ear listens well, it will discover more. Persons and pictures are discussed, and morsels of gossip and criticism float upon the air. Some will be wafted to us, if we attend. The young man there, bending forward with brush in hand, is informing his neighbour that a lady near paints atrociously. The poor lady, ignorant of the disparagement, continues to be happy in mind, but unfortunate in method. And listen to another youth near, who belabours his canvas with colour and Turner with praise. He rolls his periods with effect, and gives forth dictums with the confidence of a law giver. It is a way young people have. The sap of conceit which animates the tree of humanity effervesces in its twigs and branches.



Many things demand our notice here, but the growing hours of the day tell us it is time to leave. Just one peep we may take into the room which contains a collection of Turner's water-colour sketches. Many of the drawings are removed from the walls for the purpose of closer inspection by the students, and fair heads are seen pouring over specimens as of fairy workmanship. But these samples of artistic skill are enigmatical to some. One damsel is heard to exclaim, "It's beautiful, but I can't make it out a bit." A blot, a blur, a dash with the brush, and a patch of colour; this is all the paper before her says. But she has not the keynote wherewith to read the riddle—Turner had.

Farewell to ye, shades of the great Turner; and to ye, shades of brother artists, a noble band, who do your best to maintain the glory of the "British School" in this our National Collection. And farewell to ye, also, relics of mediæval Italy, France, Spain, and the Netherlands, sprinkled among us like lustrous jewels showing the art riches of your native lands. And, last of all, one word of farewell to you, ye busy interesting students here, who have added considerably to our day's enjoyment. All pleasant things must come to an end in this world, even a visit to our National Gallery on a Student's Day.

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## FALLEN IDOLS.

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At my feet lie scattered  
Many gods, Time-shattered,  
Idols that I set on high and worshipped in my pride.  
See ! I stoop and sadly  
Gather them, while gladly  
For the sake of this poor dust I would have drooped and died.  
This one was created  
By my brain, and fated  
Grand restorer of the world to pristine prime and truth ;  
Work of poet's weaving,  
Long and late achieving,  
Fallen prone before my face—a fevered dream of youth.  
This one bore the beauty  
Of my bride ; and duty  
Neglected 'neath love's passion, forgotten was and missed :  
Harsh words heedless spoken,  
Then her heart was broken,  
And silenced were the living lips I had so often kissed.  
Wealth became my idol—  
Greed (a steed whose bridle  
Loosely hangs unchecked)—lo ! I stoop, and stooping, take  
Remnants rare and golden  
Of this god, hell moulden,  
In my hands, and tremble as the remnants fall and break.

Then, when wealth had failed me,  
Bacchus swift assailed me,  
Bade me laugh away my grief and steep my woes in wine—  
So I worshipped nightly  
At his shrine, and lightly  
Lost my love of honour, and of things divine.  
But dark clouds came around me ;  
Sorrow sought and found me,  
And I returned to these my gods and cried to them in vain—  
Fame had been bereft me,  
Love had lured and left me,  
Wealth and wine had mocked me in my bitter pain.  
Is there then no greater  
Monarch and Creator ?  
One to whom I yet may bow and render homage meet ?  
Must I mourn unceasing,  
Hope with years decreasing,  
While my shattered idols lie and moulder at my feet ?  
Nay, there yet remaineth  
One who changeless reigneth,  
Higher far and greater than these gods that I set up—  
Lo ! I stretch him yearning,  
Sin-stained hands—and turning,  
He smiling drains the bitterness which lurked within life's cup.  
Now in grief or gladness,  
Days of mirth or sadness,  
I make my heart a temple for his dwelling evermore ;  
While the idols cherished  
Fallen are and perished,  
And ground to dust beneath the feet of Him whom I adore.

LEONARD LLOYD.

## A SKETCH OF COUNTRY LIFE IN SILESIA.

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**B**REAKFAST was always at eight. It consisted of coffee put to warm in *Minne's* hole, some Vienna bread—sweet, sweeter and quite different in taste to what *we* call Vienna bread in London—small crusty rolls, the rolls all cut and spread, smeared over and over again. Frau Bürgermeister, as she prepared them, wiped the butter upon them till it was as smooth as if it had been melted. The meal, in fact every meal, was partaken of in excessive haste; a quarter of an hour sufficing. Occasionally for breakfast, there was cheese, a soft soapy kind, made in the neighbourhood, so strong that, when the glass cover was lifted, it affected one's nasal organs in much the same way, and in quite the same degree, as a bottle of ordinary smelling-salts, sometimes, too, there was a piece of cold sausage, but the usual breakfast was seldom more than a roll or two, and a cup of coffee. At eleven we had sometimes soup, or a sweet sort of cake, and some beer. Very often the peasant women—women who came in from some little outlying village, or hamlet, with their wares—would find their way through the sleeping-room and the *salon* into the breakfast-room, with a large market basket on their arm, usually containing cakes, sweet biscuits, etc. Frau Bürgermeister, who had a strong weakness for anything of the kind—as indeed all German women have—invariably bought some, perhaps as much with a view to the sharp and loud-voiced, not to say communicative, conversation which ensued the while—chiefly anent the affairs of the neighbours of the town; every now and then the seller looking round at me, in order, I felt convinced, to take away a faithful impression

afterwards duly imparted, and received with appropriate comments—"Guten Tag, guten Tag" (pronounced Tahck in Silesian dialect), and then Frau Bürgermeister and I were left to discuss the cakes, my preference decidedly given to *Waffeln* (goffer cakes), made of flour, cream, eggs, sugar, and orange-flower water. The hostess attends to the dinner, cuts off the pieces of meat, makes the gravy (or *sauce*), the latter generally a mixture of sour cream, flour, and the gravy of the meat, and beats the eggs, etc., for the puddings herself, and, in fact, prepares, and tastes, and sees to the dinner herself. The eggs are beaten with a small wooden stick, about a foot long, with a round piece at one end, notched and about the size of the top of a claret glass. The stick is rubbed firmly between the hands as it is plunged among the unshelled eggs in the basin. During the day, in fact all day long, but principally before dinner and supper, a strong and complicated odour always arose, making one wonder a little anxiously whether the meal would taste at all like it. After dinner an hour's nap; host and hostess betaking themselves, one to the sofa, the other to her *chaise longue*.

At three p.m., coffee, rolls, and Vienna bread, dispatched as quickly as possible. Herr Bürgermeister returned to his bureau immediately afterwards, and I was then taken to see a little of the town, and to make one or two calls. The new comer pays the first visit. People seldom go for a walk or pay a call in the morning, except on a Sunday. Only the children or their nurses went for a walk in the morning; if a neighbour thought of breaking through this rule, it invariably called forth some little malicious remark as to her being a bad housekeeper, or a gadabout "Bümmeler." It is quite an exception unless on a fête day, for anyone to think of enjoying the early warmth of the spring sunshine, and the pleasant air that grows too cool for comfort later on at four or five o'clock, when Frau Bürgermeister and her friends usually took a walk, or paid a visit.

Supper was at half-past seven or eight. At the commencement of every meal, the postman and head policeman always used to come in for, or with orders. And great was the *Gestrenghheit* (importance) of

both voice and manner of mine host, waxing louder at every order given or received. There was a great deal of comicality about the entrance of these officials—a curious little tip-toe movement, three steps and a sudden halt, with an air of humble *serviteur*, that reminded one of a gentleman's gentleman at some tenth-rate country theatre.

My first call was at the *Rothschloss*, a large square house, painted a pinkish-white, standing in a good-sized garden of its own. Here again there was no knocker—not even a bell—and, as was the custom, we let ourselves in. The door handles were excessively difficult to manage comfortably—indeed, I never succeeded in opening them without feeling my hand painful afterwards, for they required a strong downward pressure before they would yield in the slightest.

Arrived at the first floor, Frau Bürgermeister waited and tapped, when the door opened, and a tall, fair woman—with a face that must have been very handsome and charming, that was so still, were it not for a little tired look about the eyes, and a complexion that was a trifle too pale, with just a *souffron* of hollowness about the cheeks—stood on the threshold welcoming us with a long coarse white stocking hanging across her arm, and another drawn over her hand, which she had just been mending. The smile she gave us was very brilliant, setting off and entirely metamorphosing the first impression that her face was somewhat *triste*, for it scarcely warranted the expression “sad.”

With a great deal of vivacity, of those movements of hand and head, gesticulations which seem to be idiosyncratic of German women—at least of those whom I met—she invited us into her sparsely-furnished room, and from it into “die gute stube.” In most instances this is the one farthest off, and to reach it one has to pass through the other, or others, which are more commonly used by the family. Frau Holzmann knew a little English, and did not hesitate to speak what she knew. “On my last birthday my husband gave me Longfellow, and on the next I am to have a new German and English dictionary.” “So you have come all that long journey to this little Irgendwo? *Ach Gott!*” And the stocking was drawn off her hand, and she gave me a

straight, serious look as if she could not quite understand what spirit of enterprise it was that had brought me there. "Now comes my husband ; he is a great gardener."

In a Scotch fishing-village where I used to stay sometimes, I had often chanced to meet a Professor of Botany—brown, tanned, unkempt, nay ragged in appearance, dressed in the coarsest frieze ; he was generally designated Robinson Crusoe. "Robinson Crusoe," I said. Here was his very fac-simile, only a little shorter, a little thinner, and possibly a little more abrupt.

"We have a dog called 'Miss,'" was his only remark to me, in German ; "I suppose we must leave off giving it that name while you are here ;" and then Herr Bürgermeister came in. Cigars were immediately handed ; and they began to smoke ; it was very rarely that I saw a pipe used, the cigar was invariable ; just as invariable as the feeling which the smoking in the presence of ladies, with so rarely a "By your leave" produced on every occasion, namely, that lack of deference, and the tacit indifference of treatment to which the women seem so perfectly accustomed.

Frau Holzmann was not a great favourite with Frau Bürgermeister she was not sufficiently a *Hausfrau* ; her cooking was not good, her children not sufficiently schooled into good behaviour ; she was too fond of long walks and of animated conversation, with a wider grasp of thought than was quite becoming ; so much I gathered the moment we had quitted the *Rothschloss*, whilst Herr Bürgermeister murmured several times "*Emancipirte Frau*."

Not a passer by, not a soul who overtook us, but did not say, "*Guten Tag*." "You know everyone, I suppose ?" I remarked.

"No"—Frau Bürgermeister drew herself up slightly—"but everyone knows me—naturally."

"Naturally!" I repeated, as we turned into the *kirchhof*.

Whether the Germans or English had the most sentiment, was very often a mooted point between Frau Bürgermeister and myself, naturally I contended for the English, and the following certainly told in my favour.

She had been speaking of her husband's health, saying that at one time she was afraid he was consumptive, but that the doctors had assured her he was only one of Pharoah's lean kine.

"Ah," my friend sighed, "to lose one's husband, that is to lose one's life."

"Yes," I returned, a little more inclined to believe that there might be a romantic side to her nature, "yes, and——"

But she interrupted me.

"*Ach*, I mean one's living ; he supplies the half, you know ; the other half *I* supply ; it is from what I saved when I taught, and what I had left me from mamma."

The Protestant *Kirchhof* lay some distance from the church itself. At first sight it appeared a perfect wilderness—the grass, except in a few places, so rank and tall, and the graves so unevenly arranged—but afterwards, on looking round, I saw that a few of them were more carefully tended, with crosses and flowers upon them, some with a stucco pillar and angel heading the graves, not forming part of them, but placed just outside the edge, and looking more like plaster of Paris images than anything else ; they did not seem as if they were likely to last the wear and tear of weather and time. The Roman Catholic churchyard had very much the same appearance ; but the Jews', on the contrary, was beautifully and orderly kept, which might be possibly on account of the smallness of its size ; there were only thirty Jews among the inhabitants of Irgendwo, and the grave stones only numbered fifteen.

The Jewish burial ground stood outside the town ; its approach along a roadside, where the fruit-trees were hanging their pink and white blossomed branches. It was a solitary, lonely little place, an oasis in a wide waste of ground, that was full of many little hillocks and undulations.

Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews, had each their place of worship in this little town, that was so far away from all busy life, where a carriage passing through was an event to be criticised, commented upon, wondered over at every meal, until its occupant and



mission had been guessed, or nearly so ; where what Mrs. So-and-So was going to have for dinner, the number of clothes she had hanging up in her *Boden* after her *Wasche*, a child's prattling speech, were related with a gusto and a fervour that was almost impossible for me to believe at first such slight topics could indeed excite. But I soon learnt to leave my curiosity alone, knowing by experience that there was nothing in the high-pitched tone, the little vivacious movements of head and hand, the clamour as each strove to speak loudest, and to detail their detail, so that it should gain the ear of the company, to account to an English mind for the almost *furor* of manner and expression. And this is no exaggeration, certainly not when one looks back to first impressions.

Next to the smoking, or, perhaps, along side of it, the harsh loudness of the German voices was very overwhelming, the women's, of course, more than the men's, for the men, if louder, were more profound, and sunk in their harshness, whilst that of the former, with rare exception, rose in intermittent crescendo ; the one who remained mistress of the general ear, being naturally at a very strained pitch from having outstood the rest.

"I really think, Frau Holzmann," I said to her one day, laughing, "that the German ladies have no nerves, or at least that they are very differently organised to ours. If you could only hear that little vociferous canary of Frau Bürgermeister's and the dog together, for he barks incessantly at every strange voice or step that stops for a minute at the door ; it is perfectly deafening, but it never hinders Frau Bürgermeister's conversation or whatever matter she has in hand ; she talks through all the barking and singing, without minding it in the least. I cannot call it singing." I corrected myself. "It is a most unmelodious bird."

Frau Holzmann laughed heartily, and seeing that her laugh covered something, I begged her to tell me.

"I wanted to make a present ; and I am poor. It was Herr Bürgermeister's birthday. The morning before it came—and still I had nothing, and I could think of nothing—Frau Bürgermeister came to me.

'T'Hink our canary, our pretty canary, is dead, the cat has eaten it, and my husband, who was so fond of it, what will he do without it?' Now, at home I had a horror of a canary that my husband also liked, but not I; it screamed so; and with children one has already enough of that. I could not sing; I have no piano, but I sometimes exercise my voice; but with that bird it was not possible in the house. '*Gott!*' I cried. 'So. We have a bird.' 'My husband will be delighted.' He was away, so I felt I could say it. 'I shall be delighted, too, to give it; take it, and we will make it a present together for him for to-morrow.' "

Frau Holzmann's smile as she ended was not to be resisted.

Little scraps of songs, little snatches, a refrain or two, suggested by a passing word, I often heard, sometimes during a walk, sometimes when an opening offered itself at Kaffee (four o'clock). Very often Frau Holzmann was the one to commence a little singing movement, which seemed to have neither beginning nor end, an inspiration of the moment, in fact. But as to music proper, I heard very little of it. Once I saw a book of Schumann's, and I asked its owner to play me something. She sat down, a little nervous, a little pleased at the request. But it was slovenly played, scarcely a note but what was slurred over. And, save in one case, instrumental music was very much of the same style in Irgendwo and its environs.

Immediately outside of the town, and everywhere as far as the eye could travel there were numbers of wind-mills, standing a little distance from the roadways, most of them scarcely further apart than to give sufficient play for their sails; generally a large, still pond beside them, where the frogs croaked a fitting accompaniment, and where, on some little tiny hillock, one grew to love to watch the sails creaking solemnly round and round, with huge pathetic patience, going listlessly enough sometimes, and then again more gaily as the wind caught them.

Coming back from our walk one day we met a curious characteristic-looking old man, with a very forcible, energetic manner, jerking out his sentences in a voice that was heard a long way off.

"That is our original," said my friend; "he has written the

Chronicles of Irgendwo." A very pleasant, amusing man he was, with a fund of information, and full of humour—the first to suggest a game at any party, or in any of our visits to the wood—*Fanchon* being generally the favourite, which was played by our standing in a line of twos, himself at the head, a little in advance. Clapping his hands three times, the last two behind him separated at a run, his object being to seize one of them before they reach each other again; very often the run would be a long and dodging one, far ahead of the rest, who stood in double file watching the result with great glee and interest.

Storms were very frequent and very sudden, descending with a violence that was wonderfully grand, and almost always terrifying to witness.

The town lying so high, as it did, was very much exposed to these frequent tempests. Inside every window (double-windows) there was always a little tin gutter, for it was impossible to keep the rain out, and at either end a small tin can was fixed, into which the rain ran, often filling so quickly that the can overflowed; and great were the lamentations of Frau Bürgermeister, as she made a rush at her best stool, or her *chaise longue*, which was the envy of her neighbours, or when, as it once happened, the rain soaked its way through on to the square of her carpet. Usually the storms came on in the evening, about nine p.m., sometimes in the dead of night—then no rest was ever to be had, for it was one of the town laws that at any approach of a tempest about fifteen men, whose names were always called over by the *Bürgermeister*, and fines were inflicted if they were not there to answer—assembled below in the engine-house, so as to be ready in case of any building catching fire from lightning, to rush off with the engines. However, none of them ever caught fire during any of the time I was there; but there were several sad cases of men and women, at work in the fields, being struck by lightning and killed. Another rule was, that after the first of May no lamps were to be lighted in the streets; so one had to trust to starlight nights, or when these failed, which was not very often we

called to the watchmen to escort us home. There were four of these men, mostly retired soldiers, who promenaded the four quarters of the town, and who whistled at every quarter of an hour, with a longer blow at the hour. The *Bürgermeister* had his whistle, in case of being in any danger, or accident of fire, thieving, etc., when the watchmen would be ready to fly to the rescue.

The market-place boasted of several *cafés*, but the "Golden Eagle" was the one *par excellence*, chiefly, I believe, on account of the officers frequenting it. At mid-day, and at sunset, the *élite* of the town congregated there, sitting in its wide portico, over which projected the whole length of the front room of the first floor. Most of the houses built in that style had been pulled down, owing to the coldness of the room above and the dark dingy atmosphere it lent to the ground floor. It was wonderful what a constant source of observation and interest every guest found in the swallows' nest that was building just above the portico. Till the eggs were hatched, and the little ones fledged, it invariably formed the staple conversation of the day, as each one sipped from his or her *seidel* that was set upon the little square of frieze, so that no stain marked the table. The beer was always frothy, and good and light, with no heavy after-effect. Among so many comers and goers it was a perpetual echo of "*Guten Tag*," and for myself an invariable and unwinking stare.

It was no impoliteness, it was quite the reverse, to look in at your neighbour's window as you passed their door, and I was more than once reprimanded for not responding to a nod which I had never thought of gazing up for. If the face was on the ground floor, so much the better, there was more chance of a prolonged colloquy, but if, perchance, a head popped out of the top-window, or the *Boden*, the shrillest of conversations would ensue, at the top of the lungs, and every change rung upon homely domestic topics with fitting gesticulations to bear them out.

"Frau Grund," said the *Mädchen* one day.

"Nothing to day—*ach!*" cried Frau *Bürgermeister*; "but you wanted to buy some handkerchiefs—tell her to stay—she is a woman

from the mountains, who comes here sometimes with the most beautiful linen they weave there—her whole dependence is upon it. And Frau Grund was bidden "*Herein.*" A big stalwart peasant, not unlike a gipsy, only a trifle cleaner, a large pack slung on to her shoulders in a coarse sheet, and speaking a dialect I could not in the least comprehend, and my friend only imperfectly. She was very eager to see my friend's *salon*, casting many a mute, curious glance that way. She seemed very disappointed that I could not be persuaded into purchasing some very bright-coloured linen table-cloths, and coffee *serviettes*; but I told her we did not use them in England. I asked her how far off she lived. "On the mountains, between Austria and Prussia, twenty-three German miles from here." As I paid her, she laid her big brown hand on mine, patting it softly with a curious look at me, and a "*danke recht schön.*" Having tied up her pack again, she held out her hand and shook ours both heartily, turning away with a backward look of rapt admiration at the *salon*.



## THE APPARITION OF HOMBURG.

BY I. WILLIS.

**T**HOSE of my readers who, in common parlance, "believe in ghosts," will gladly accept this short narrative as additional proof of the justice of their belief; while those who scoff will, at least, be glad of something fresh whereon to exercise their wit. I need, therefore, offer no apology for putting forward this simple statement. The facts I am about to relate happened some years ago; I have thought it necessary merely to alter the names of the actors in the sad drama. All else remains precisely as I witnessed it.

When I was a young man, I had a great friend named Robert Martin. We had known each other from childhood, our respective homes were not a mile apart; as children we were inseparable, and our intimacy did not decrease as we grew older. We went to the same school, and left it at the same time for Oxford. There we were separated, however, for during our second year's residence Martin was concerned in a certain scrape which led to his expulsion by the authorities. I need not enter into any particulars of this affair, further than to mention that it was connected with gambling, to which vice poor Martin was already addicted, and of which the ruling powers had, and I trust, still have, the most decided abhorrence.

Martin returned home, and shortly after I received a letter from him saying that he had quarrelled with his father, and, in consequence, proposed going abroad, and being absent for some months. I was not

surprised at this news, for I knew the old man to be stern and harsh whilst my friend had too often shown himself head-strong and undutiful. Shortly after the receipt of this letter I returned home for the Christmas vacation, and the day after my arrival was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Martin, begging me at once to call and see him on a matter of some importance. I went to the Hall without delay, and, on being shown into the study, found the old man seated with an open letter before him, and looking more than usually stern and grim.

Without wasting time in any preliminary conversation, he told me that he had that morning received a letter from his son containing a pressing request for a large sum of money. The letter being dated from Homburg, left no doubt in the father's mind as to the cause to which his son's urgent demand was to be attributed.

"I have not," he said, "the slightest intention of complying with it, and I sent for you this morning, Graham, to ask you to be the bearer of this answer to my my son, and to induce him to quit Homburg, so that he may no further disgrace me or himself."

He pushed Martin's letter over to me as he finished speaking. It was unusually respectful and submissive in style. Money he begged for earnestly, but with the request was joined a solemn assurance of the writer's hearty repentance for his follies, and it ended with a supplication for pardon, and a promise of amendment for the future. Touched by the sincere tone of the letter, I looked up eagerly to speak for my friend, but Mr. Martin prevented me.

"You are fool enough to believe what the fellow says," he remarked, coldly; "I am not. His hypocrisy merely disgusts me. Let him pay these debts how he can. He had best avoid gambling for the future, but let him make no merit of doing so. Don't trouble yourself to speak on the subject, except to say if you are willing to do as I desire."

I hesitated a moment; I had been looking forward to a pleasant Christmas with my relations, but my wish to see Martin again was very strong, and I agreed to be the bearer of his father's message.

Christmas Eve saw me arrived in Homburg, and entering the hotel which Martin had given as his address. It seemed an old, rambling building, and the room which I was told was my friend's looked gloomy and comfortless. A small bedroom opened from it, which was equally uninviting. The servant informed me that the Herr Martin had not yet returned; he was usually late. Would I "take refreshments?"

I declined, and was left alone. The night was wild and stormy; the weather had been unusually mild for that season, but now the rain and wind seemed striving to make up for the absence of snow, or frost. The windows rattled, the wind roared, the rain beat against the panes.

I wandered restlessly about the room, then into the adjoining one, where the sight of the great piled-up German bed suggested, I know not why, ideas of all kinds of horrors; tales of travellers murdered, of ghosts and apparitions floated through my brain.

I was thoroughly tired out with my journey, in fact, and was nervous and upset in consequence. I threw myself into an arm-chair, took up the first newspaper that came to hand, and resolutely fixed my attention upon its uninteresting details; until the sound of a well-known step on the stairs made me start up, and in a moment I was grasping Martin's hand, and replying to his astonished inquiries of how and why I had so unexpectedly appeared. The first moment of seeing him I was struck by the alteration in his appearance. Always hitherto remarkably neat in his dress, he now looked slovenly and untidy; his face was flushed, his eyes wild and anxious in expression; in a word, he looked what he was, the wretched and disappointed gambler.

"A message from my father!" he exclaimed, as soon as I had explained what had brought me so far from home that Christmas time. "Quick, Graham, and tell it me; quick, I say; and where is the money? Let me see it."

I made him sit down, and then gave him an account of my interview with his father, softening it as much as I could, and ending by offering



him the use of my purse as far as it would go, if it would be of any avail to free him from his embarrassments. He heard me to the end, and then, in a tone of forced calmness, said that I should now hear his story. I listened, and felt how vain would be any help of mine. He had, he said, after borrowing money to the amount of his allowance for several years, to enable him to enjoy the maddening excitement of the Rouge-et-Noir Table, withdrawn at last from the *kursaal* after a run of ill-luck, but only to devote his time to a private gaming table, with a number of villainous associates; he was deeply in debt to many of them: they had become impatient, and he had again had recourse to the *kursaal*, but had always lost. He had written the letter to his father with the firm determination of leading a better life should he be enabled to escape from his liabilities here.

"But now," he exclaimed, all his enforced quiet of manner forsaking him, and his voice trembling with passion, "now he has refused me, he has refused help to his only son; and he talks of the disgrace I bring upon him, does he? Well, then, he shall be disgraced, disgraced for ever. You speak to me of leaving Homburg, Graham," he continued, turning upon me, "but how, I ask you, can I leave it? No," he added, vehemently, before I could answer, "there is but one way now—but one way."

After a pause, he said, in a more natural voice, "Wait here a second, my dear fellow; I will be back again directly," and so saying he went into the bedroom, which, as I have mentioned, opened from the one where we were sitting, closing the door behind him.

I remained listening to the moan of the wind, and the splash of the rain-drops. Suddenly a loud shriek, and my name uttered in a voice of terror, or agony, burst on my ear from the inner room. I rushed in; but how shall I describe the sight that met my gaze? Martin, his face pale, his eyes half starting from their sockets with horror, and bleeding from a wound in his throat, with a razor still in his hand, seized my arm with the other, and had just time to utter, in a voice which fear and phrenzy had made totally unlike his own, "Look there—the pillow!" ere he fell heavily to the floor, insensible.

Involuntarily, as he spoke, my eyes turned towards the bed, and—good heavens! the sight that met my gaze!

There, clearly and distinctly, as plainly as I now see this paper on which I am writing, I beheld the head and face of the young man, the features ghastly, and distorted with agony, the throat cut from ear to ear! Beyond that I could see nothing, there seemed to be nothing more—nothing but that hideous, gaping throat, and that terrible face, with its eyes fixed, so it seemed to me, entreatingly, imploringly, on the inanimate form on the floor.

Even as I gazed, stricken with too much terror to move or cry out, the candle beside me suddenly flared up, and then went out, and I was left in the darkness, with that awful apparition on the bed, and my friend stretched senseless on the floor.

A year had passed since that fearful night, and again it was Christmas Eve. Again Robert Martin and I were alone together, but in a very different scene. *Then*, we were in the ancient, gloomy German inn; this Christmas found us in a modern, spacious building of white stone, surrounded with cheerful-looking grounds—cheerful-looking even now in winter, and in summer bright with flowers, and with inviting seats under shady trees. You might suppose from the exterior that it was some country gentleman's abode that you were about to enter. Within, in spite of the comfort, and even luxury of the arrangements, you were conscious of a certain strangeness pervading every room and every wide corridor and staircase. The guests—and they appeared to be numerous—looked strangely one at the other; there was no cheerful conversation, no happy laughter. In a word, it was in no merry country-house that poor Martin was to spend his Christmas, but in a dwelling over the door of which is inscribed for but too many, "Leave hope behind, ye who enter here."

The events of that fearful night at Homburg had shattered the brain, already weakened by the excitements of the gaming-table, and my unhappy friend was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. But relief was coming at last. A few weeks before the time at which I have resumed my tale old Mr. Martin had been informed

that his son's health was gradually but surely giving way, and that death must come to end his sufferings before very long. He and I had journeyed together to the poor fellow's sick-room, but Mr. Martin, selfish still, or, perhaps, too much smitten by remorse for his past harshness to be able to endure the sight of the wreck which that harshness had caused, had now taken his departure, leaving to me the melancholy comfort of being near my old friend to the last.

As is often the case, with the increasing weakness of body came renewed strength of mind ; and Robert, as he sat this evening propped up with cushions in his arm-chair by the bright fire, had been conversing with much of his former clearness. After awhile, in spite of my efforts to prevent it, he forced our talk from indifferent subjects to that ghastly one, which, though continually present to my own mind, I had hoped delirium and disease had obliterated from his.

Laying his thin hand on my arm, he said, " You must let me talk on, Graham, for I have something that must be said to-night. You remember that strange appearance in my room at Homburg, last Christmas Eve ? "

" Hush, Martin, for heaven's sake, talk of something else ! "

" No, I *will* talk of it, and you must listen. I am not mad now, though I know well I have been ; and all that I am going to say is true, and no delusion ; so listen. But first answer one question. When you went into my room that night—that night when I tried to kill myself—what did you see ? "

" I saw, Martin, a head of a young man, lying on your pillow—a frightful head. But I shall say no more. You will make yourself worse."

" I tell you, I *must* speak of it." Well, you saw that head then, and you will see it again to-night."

" Stop, Martin, stop ! "

" You will see it again to-night ! " repeated Martin, with a calmness, in striking contrast to my increasing agitation.

" But I will explain it all to you. When I first went to Homburg, all the talk was of a fearful tragedy which had taken place there a

few weeks before. A young Englishman, ruined at the gaming-table, rejected by his promised wife in consequence, thrown off by his own relations, had in despair put an end to his life in the very hotel to which I had gone. Soon I found by the dread which the servants of the inn had of entering my room, that I was occupying the one in which he had died. But it did not trouble me. I had plenty to think of, and I was not superstitious. I never was, that you can remember ; was I, Graham ? *You* always were, you know, and I have often had a laugh at your nervous fancies. Don't you remember ? But if I had been half as strong-minded as you in other things, and known how to fight against temptation, as you have always done, perhaps I shouldn't be here now.

"I must make haste, though, and finish my story. You remember the message you brought from my father ; it was *that* which drove me mad. I was mad when I went into my room ; it was not the sight of that poor fellow, I assure you, Graham, for he came to me as a friend, and as a friend he will come again to-night, if I mistake not. Now, listen : I took up my razor from the table—being, as I told you, mad ; it was already at my throat, when a voice from the bed said, in a distinct, pitying voice,

"'Take warning ! take warning ! You may have yet one more year in which to repent.'

"The razor slipped from my grasp, wounding me only slightly. I saw the face—the pitying, sorrowful face—for so it looked to me, Graham ; and I remember nothing more, until I found myself in this place.

"Since I have been here I think I *have* repented. I know that this has been my year of grace, and I do believe I have used it rightly. That face has often come to me since, often since I have heard the pitying voice. It has brought me messages of comfort and hope, and the last time I heard it, it told me that my time of waiting in this dismal place would not be long, for that on Christmas Eve my release should come ; and I know that you will be allowed to see the friendly face, too, to-night, by special favour, that you may understand that all I have been saying is true."

Martin leant back, pale and exhausted. I held his hand tightly, but could find no word to say. A spell seemed on me.

After a long silence Martin raised himself, once more fixed his dark eyes on mine, and, with a smile, said, "He is there now—and you will see him, too!"

I looked towards the bed. I saw *that* face—and then my eyes rested on the countenance of my dead friend.

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# SIMPLE AND SANITARY SEPULTURE.

BY SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY.

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## I.



AS a nation England is far behind continental countries in matters of pure æstheticism. Possibly the most conspicuous of our shortcomings consists in the rude mode of sepulture common among us. Nor can this be wondered at considering the class of persons who are chiefly intrusted with the arrangement of obsequies. The "undertaker" becomes an infliction of a pronounced kind. On the melancholy occasion which closes the visible scene of human existence, it is sad to witness, sadder still to experience, the obtrusion of the spirit and undisguised aim of trade and gain. And this, too, under the severest trial of human affection, and the severest suffering of which the human heart is susceptible. It is the stupid, quasi-heraldic, and sepulchral display of the undertaker that creates the gloomy horrors which overspread the grave, making one exclaim with Blair, in his Ode to the Grave—

"The grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt named;  
Nature, appall'd, shakes off her wonted firmness."

"The condition of a nation," according to Bishop Wordsworth, "is not only influenced by regard for the burial of the dead, but it may be safely tested by it." I interpret the writer to mean such a mode of interment as is consistent with religion, decency, sanitary science, and fitting reverence for the departed. Judged by these criterions, the time-honoured system of sepulture fails altogether. If we are to

estimate the nation by such tests, then, I apprehend, it would not appear to advantage. It can scarcely be denied that the less pomp and parade exhibited, and the less possible expense incurred, harmonise most with the character of Christian obsequies, which ill-accord with solid oak and leaden coffins, mutes, plume-bearers, batons, wands, decorated hearses drawn by sable horses, mourning coaches, processions, and similar sepulchral display.

With most people calling themselves after the divine Founder of the Christian faith, funeral simplicity is regarded as almost, if not altogether, impracticable. A false and pernicious idea prevails in the upper ranks of society, that a certain degree of costly and meretricious show is absolutely incumbent, otherwise that their social *caste* would be sure to suffer. Glib-tongued gossips, forsooth! may set down modestly-conducted funerals to motives of a penurious, or other character in nowise calculated to redound to the honour of survivors. Possibly the undertaker would be the first to spread disparaging rumours when he found that he had altogether miscalculated his profits. Then, with the inferior classes of the community, who have no position to be damagingly affected, over-costly and mock-gorgeous funerals are supposed to show the degree of estimation, or affection, which they bear towards their departed kinsfolk. These prevalent ideas, so groundless, objectionable, and demoralising, sustain customs that otherwise must become obsolete. As it is, reason, common-sense, and propriety, brand them as a great public evil, to be deplored and exploded. Imogen only expresses the general feeling of most people when she remarks to Guiderius—

“Custom calls me to ’t!

What custom wills, in all things should we do ’t.”

How frequently it happens that people will give expression to sentiments which, for no conceivable consideration would they venture to carry out. And the reason? Because they are so pusillanimous that public opinion deters them. Now, as regards the simplification of funeral rights, much has been said and written in its favour. Tens of thousands of people mentally approve of it, know that the public

would be materially benefited by it, view it as a boon devoutly to be wished. But when it comes to practice—aye, “there’s the rub!”—all their high thoughts, like Prospero’s delusive pageant, vanish “into thin air.” Crass custom gets the better of them. The plausible undertaker befools them. Exacting friends counsel them to follow the beaten track so as to escape the charge of singularity. These combined forces prove too powerful for weak wills. Hence the enemy readily enters the citadel of the mind, and makes an immediate conquest.

And now a word as regards the amount of pecuniary saving that may be effected by the simplification of funerals. It is calculated, taking the lowest proximate estimate, that the annual expenses incurred for undertaker’s bills in the metropolis alone cannot be far off one million sterling. For the whole of Great Britain five or even six millions would, I take it, not be in excess of the mark. Now, I dare to assert that all due respect may be shown to those who have “cast off this mortal coil,” whatever may have been their social station—even allowing with Jeremy Taylor, that “something is to be given to custom”—and a saving effected of nearly one-half this huge expenditure. How frequently among the industrial population are deceased relatives retained in tenements until actual danger arises to the health of the survivors, while efforts are being made to defray the needless and often extortionate funeral charges? It is almost a common occurrence, and apart from being physically pernicious is, assuredly, morally degrading.

What a desideratum it would prove were National Cemeteries to be established in this kingdom on the principles of those formed in Prussia, Russia, and other countries. How delightful and instructive, to visit spacious, salubrious, and well laid-out cemeteries, removed from the busy haunts of men, where one might wander among the graves of those who, in whatever degree, had advanced or adorned any branch of civil or military service, literature or art. Would not the humble artizan feel consolation in the thought that one day his bones would honourably lie adjacent to those master-minds,



whose glorious inventions have exalted the dignity of labour, and achieved for themselves an immortal crown? Our seething suburban cemeteries are not fit places for salutary meditation. We notice therein a few really artistic monuments, shifted from their original positions, owing to over-crowded graves, and that is all worth looking at, even if we can stand the mephitic vapours, at times overpowering. As a high sanitary authority pertinently observes, "The greater part of the means of honours and moral influences on the living generations derivable from the examples of the meritorious dead of every class, is at present cast away in obscure graveyards and offensive charnels. The artizans who are now associated in communities have, from their beneficent objects, a claim to public regard, and might, if they chose it, have their spaces set apart for the members of their craft, and whilst they derived interest from association with each other, they would also derive consolation from accommodation within the same precincts as the more public and illustrious dead."

In the absence of proper National Cemeteries it is quite vain to look for such results, except, indeed, Woking Cemetery be generally received as the most fitting substitute. In this commodious and sanitary sanctuary of the departed, there is, at all events, no danger that the dead will be disturbed at the pleasure of the grave-digger, their bones thrown out in order to gain room, or their bodies piled four or five together, to atone for a limited area and add to the receipts. One obvious advantage arises from having burial places pretty far removed from crowded centres of population. It is to guard against desecration. None need be told that it requires a high order of education, combined with mental qualifications, to maintain habitual respect for inanimate remains, and regard to the feeling of the living in connection with them. With ordinary people common feelings of respect speedily give place to every-day exigences, and so become obliterated by any strong necessity.

Once again I refer to the moral influences of cemeteries. Setting aside the sanitary question for the nonce, such are decidedly lost by association with thronged places, which vulgarise what should be

sacred, rendering the mind so familiar with death that its presence exercises no thought and occasions no emotion. On this pregnant topic Wordsworth, in a paper originally published by Coleridge, expresses himself forcibly. He remarks that "even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when obtruded upon by the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, still when death is in our thoughts nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of veneration and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. . . . To feel the force of this sentiment—(continues the gifted author of the 'Prelude') let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyards of a large town—(had Wordsworth lived now he would have used the term suburban grave-ground)—with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed."

The ordinary and fashionable mode of performing obsequies needs to be radically changed. Our cemetery system, as I shall show in a future article, is faulty in the extreme; while, apart from the absence of becoming seclusion, it has grown into an eye-sore, if not a rank nuisance, offensive to the popular sentiment, desecrating to the dead, dangerous to the living, and polluting to mental associations.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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FRENCH MADHOUSES.—The question of lunacy reform has been amply discussed of late in England, and it is not surprising that in France, where the abuses of private madhouses have been over and over again denounced, some deputies should be now turning their attention to the Law of 1838, which is supposed to regulate these institutions. In 1869 M. Gambetta introduced into the Corps Législatif a Bill suggesting numerous amendments to the Law of 1838; but, like many other projected social reforms, it was shelved in consequence of the war. The Ollivier Ministry is understood, however, to have approved the object of the Bill; and Baron Haussmann had so far anticipated M. Gambetta's ideas that he had planned to abolish all private madhouses in the Seine Department by the erection of ten large State asylums, which would have sufficed to house all the lunatic population of Paris and its environs. Three of these asylums—St. Anne, Vacluse, Ville-Evrard—were actually built. The first serves as a dépôt to all lunatics—but chiefly to paupers—before their transfer either to private houses or to the asylums of their respective departments; it is also a place of sojourn for curable pauper lunatics who reside in Paris, and who are not likely to require long treatment. Here are brought great numbers of drunkards suffering from *delirium tremens*, and whose cure (such as it is) does not take more than three months; patients afflicted with more serious derangement are sent to Vacluse or Ville-Evrard; or if they be epileptics, to Bicêtre. Bicêtre is also the asylum for the most desperate sort of criminal lunatics, who are lodged in cages little better than those used for wild beasts, and occupy a gloomy block of their own, called “La Sûreté.” There are about twenty in there now, and all have

committed murder, but not a third of them have been brought to trial, so that they are simply detained "par mesure administrative," and might be released if certified as cured by their physician, Dr. Legrand du Saulle. Such releases are, however, very rare, and the criminal who recovers his reason in "La Sûreté" is generally left there, notwithstanding, to die a lingering death in misery, to which, one would think, the worst hardships of penal servitude or transportation would be preferable. There is an evil here which calls for the most thoughtful attention of reformers; but I will not dwell on it to-day, for it would carry me too far. Charenton is another of the State asylums of La Seine; but it is reserved for paying patients, of whom there are three classes, who are charged £36, £48, and £80 a year respectively. By a contract with the War Office private soldiers are admitted into the 3rd class; non-commissioned officers into the 2nd, and officers into the 1st, for half the price paid by civilians; and they are clothed into the bargain. Charenton is, to some extent, a model of what State asylums for paying patients will be when the very necessary steps shall have been taken of abolishing private madhouses altogether. It has its defects in common with the large asylums of all countries. Its third-class patients sleep in dormitories, where there are twenty or thirty beds, which is a bad system, for how can a patient get a sound night's rest when he is liable to be disturbed by men who howl, who have fits, or who get up to assault their comrades? The medical service is also insufficient. Two doctors and four medical students cannot attend assiduously to nearly 500 patients of both sexes. The insane not only require constant watching, but they must be protected against the tyranny of keepers; and this can only be done effectively by medical men being always in their midst to join in their occupations, amusements and meals, to converse cheerfully with them, and see that they are treated like human beings. Again, at Charenton the pay of the attendants is so low—twenty francs a month—that a respectable class of servants cannot be attracted. The director must accept any persons who offer themselves (often the scum of both sexes, who have

been thrown out of work by misconduct), and these fellows and jades have no other thought but to eke out their wages by levying blackmail on the patients at their mercy. Lunatics are treated with a consideration proportionate to the gratuities which they can prevail on their friends to pay to the keepers; and those who give nothing fare badly. In all respects, however, Charenton is more comfortable than the large asylums which house pauper patients, and these again are immeasurably superior as curative establishments to the private madhouses. By a dismal misnomer these last are styled "*Maisons de Santé*" (Houses of Health), whereas they are but houses of private speculation, where sums, often very large, are paid to keep lunatics in a duration much worse, and under medical care much less efficient, than any to be got in a public asylum. I believe the house of Doctor Falret at Vanves enjoys a first-class reputation as a place where lunatics are really well cared for; but this is only because Dr. Falret is an exceptional man—a philanthropist, and a most conscientious physician, who makes it his business to try and restore his patients to their senses. If he were less high-minded he might confine himself to simply making as large a profit as possible out of these miserable persons, as most of his colleagues do, for there is absolutely no State supervision over private madhouses. The quarterly visits of inspectors are a mere farce. An official goes round, questions the patients in the presence of the doctor, who is always ready to contradict what they say; and then he walks off bethinking himself that lunatics are a discontented race, who complain overmuch about bad food, and evince too ludicrous a desire to regain their liberty. If he sought to discharge his duties in a less perfunctory way he would not succeed in remedying anything, for, unless he took up his residence in a madhouse, and watched its operations during a month or two, he would not have the opportunity of detecting its evils. Besides, the very system of private madhouses is a monstrous one. Humanity would revolt at the idea of consigning prisoners to private speculators, who would have liberty to make as much money as possible out of them; and yet this is precisely what is done in the case

of madhouses. Doctors having acquired no celebrity in their profession, petty practitioners who have been so lucky as to inherit a legacy or make a rich marriage enabling them to open an asylum, are licensed to detain men and women in custody during the whole of the latters' lives, and nobody is ever deputed to enquire whether the primary purpose of the [asylums, that of curing the patients, is ever borne in view by these traders in human flesh. M. Gambetta thinks—and every rational person will agree with him—that every individual reputed insane, and dangerous to himself or others, should be placed under the care of trustworthy officials appointed by the State, and having no interest in retarding his cure or in detaining him unduly after that cure is perfected. Moreover, the facilities for shutting up a man as a lunatic in France are much too great, so that people who are not at all mad are often spirited away into private madhouses, and once there they find it very difficult to get out. Kidnappings are often managed in this way: the relatives of an eccentric (though perhaps harmless) person who has money, go to a private-house doctor, and say that they are anxious to place their unfortunate friend under his kind care, and are willing to pay highly for the privilege. The doctor answers that the law forbids him to sign a certificate of admission into his own house, but he names a couple of his medical brethren, who are in a way his clandestine partners, for they receive a big fee for every patient whom they introduce into his house. Once these two have signed, the madhouse proprietor's responsibility is covered, for he has only to point to the certificate and to say that he is detaining his patient under most lawful warrant. Considering how few medical men make a serious study of insanity it is preposterous that the law should grant the power of signing certificates to any doctor whatsoever. This amounts to placing the liberty of people at the mercy of the ignorance or cupidity of any couple of freshly diplomaed youngsters who are anxious to earn money in piles, or soft-headed enough to be made the tools of designing rogues. M. Gambetta's draft Bill provides that in every town and rural district there shall be a board of alienist physicians appointed

by the municipalities, and that to these only would be committed the prerogative of consigning alleged lunatics to asylums. They would, in fact, be medical judges whose decisions might be accepted with safety. It is to be hoped that so excellent a provision as this will soon pass into law; for it is notorious that certificates of insanity have too often been used in France in the same way as *lettres de cachet* were of yore.—“*Round about France.*”

MRS. CAMERON.—Julia Margaret Cameron, as she loved to subscribe herself in fine bold characters, was in many respects a remarkable woman. A few may still remember her as one of the three Miss Pattles, whose varied gifts won for them in Calcutta society the names of “Wit, Beauty, and Fashion.” There she met and married Mr. Charles Hay Cameron, then legal member of Council, who still survives as the last of Bentham’s personal disciples. But to most she will be better known as the hospitable occupant of a sea-side house at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, whither visitors were attracted by her own talents no less than by the reputation of her venerable husband. During this period of her life she first won publicity, about fifteen years ago, by her bold innovations in the art of photography. It was not only by the intrinsic merit of her pictures, but also by the interest associated with their subjects, that she succeeded in at once taking both the cultivated and the popular tastes. The heads of her neighbours, the Poet Laureate and Sir Henry Taylor, were among the first of her successes. After these came portraits of Browning, Carlyle, Darwin, Sir W. Herschel, and many other distinguished men whose intellectual features lent themselves readily to her peculiar process of photography. Having established her reputation in portraiture, she followed it up with imaginative representation either of individual personages in history and literature, or of easily recognised scenes. Colnaghi’s gallery was the regular place of exhibition for her pictures season after season, though they also became familiar in many a shop window of the London streets. In our opinion, among the most effective of all was a fancifully-draped

head of a young lady, a relation of her own, to which she gave the appropriate title of *Beatrice Cenci*. It must be admitted that her illustrations to the cabinet edition of Tennyson, published by Henry S. King & Co., in 1875, do not rank among her happiest works. She did not claim for herself any original discovery in photographic processes. We believe that her only secret was to place her sitter far out of focus, and to subject the plate to an unusually long exposure. With characteristic energy she worked at all the disagreeable details of chemical manipulation with her own hands, and gradually perfected herself with infinite assiduity. In looking at a series of her pictures it is instructive to observe how her improvement in artistic design kept pace with advance in technical skill. Her first efforts were on a small scale, scarcely larger than the cabinet size now in vogue; and they aimed at little more than faithful portraiture after the style common to all amateurs. Many of them also have sadly altered in colour at the present day. Her latest photographs, such as that of *Beatrice Cenci*, were almost as large as life. Expression of feature and arrangement of drapery were studied with as much care as by a professional painter in oils. The process of printing was performed with such thorough knowledge and watchfulness that, though these, too, were taken many years ago, no spots and no indications of fading are visible. When Mrs. Cameron, in company with her husband, resolved to follow her dearly-loved sons to Ceylon, her occupation of photographer was abandoned. But soon she sent for her cameras and chemicals, and again set to work with enthusiasm under a less clouded sky. Her death, we believe, happened suddenly, after but a brief illness. She is regretted by an exceptionally large circle of friends, to whom she was endeared by a rare warmth of heart, expansiveness of sympathy, and old-fashioned directness of expression. Few of them but possess some memorial of her in the products of her art, which she was wont to distribute with lavish generosity.—*The Academy*.



## THE DRAMA.

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COURT THEATRE.—The present programme at this favourite theatre includes the "Ladies' Battle," preceded by "Cousin Dick," and followed by "Uncle's Will." Mr. Hare chose the late T. W. Robertson's adaptation of Scribe's and Legouvé's famous "*Bataille des Dames*" (of which title the English name is by no means an adequate rendering), and first produced the piece at a morning performance. It was received with acclamation, and proved such a complete hit that, upon the withdrawal of "The Scrap of Paper," it took its place in the regular bill, and was assigned the position of honour in the nightly performance. Its success is no matter for surprise. The excellent situations and bright dialogue have every advantage that finished acting can give them. Mrs. Kendal has never, perhaps, appeared to better advantage than as the Comtesse d'Autreval. Her appearance as she enters the *salon*, is the index to the entire personation. She looks to the life the stately, high born lady of the old *régime*; nothing is lacking—even to the most artistic of costumes, to bear out the illusion. It is not easy to select incidents to illustrate the sustained perfection of Mrs. Kendal's acting. When we begin we find that we are obliged to continue, until the whole field is covered; yet we cannot avoid the temptation of making special allusion to that exquisite little touch of human nature in which the looking-glass plays a part; and could any artist of the Comédie Française surpass the mingled subtlety, pathos, and breadth of the scenes with Montrichard? You can see that, even amid her deadly fears, the woman enjoys the game of foils; and then—rare perfection—her simulated grief is not over-wrought.

Mrs. Kendal never forgets that she is not the actress, playing to the audience, but the Countess, playing with Montrichard. How few artists take sufficient note of these lights and shades, laying on the colour so broadly that the person intended to be deceived would certainly see through the clumsy *ruse*. It is impossible to help a feeling of disappointment, for which Mrs. Kendal, by her noble impersonation of a noble woman, is largely responsible, that the love of this true heroine should be so wasted. It is faithful enough to nature that Flavigneul should cast aside the priceless jewel for a pretty toy; but it is irritating in real life to see such folly, and hardly less so on the stage. Let us hasten to add, though, that this stricture on Mademoiselle Léonie de Villegontier is confined to the part, and in no degree includes its interpreter. Miss C. Grahame acts charmingly, and it is not her fault if her pretty *minauderies* cannot blind us to the fact that Mdlle. Léonie is a very silly young person. Mr. Hare, in the part of Montrichard, presents us with another of his marvellous pictures of astute old age. We do not think any one who saw the gifted artist for the first time would believe that he was not in the "sere and yellow leaf." Montrichard is as perfect an old man as if Mr. Hare visibly illustrated the Pythagorean doctrine, and became literally, for the time being, a septuagenarian. It is "Faust" in reverse order. His make up defies detection; and how has he acquired the right intonation, looks, odd little ways, movements, not only in walking, but in the slightest gesture, of an old man? He almost cheats us into believing that it is the young man who is "made up," and that the real Mr. Hare is old. But we have a difficulty in remembering that there is a Mr. Hare at all. We only think of M. de Montrichard. Mark the twitching muscles about the old baron's mouth, the keen, side-long look, the stoop of the shoulders, the nervous movement of the hands—these, and a hundred other touches—not one is missed—make a perfect whole, a work of art that has not its match on the stage. In the part of the ridiculous Gustave de Grignon, Mr. Kendal acts capitally, and to the one touch of real sentiment the *rôle* permits, he gives full effect. Mr. W. Herbert

has perhaps done better things than Henri de Flavigneul, but he acts with great intelligence and expression. He has many advantages, and there are marked indications of a capacity which only needs time and opportunity to assure him a strong position in the dramatic art. "Cousin Dick," Mr. Val Prinsep's first essay as a dramatist, is a most promising beginning. It is a really exquisite little piece of mosaic work, delicate, tender, and bright. The story is so delightfully told that it leaves us, after its brief occupation of the stage, wishing that the curtain had not fallen so soon. To this sentiment, Misses Kate Pattison and C. Grahame, and Mr. Wenman contribute in no small degree by their admirable rendering of the several parts of Constance, Florence, and Dick Dalston. The two sisters have lately lost their father, and Cousin Dick is their guardian, and the owner of the estate left by old Mr. Dalston. Constance, a thoughtful girl of twenty, and Florence, a novel reading school-girl of seventeen, are both in love with Dick, but Dick loves the elder. He is an awkward fellow withal, and sends to Constance an offer so written that each girl believes herself the favoured one. Cousin Dick arriving, explains matters, but Constance will not be happy at her sister's expense. Florence, however, sets matters straight and all ends happily. Miss Pattison as Constance, is thoroughly artistic; there is genuine pathos in her grief, and her expressions and manner while Florence is reading the letter, the gradation from confident joy to blank misery as the different reading of the letter is elucidated, is portrayed in a manner that shows a fine sense of the requirements of the situation. Miss Grahame throws all possible spirit and humour into the part of Florence. On the first production of the piece, the author was called at the fall of the curtain, and heartily applauded by a crowded house. We congratulate Mr. Hare on the present programme at this theatre, which, under his management, has done so much for dramatic art. To say that the pieces are beautifully mounted is superfluous. Mr. Hare excels in the taste and discretion he displays in every department of stage management.

## MADAME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.

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**T**HE rapid progress made during recent years in the taste for classical music in England is a marked feature of the time which future chroniclers of social history will not fail to note. Men not yet old can recall the period when only a very small clique cared for the music of the great masters; and while the sole public hearing accorded their works was that given by the then exclusive Philharmonic Society, chamber music was only given intermittently, in private *salons*.

But when at length Beethoven, Mozart, and later on Mendelssohn had become established favourites, and the enterprise of Mr. Chappell gave us the needed chamber concerts, another battle had to be fought. Schumann was still almost a stranger; Chopin little known; while Wagner was no more than a name; Liszt, as a composer, utterly inadmissible. After a hard tussle, Madame Schumann and Mr. Manns succeeded in making Schumann known; the Wagner Society showed what beauty there was in the works of the composer of "Lohengrin;" then the floodgates were opened; prejudice was washed away, and now, instead of decrying the unknown, the musical public eagerly grant a hearing to new works. Liszt, Raff, Brahms, Rubinstein, are names "familiar in our mouths as household words," and even the ultra-Conservative Philharmonic Society hastened to perform a concerto of the famous North German composer's, which Vienna only heard for the first time a few weeks before.

Among those who have earned the gratitude of musicians by their practical advocacy of the claims of all schools of classical music, is the subject of our present portrait. Coming to this country three or four years ago, a stranger to us, but with a Parisian repute, Madame

Jenny Viard-Louis speedily earned the good opinion of those who heard her. The winter season before last the talented and energetic artist conceived the idea of giving concerts of mixed orchestral and chamber music, which should be thoroughly cosmopolitan in character, within the limits of classical music. She engaged an efficient orchestra, under the able conduct of Mr. Weist Hill, and her scheme met with warm support from the musical press and amateurs generally. The dearth of orchestral music during the winter is keenly felt by many who, for lack of money, or time, or both, cannot frequent the Crystal Palace Concerts ; but the most unique feature of these concerts was the blending of chamber and orchestral music, which, for some inexplicable reason, had never hitherto been attempted. The programmes were admirably selected, and well carried out, their only fault being their great length. No undue prominence was given to any school or composer, while all schools were represented, and several new works of sterling merit were brought forward.

Madame Viard-Louis' second season has been even more successful than her first, and we trust that she will continue the important scheme which musicians are already beginning to regard as among those features of the winter season that they have a right to reckon among the pleasures of the months during which classical art has possession of the field.

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## WOMEN AND WORK.

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A meeting of the committee devoted to obtaining the reform of the laws regulating married women's property, was held last month under the presidency of Mr. Jacob Bright. Mr. Courtney, M.P., Mrs. Morris Drummond, Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., Madame Venturi, the Hon. John Welsh, and Mr. Hibbert, M.P., wrote letters of approval. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mrs. Arthur Arnold, Mrs. Hinde Palmer, Miss Lucy Wilson, Sir Arthur Hobhouse, and Mr. Osborne Morgan were among the speakers. Mrs. Arnold pointed out that men's property was confiscated only in the case of felony or high treason, whereas a woman's property was confiscated by her marriage. A man could squander his wife's property in racing and gambling. Where did they find women addicted to those vices? Married people, it seemed to her, ought to be able to settle their monetary matters without the intervention of the law. It was as absurd to talk about "giving" a married woman her own earnings, as of "giving" her her hand or her head. No man could pretend that he could own the earnings of another freeman; it was only the earnings of a slave in which he could claim property. One half the population might, therefore, be said to belong to the other half. A husband might forbid a married woman to earn money if he were so disposed. A married woman had in fact no existence of her own in this country. Her position was founded on the barbarous laws of the heathen two thousand years ago. They should agitate for the principle that they were born free, and should be equal before the law. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre considered the present Act a "confused, illogical, wretched

piece of workmanship." Resolutions in favour of important reforms were passed unanimously.

**FEMALE EDUCATION.**—The Council of Trinity College, London, having decided to throw open its examinations in arts to persons of both sexes, the first public examination for the diplomas of Licentiate in Arts and Associate in Arts to which women are to be admitted will be held at Midsummer, not only within the college building in Weymouth-street, Portland-place, but also at the various centres in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies.

Congress having passed a law authorising women to practise as attorneys in the United States Supreme Court, Mrs. Bella Lockwood has been on motion admitted to practise in that court, and hers is the first female name placed on the roll of attorneys of that high tribunal.

Lord Harborton writes as follows to the *Daily News* on Women's Suffrage:—It is objected that women are naturally so weak both in purpose and understanding, that they are incapable of forming a real judgment for themselves in political matters, and that, therefore, they will become a special field for the operation of crotchety and unscrupulous agitators. It is perfectly true that, taken as a whole, women are inferior to men in force of character and in intellect, and that the duties the majority of them are called upon to perform lie altogether out of the sphere of public life and politics. But then it is not to all women, or even to the majority of women, that it is proposed to extend the suffrage; but to a few women, who are exceptionally placed in those very circumstances which require them to act for themselves, and in which there is no reason for excusing them from the duties which, were they men, they would owe to the public; and indeed this is recognised and admitted in the case of School Board and municipal elections, which are only second in importance to Parliamentary ones, and in the latter case have a

direct bearing and influence upon them. It is objected that, as they cannot serve the country as soldiers and sailors, or as policemen, therefore they have no right to the franchise. But there are a whole class of persons, namely Quakers, who altogether decline to serve their country in any of these capacities because their principles will not allow them to do so. Are they, therefore, deprived of the franchise? And yet in their case it might be alleged, as an argument for doing so, that the matter lay in their own hands, and that they had nothing to do but to rid themselves of foolish fancies in order to be at once admitted to the privileges of their fellow citizens. But the disqualification of sex is not so easily got rid of. Further, to be consistent, we should also disfranchise all men of indifferent physique, and no man should be suffered to be an elector who does not measure so many inches round the chest. It is further said that women are exempt from serving on juries. This mere fact would be no argument at all. Exemption from serving on juries is a privilege which has no bearing whatever on a man's right to the suffrage. What I suppose is really intended is that the idea of women serving on juries is an absurd one, and that as they are incapable of doing this without casting ridicule on the administration of justice, so they ought not to be admitted to a right which they cannot exercise intelligently. I own that the admission of women to sit upon juries is an experiment I have no wish to see tried; but I much doubt whether any bad result which might arise from it as regards improper and absurd verdicts would much, if at all, exceed those which actually arise under the present system; and those qualities which would make a model jurymen are hardly to be required of every Parliamentary elector. The extension of the franchise to women who are householders and ratepayers will tend to make them take an intelligent interest in public affairs.

**ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS.**—The *Sanitary Record* puts in an urgent plea for the unfortunate work girls who are employed all day long in manipulating artificial flowers laden with arsenic. These girls



work, in fact, in an atmosphere of poison, which seldom fails to produce its terrible effects in the shape of eruptions, skin diseases, nausea, sickness, palpitation of the heart, debility, fever, headache, dimness of sight, and general ruin of the constitution. Phosphorous poisoning has been put an end to in our match factories by the introduction of red or "amorphous" phosphorous, which is non-poisonous in its effects. Cannot something also be done to abolish the use of arsenic in artificial flowers? A medical report to the Privy Council, so far back as 1862, contains a thorough investigation into the subject. Yet nothing has been done to remedy those frightful evils, which, moreover, never will be remedied till public feeling is brought to bear on them. Had the young women in such manufactories been slaves, the property of their employers, their lives would have been too valuable to be thus sacrificed; but being free, and employed on daily wages, the day's work is paid for the day's work done, and as one falls off another comes on.

Mrs. Bella A. Lockwood, *née* Bennett, was born at Royalton, N. Y., Oct. 24th, 1830. She received a common school education, and when but fourteen began her public career as a teacher of a district school. When eighteen, she was married to Mr. U. H. Mc.Nall, who died of consumption in a few years, leaving his widow with one child, a daughter. After her husband's death, she attended for a short time the Academy at Gosport, N. Y., entering, however, the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary as a student in the latter part of 1854. The following summer she matriculated as a student of Genesee College, located at Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y., and in June, 1857, she graduated with honour and received her diploma. She continued her occupation as teacher until 1866. In that year she removed to Washington, where, too active in temperament to continue idle long, she soon resumed her old familiar occupation, that being at that time seemingly the only respectable and feminine employment open to her. In March, 1868, she was married to Dr. Lockwood, and shortly after gave up her school and

commenced the study of the law. In the winter of 1870, she applied for admission to the Law School of Columbia College, located in Washington. After a week's delay she was informed by letter that the trustees had considered the subject and concluded that her presence in the classes "would distract the attention of the young men." In the spring of the same year Mrs. Lockwood was admitted to the National University Law School, from which she graduated in May, 1873, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. In September of that year, she was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and immediately commenced a very active law practice. In October last, Mrs. Lockwood applied for admission to the bar of the Circuit Court of Prince George's County, Maryland, and was refused—the Judge (his name was Magruder, let it not be forgotten) saying that God had "set a bound for women; man was created first and woman after and a part of him." He also was chivalrous enough to pray to God the time would never come when women would be admitted to the bar in Maryland, a prayer displaying some ignorance on the part of the learned Judge, when we consider that Mrs. Lockwood had previously been allowed to file an important civil suit in the Federal Court of Baltimore involving some 50,000 dols. After the decision was rendered, Mrs. Lockwood desired to explain her position to the members of the bar and others present, but though she had obtained permission from the Commissioner of the County to use the room, she was notified by one of the bailiffs that she would not be allowed to speak in the court-room. She then adjourned to a portico near by from which she addressed a large gathering, saying that though she at first only cared to be admitted to plead the particular case on which she was employed, she now intended to follow the matter to the end and have the whole question settled by the Supreme Court of the State.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

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